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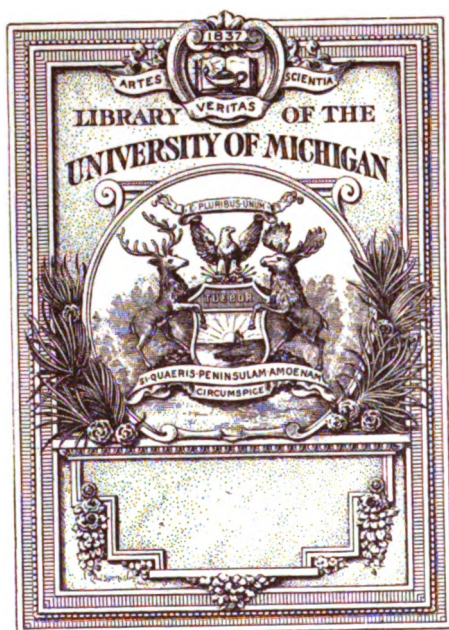
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THE
LONDON REVIEW.

APRIL, 1859.

- ART. I.—1. *History of Civilization in England*. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.
2. *Lectures on Positive Philosophy (Cours de Philosophie Positive)*. By AUGUSTE COMTE, late Pupil of the Polytechnic School. Paris: Bachelier. Six Vols. 8vo. 1830–42.
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It is high time for us to notice the first volume of Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, which has already reached a second edition, and attracted the attention of many of our contemporaries. Upon the scale adopted, it is, indeed, an ambitious undertaking; the bulky volume before us not even bringing the general introduction to a close. It was, at first, Mr. Buckle's intention to write a history of civilization in general; but, finding that the subject was too vast, he determined to confine himself to tracing the development of a single people. He selects that of his own country,—not from any motives of patriotism, which he seems to consider a weakness, but because

British civilization has been less influenced than any other by foreign and external agencies, and less interfered with by either aristocratical or bureaucratical despotism. With us the progress of political liberty has been regular and sure; the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge have gone hand in hand, and we have worked out our civilization for ourselves without the help of any other people. The amenities of life we have largely borrowed from France; but not those principles by which the destinies of nations are permanently affected.

We believe the author's preference of English history to be most judicious, both for the reasons he gives, and for others that might easily be added to them. The civilization of the United States, for instance, cannot be chosen as the normal type of development, because it is essentially a variety of that of England. Our history is as yet the greater part of theirs, and the elements which are local and peculiar have not yet exhibited all their results. Moreover, though knowledge and sound principles are very widely diffused throughout American society, our transatlantic brethren have not had time or opportunity to do much for the increase of the sum of human lights and acquisitions. France, with more natural advantages than any other country, and more opportunities of greatness, has not duly profited by them. Her best institutions are an imitation of ours: the imitation came late, and it was so little prepared for, and so exaggerated, as to provoke disastrous and violent reactions. In that country the various elements of national life are not in equilibrium; and the civil liberties that have been so often lost and recovered, can never be secure so long as they are not accompanied by emancipation from spiritual despotism, nor based upon genuine moral worth. Germany, after breaking loose in a great measure from under the Romanist form of spiritual despotism, became enthralled by the Lutheran, and fell into the unbelief that resulted from both. Unable to attain to free institutions, it has been restricted to a one-sided development of science and speculation out of all proportion with its practical activity. Since the close of the last century in particular, German intellect has been marked by a sudden and irregular growth, leaving a wide interval between the highest culture and the average attainments of the people; so that the best writers address themselves to their fellows almost exclusively, the masses reap very little advantage from them, and they as little from the healthy control of the popular mind.

Mr. Buckle's labours give evidence of industry and perspicacity. He faithfully describes the conditions under which English society was formed; and, on most of the great ques-

tions to be discussed in the sequel of English history, he will be found, we doubt not, on the side with which we should most sympathize. He excels, too, in that most important gift for a historian,—the power of taking large and comprehensive views, singling out the turning points of a nation's career, and characterizing periods by their principal features and predominant tendencies. As instances of this, we may refer to his exhibition of the disastrous effects of the reign of Louis XIV. on the French mind; or to his review of the progress made in English legislation during the reign of Charles II., notwithstanding the worthlessness of King and Court. We were much impressed by his description of the re-action in favour of despotism, which took place in England in the reign of George III., brought about partly by the personal character and tastes of the monarch, but still more by an inevitable antagonism to the revolutions of America and France. During the American war this spirit reached such a height, that Burke and Chatham were both driven to intimate that the liberties of England itself would have been endangered by success in the attempt to crush those of its colonies. During the long war with France, again, when the severity of the criminal code was increased, public meetings forbidden, the circulation of newspapers checked, and the slightest expression of liberal feeling treated as Jacobinism, nothing but the sturdiness of English juries saved the country from the effects of the tyrannical laws voted by servile Parliaments.

Of course these facts were known to everybody; but we have never seen their whole connexion brought out so ably as has been done by Mr. Buckle, nor the intensity and persistence, and general historical significance, of that movement among the upper classes in which they originated. He might have added, that the last pulses of this anti-liberal current are still felt at a great distance from their starting-point, and under strange transformations: in one circle producing a blind admiration of the Middle Ages, and all manner of Tractarian follies; in another, passing off into millenarian speculations, and contributing to identify Antichrist with some future hero of European democracy.

We have begun by saying everything that we can with honesty in favour of the *History of Civilization in England*. Unfortunately, there is a great deal more to follow in the shape of unfavourable criticism.

In the first place, it can hardly be called a book at all; it is rather the mass of materials, some of them excellent, out of which a book might be made. The author has transferred to

the pages of this volume a huge collection of notes and common-places, with some attention to their arrangement, doubtless, and with various expedients for stringing them together, and making them look at their ease in the table of contents; but they have not been really digested and assimilated, so as to present a logically ordered, well proportioned whole. Much of the matter contained in this general introduction should have been left over for the special introduction, much for the body of the work, and much should never have appeared at all. Countless quotations on subjects only related to the author's purpose in an indirect and secondary way, encumber his march like the baggage of an Indian army. This is the more remarkable, as Mr. Buckle is very conversant with the literature of France, in which all overloading is avoided, and so much tact habitually displayed, that the French boast they are the only people who know how to get up a dinner, or a book.

We are afraid we cannot acquit Mr. Buckle of the charge that has been made against him, of a puerile desire to exhibit his acquisitions in physiology, chemistry, and other sciences, which historians are too often disposed to overlook altogether. The list of authors quoted, which fills fourteen or fifteen pages, from *Abd-Allatif* to *W. Yonge*, suggests very extensive miscellaneous reading; but, if voluminous, it is also incomplete, and presents the disadvantage of letting competent judges perceive that time has been wasted on works of little or no importance, while names that should have been found there are wanting. Thus continental reviewers have observed, that, though Mr. Buckle devotes the third of his work to disquisitions on the history of French intellect, he seems never to have heard of Augustin Thierry's celebrated *Letters on the History of France*, nor of his *Ten Years of Study*; and he has made no use even of the *Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon*, though full of that gossip which, by enabling one to become familiar with a state of things that has passed away, reckons, according to Mr. Buckle's own estimation, among the staple of history.

It is thus that our author treats of historical literature in general, its origin, requisites, &c., without deigning to bestow a word on the immortal historians of classical antiquity, and affecting rather to make history begin with the legends of the Middle Ages. Machiavelli is just mentioned. Had he been really studied, we suspect, and ill-natured people will be persuaded, that he would have been quoted also; and that oftener than M. Granier de Cassagnac's *Causes of the French Revolution*. Moreover, while looking upon the physical sciences as containing nearly the whole sum of useful knowledge, Mr.

Buckle betrays his ignorance of the important contributions of Italy to this order of research, by gravely undertaking to show, from natural causes, why it could not be cultivated in the Italian peninsula.

Mr. Buckle comes frequently into contact with theological questions, and never scruples to express himself upon them with the utmost decision; yet his means of acquaintance with such subjects appears to have been exceedingly limited. Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* is the only first-rate work of divinity in the whole list; and the rest,—a few volumes of biography, or correspondence, an ecclesiastical history of England, one or two Puseyite disquisitions, and one or two polemical treatises of Dr. Whately,—taken all together, would hardly furnish the scant shelf that stands the Welsh curate instead of a library.

It is also, to say the least, a want of tact, on our author's part, to assume a tone of disparagement towards the labours of most of his predecessors; and equally so, the making a merit of want of familiarity with the great literatures of ancient Greece and Rome. When Mr. Buckle speaks of the uncouth English of Parr and Bentley, he forgets that, with the exception of a few minds of great native vigour, all our best writers and speakers have both received and appreciated the benefits of classical culture. To go no farther than the present moment, it would not be wise to provoke a comparison between his own heavy, colourless, monotonous style, and that of Gladstone or Macaulay.

But we have to reproach the author of this *History* with graver matters than a faulty style or unequal information; and, much as he dislikes sermons, our objections must, for convenience' sake, be distributed under three heads, as they relate to his *intellectualism*, his *fatalism*, and his *positivism*.

By 'intellectualism' we mean that narrow, kiln-dried view of human nature and human history, which sees little else in reason than the exercise of the logical understanding, little else in progress than greater or less intelligence of certain axioms in political economy, and which describes *The Wealth of Nations* as 'probably the most important book that has ever been written.' (Page 194.) The existence of a moral element in human nature is not altogether ignored, and the author admits, in theory, that moral motives have some trifling, imperceptible influence over the advance of civilization; but he contends for the absolute supremacy of the intellectual element, and, indeed, practically holds its exclusive agency. The essentials of morals, he tells us, are a few precepts, 'known for thousands of years; and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books, which moralists and theologians

have been able to produce.' (Page 163.) The New Testament itself 'contained no axiom which had not been previously enunciated;' (page 164;) as is known to every scholar, proved in Mackay's *Religious Development*, and not to be gainsaid without 'gross ignorance, or else wilful fraud.' Morals, then, are stationary, intellect progressive. The progress and diffusion of knowledge alone makes us to differ from savages, (page 645,) meaning by 'knowledge,' 'an acquaintance with physical and mental laws.' (Page 264.) The changes in every civilized people are, in their aggregate, dependent *solely* (the *italics* are ours) on three things: the amount, the direction, and the diffusion of knowledge. (Page 205.) 'The progress of civilization is marked by the triumph of the mental laws over the physical, just as it is marked by the triumph of the intellectual laws over the moral ones.' (Page 208.) 'The spirit of the times is merely its knowledge, and the direction that knowledge takes.' (Page 199.) Good deeds can only benefit a few individuals, the effects of the most active philanthropy are short-lived; but knowledge is transmissible from one generation to another. Moral excellence may, indeed, be the more amiable; but the deeper we penetrate into the question, the more clearly we shall see the superiority of intellectual acquisitions over moral principles. The actions of individuals, he says, are greatly influenced by the latter; 'but we have incontrovertible proof that they produce *not the least effect*' (the *italics* are ours) 'on mankind in the aggregate, or even on men in very large masses.' (Page 209.)

When entering upon this inquiry, Mr. Buckle spoke very disdainfully of the loose and careless way in which terms are ordinarily employed in treating such subjects, and prided himself upon the superior precision he was about to exhibit. Then, in the many pages of which we have given the sense abridged in his own words, he falls into the strange mistake of confounding objective moral precept and subjective moral excellence. All his reasoning is pervaded and vitiated by this radical blunder. He speaks as if a few precepts exhausted the moral world, as if there were no such things in existence as hearts and consciences, no moral life, nothing but the bare tables of stone outside the man, and more or less cracked, as in Hogarth's picture of the 'Rake's Wedding.'

Let us suppose, for a moment, the truth of the assertion, that no new moral maxim has been enunciated for thousands of years. Does it follow that the old maxims have been always acted upon to precisely the same extent, that they have never been made more really imperative by the introduction of higher sanctions and more powerful motives? Have any two periods

in history the same moral value, if they only recognise, in theory, the obligation of the same precepts? Have any two men the same title to our confidence, if they can only repeat, after the Catechism, 'my duty towards my neighbour,' with equal fluency and proper punctuation? Whatever be the value we choose to attach to the moral element in human nature, that element is to be sought within the man; and the varying intensity of its determinations towards good or evil is no more to be measured by the fixity of the precept than the variations of the mercury are limited by the printed indications of the thermometer, or the amount of traffic on a railway by the immobility of the rails. The maxim gives the movement its *direction*, but it is not *the movement itself*; and Mr. Buckle's contempt for the supposed meagreness of the list of essentials in morals, is as silly as if an economist should pronounce that the intercourse between London and Birmingham must be and remain a trifle, because, forsooth, it always takes the same road.

All our author's statements on this subject, proceeding, as they all do, from a fundamental fallacy, without one exception are contradicted by facts. We assert that moral excellence is transmissible: every parent knows that example is catching: we cannot act upon our children's minds infallibly, because they are free agents; but we can exercise a much more effectual influence over them by the exhibition of right dispositions and generous affections in our own characters than by any mere knowledge that we can convey. It is equally certain that moral feelings, much more than a cold assent to logical propositions, have been the exciting causes of every great movement in history for the better or the worse. It may be said of them emphatically, that they affect mankind in masses. Has our author never been in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd swayed by some strong impulse? By what hallucination has he overlooked the agency of sympathy in every form of crusade or revolution? Or if we contemplate the phenomena of a nation's life, as they are evolved slowly and for long periods, the result is the same. Moral causes contribute to the increase or diminution of crime, for instance, immensely more than the absence or the spread of knowledge.

The discoveries of great men never leave us, exclaims Mr. Buckle, in the only passage of his book in which a little genial warmth can be detected by a nice calorimeter: they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires. He is right, but we must claim the same immortality for the glorious examples of the great and the good. We believe that lessons of patriotism can be learned as effectually from the

memories of Aristides, Leonidas, Hampden, Washington, Nelson, as from the best reasoned lecture on the inconvenience resulting from submission to foreign dominion.

The forcible introduction by a foreign people of a new religion is reckoned by Mr. Buckle among those slight perturbations of the natural march of civilization, which only make it difficult to follow its movements. We cannot admit even this circuitous and guarded way of insinuating the powerlessness of religious belief. Mahometanism has radically modified the national character wherever and however it has been introduced; it creates at once a state of society and a state of opinion, which are not susceptible of change from contact with a higher civilization so long as the religion remains unchanged: we have learned this to our cost in India, and are in a fair way of having the lesson repeated in Turkey. Man orders his whole life according to his conception of God.

But why speak of forcible religious changes? It is but an evasion of the real question. Let us ask rather, What are the effects of the introduction of true religion by legitimate means? Here is the highest sphere of moral life, and here its supremacy is to be tested.

In the midst of pagan antiquity, with its human sacrifices, its obligatory prostitution, its rabble of uncouth, obscene, and bloodstained deities; its races looking upon each other as natural enemies; amidst these horrors and infamies we know of one people who had worthy ideas of God, almighty, holy, and merciful Creator of heaven and earth, loving to be sought after by man made in His image. The religious rites of this people were free from all taint of cruelty, licentiousness, or absurdity, and were never made a substitute for purity of heart and life; their priesthood was not hedged around with mystery; their standard of individual and domestic morality was high; they believed in the common origin and universal brotherhood of the human race; above all, under every vicissitude they clung to the hope that one of their race should yet become a blessing to all the families of the earth. Whence the miracle of such a nation as this? Of course there were intellectual elements in their creed, facts capable of being stated in the form of propositions, like the unity of God; but the essential characteristic of these facts was, that they acted upon the moral being, that they served to evoke a moral life, such as was not known to the rest of the world; nor were they received by virtue of a logical demonstration, but because the great miracles wrought at the dawn of Jewish history remained indelibly stamped in the national remembrance,—‘which we have heard

and known, and our fathers have told us.' There was a moral impulse communicated under the shadow of Sinai that is felt at this day, and felt indirectly by those that hate it, just as surely as the persecutors of Galileo were obliged to let the world turn, and to turn along with it.

But a greater than Moses has appeared among men, One who said that, lifted up upon the cross, He should draw all men unto Him,—a prophecy of the fulfilment of which the world has already seen a wondrous beginning. His was a *philanthropy* of which the effects will outlast, as they have outshone, all the discoveries of great men. How is it possible that Mr. Buckle does not perceive that the life and death of Jesus Christ have changed the face of the world, have been the one all-important crisis in human history, and that to compare any other agencies with these, even in their bearing upon the temporal welfare and progress of nations, would be the height of absurdity, as in a higher point of view it would be the greatest of blasphemies? There is a whole class of statisticians who treasure up in their blue-books countless petty facts of every order except the one of surpassing interest and importance. They take cognizance of the mole-hill, and cannot see the pyramid; proving, alas! all unconsciously, the supremacy of the moral element; for mere intelligence could never be so arbitrary, and so blind, if it were not at the bidding of *the will*.

'As touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.' 'Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.' What utterances were these amidst the hideous hardness, selfishness, and moral decomposition of old Roman society! We will take leave to say there was a new principle of moral life introduced into the world by Him who had life in Himself; and men were enabled to acquit themselves joyously of duties which they had only known as a yoke, and to obey commandments that had hitherto only served to measure their weakness and their guilt. Nothing added, forsooth, to those few precepts, &c. ! There was added, in the first place, the grace to keep them. As it has been said over and over again, Christianity has done more towards transforming the world than all the sages of Greece had done, or all the knowledge imaginable could do, towards reforming a village.

It is impossible, in these pages, to give more than a faint and inadequate indication of the various spheres in which the

opinions and practices of men were transformed by the introduction of the religion of redemption.

The old world did not so much as profess to possess any fundamental principle of morals at all, and such of its conceptions upon social matters as did not flow from the despotism of the state may be characterized as dictated by individual selfishness more or less enlightened by experience. Thus Plutarch testifies that the idea of such a thing as friendship was looked upon as chimerical by his contemporaries, a figment of the old heroic ages: the very children of the same parents did not care for each other. Cicero, too, gives it as the general rule, that men sought to have friends from motives of interest, and not from affection; and both witnesses are fully borne out by the history of the times, especially by the utter heartlessness of public men during the political proscriptions. Even the Stoics taught that every movement of affection, pity, or sympathy, should be avoided as so much weakness, and that the forgiveness of injuries was a mark of pusillanimity; or, as the founder of the school pithily expressed it, 'No wise man ever bestows either alms or pardon.'

From Plato to Cicero, and including these great men themselves, no virtues were ever held up to view but those which should distinguish the citizen,—wisdom, justice, courage, moderation, decorum. The best moralists contented themselves with generalizing certain facts of experience, without trying to stand above them, or to raise men to a higher moral level than the one they occupied. Isolated manifestations of conscience there were, dim surmisings of a higher ideal than that of civic life; but they had no definite principle to give them either connexion or a foundation upon which to rest, and they never received the sanction of religion. Cicero is once more our authority for saying that men never thought of asking the gods for even the virtues they owned to be necessary; they prayed exclusively for wealth, health, and honours.

The hard abstract conception of the state and its claims was the substitute for a definite moral system in this old world. The state, as in modern socialist theories, absorbed all the energies of its citizens, and was all contempt or cruelty for those at whose hands it could not expect direct services. The prosperity of the state was the ultimate end of existence, and individual rights were only recognised or respected so far as they were supposed to serve that end. Plato and Aristotle both defend the practice of exposing weak or deformed children; and if they allow the poor to marry, it is with the reservation that the state must not be at the expense of bringing up large families: so they coolly advise parents whose means are insufficient to practise

abortion largely. Plato will not allow people to trouble themselves about the poor when they are ill; it is the best economy to let them die off; and in this he was but the interpreter of the spirit of his age. *There is not a solitary precept of beneficence in any moralist before the Christian era.* There existed, indeed, temples of Æsculapius, but even there sufferers found certain magical formulas rather than real relief.

The ancient republics, even those that called themselves democracies, were practically oppressive aristocracies, where a privileged class held their fellows in a state of hopeless dependence. Labour was looked upon as a disgrace, with the single exception of that which was consecrated to the fine arts: even intellectual labour, such as the education of youth, was left to slaves. The character of citizen, says Aristotle, only belongs properly to those who have not to work for their living; there is no virtue in mercenary labour; and they who have to subsist by such means are incapable of greatness of soul. So in the ideal republic of Plato the statesmen and warriors are to be supported by the unrequited toil of the agriculturists and artisans. The latter are not even honoured with an exhortation to aspire at least to moral excellence; doomed to inferiority and insignificance, they are insultingly told it is not much matter into what vices they may fall; but those citizens who occupy themselves with public affairs, and are guardians of law, the republic expects that *they* will be virtuous. How deeply rooted must have been this prejudice when we can see that even Socrates was influenced by it!

When the free working man was despised, what must have been the condition of the slave? He is born to be sold and worked, thought both Plato and Aristotle; and the latter, being given to definitions, finds this difference between a slave and an inanimate object, that he is an instrument with a soul, but not a soul of the same nature as the master's; and he adds, with a tone of authority, that no master can be reasonably asked to love his slave. The reader may remember how Lucian rallied the early Christians because their Lawgiver had told them to love one another as brethren. 'How can men love slaves,' he asks, 'for whom even the gods don't concern themselves?' Even the Emperor Julian, at a time when opinion had already been wonderfully changed, continued to reproach the Galileans with their doctrine of the natural equality of men.

The practical illustration of such ideas was the master's power of life and death over his slave; the porter chained to the door-post, and sold along with the house; the putting to death of the whole establishment, no matter to how many hundreds of human

beings it amounted, if the master were assassinated; the putting aged slaves *out of pain* when their work was no longer worth the expense of feeding them. An island in the Tiber was formally set apart for the exposure of aged and infirm slaves, and Cato availed himself of the provident institution! And then the multitudes 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' The transition is natural from letting your dependents starve through economy to making them kill each other for your amusement. Cicero himself gave the people shows of gladiators; and he passes in his own eyes for a great reformer, when he timidly suggests that criminals alone ought to be forced to shed each other's blood for the pleasure of the public. To vary the spectacle, Domitian exhibited a combat of female gladiators.

The family was formed in the interest of the state, and woman only valued as a means of bringing children into the world. Aristotle teaches very seriously, that if woman be capable of virtue, it can only be that of a slave. At Athens the law made women, married, unmarried, or widows, perpetual minors. 'Is there any one with whom thou speakest less than with thy wife?' Socrates is made to say to Critobulus, as one of those universal facts that can be predicated of any man. A respectful, chaste, disinterested affection between man and wife, that should survive old age and all vicissitudes, till death do them separate, such an idea never presented itself to the imagination in classical antiquity, still less was it realized in practice. The mother brought children into the world, but she had nothing to do with their education: the mother of the Gracchi was a prodigy because she took some interest in that of her sons, but *no ancient writer ever speaks of maternal duties*. The less woman was respected, the more she was exposed to be perverted. In imperial Rome matrons of the highest rank got themselves inscribed among the public *meretrices*, that they might not be exposed to legal prosecution for the lives they were leading. The only culture within their reach was that of the courtesan. What must the men have been? We may form some idea from the tone of the theatre throughout the duration of the empire; or from the obscene paintings upon vases and upon the walls of private houses, such as fill the Phallic chamber in the Museum of Naples; or from the fact that the houses of the *scorta virilia* in Rome were public, and paid the same tax as those of the other sex. Up to the latest hours of Paganism the capitol of Rome was sullied at once by the annual human sacrifice, and by the presence of the priestesses of Venus. 'What a state of society was that,' exclaims Professor Schmidt, 'which could tolerate orgies in which the wine of the masters, as they reeled about crowned

with flowers, mingled itself with the blood of the slaves; in which deadly combats alternated with immodest pantomimes, and one offered one's guests successively the grimaces of buffoons, the carnage of gladiators, and the kisses of courtezans;—a state in which, to sum up all in one word, the most monstrous cruelty was joined to the most shameless libertinage!

When Tacitus sorrowed over the way in which the Romans had degenerated from the austere civic virtues of their ancestors, it was with a gloomy submission to destiny, and with utter hopelessness of better things. And, in one sense, he was right; here was no saving—no remedial—principle known to him; the cold proud grandeur of pagan society had neither stimulant nor protection for the weak, nor consolation for the wretched, nor restraint for the wicked. In its best days, the days of its heroes and thinkers, it showed to what man unaided could attain, and then—decayed and perished.

Now what was the kind and the extent of the revolution brought about by Christianity? It was the communication of a new spirit to mankind. The religion of redemption taught the rich to respect the poor, and the poor to respect themselves, exhibited a perfect type of purity and charity, brought home to the conscience the Divine grandeur of forgiveness and self-sacrificing love. 'It gave an answer to those two questions which the old world had never attempted to resolve: "What is truth?" and, "Who is my neighbour?"' Those great principles that antiquity had never known,—the natural equality of men, and respect for individual liberty,—were taught and, what is better, were practised in Christian society; so that Epiphanius could boast, without fear of contradiction, that humanity and charity were the fruits and the marks of the Church, and Tertullian could say that the world was becoming one republic.

For the old ideal of the abstract despotic state there was substituted that of a kingdom of God, of which men became members by free accession, and in which no distinction was recognised between native and stranger, freeman and slave, male and female, rich and poor, strong and weak; all were one in Christ Jesus; all knew that their Master had said, 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.' The poor, the infirm, the wretched were no longer abandoned as useless to society, but became the objects of the warmest sympathy and solicitude. The exposure of children and the crime of abortion were looked upon with horror among Christians long before they were punished by authority. Hospitals were erected for the first time, asylums for the infirm,

houses to lodge and help the indigent traveller. 'The pagans care not for the hungry or the thirsty,' complains Ignatius; but the accusation could not be retorted; for the Emperor Julian said it was a shame for the votaries of his religion that their poor were maintained by the liberality of the Christians. They did more than feed the hungry or clothe the naked. Clement of Rome says, 'We know many among us who have sold themselves into slavery, that others might recover their liberty.' The very barbarian was no longer a natural enemy, and he too was redeemed by the untiring charity of the Christians.

The artisan was no longer despised and his labour reckoned dishonourable. The great apostle had said, if any man would not work, neither should he eat. He had gone farther still: 'Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands at some useful occupation, that he may have to give to him that needeth;' and he had set the example of working with his own hands.

The proclamation of equality before God necessarily brought about a modification of the whole order of society, voluntarily and progressively. The slave had become the Lord's freeman, and was looked upon as destined also to temporal enfranchisement. The very earliest fathers pronounced themselves with energy against the ancient theory of the natural inferiority of the slave. Our Saviour, said they, took upon Him the form of a servant, that He might raise the servant to the same dignity as his master. They represented to slave-owners, that the giving bondmen their freedom was but the restoring of the order of nature, that had been troubled by the violence and selfishness of men. Nor did they preach in vain. Hermes, prefect of Rome under Trajan, becoming a Christian with his wife, manumitted his 1,250 slaves one Easter day, furnishing them, at the same time, with means of subsistence. He soon afterwards received the crown of martyrdom along with Bishop Alexander, who had been the instrument of his conversion. Chromathius, prefect of Rome under Diocletian, set 1,400 persons free, saying, 'The children of God should not be the slaves of men.' A pious lady, Melania, obtained the consent of her husband for the manumission of 8,000 slaves together. Ovinus, a martyr of the Gauls, enfranchised 5,000 at one time. There are traces of a habit, common with Christian masters, of bequeathing to their dependents, by will, their liberty and means of subsistence, when they had not bestowed both during their lives. From the third century on, there was established the custom of reading the act of manumission which the law required in the church, in presence of the congregation, as a

sort of religious consecration of the step, and a confession of the motives which led to it. The wars, misfortunes, and social dissolution of the Empire, all tended to increase slavery; never, perhaps, were there so many victims of violence and pauperism as in this disastrous period: yet Christian charity made head against the evil; and when the conquests of the barbarians had renewed it, Christian charity made it disappear once more, as M. Guizot has shown.

The family was now constituted upon a new basis,—respect for the claims and the interests of immortal souls. Woman was no longer the mere instrument of man's pleasures, but his equal; and a new world was opened to her ministry of tenderness and consolation. She visited the sick and the prisoners, dressed the wounds of those that had been tortured, prayed with the martyrs who awaited their doom. She educated her own children, instead of handing them over to slaves. Marriage was now no longer a purely civil or political institution, but a union of souls, sanctified for their moral progress, ennobled by prayer and mutual counsel. The child was no longer a chattel, the property of his father, but a precious charge, intrusted to his parents to be brought up for the kingdom of God.

We know how new ideas make their way,—like the growth of mighty inundations, merely ambient at first, then slowly infiltrating through the barriers opposed to them, then gushing in streamlets through every fissure, at last in torrents flooding the wide breach. So it was with the progress of Christian feeling. There was soon a secret influence abroad, to which even the partisans of the old religion yielded unconsciously; and, as M. Villemain remarks, 'This hard, corrupt, pagan world was insensibly converted to humanity, before it was won over to religion.' Seneca's treatises, *De Clementiâ*, *De Vitâ Beati*, *De Beneficiis*, were quite superior to anything of the kind that had appeared before in the literature of Greece or Rome. This philosopher was brother of a magistrate before whom Paul had been brought at Corinth; he was the intimate friend of another to whose charge the apostle was intrusted at Rome; and it is not difficult to divine the cause of his superiority, when we see him speaking of the struggle of the mind against the 'flesh,' and using the expressions 'holy spirit,' 'angel,' 'eternal happiness,' or affirming, '*Non est summa felicitatis nostræ in carne ponenda.*' Plutarch and Epictetus are equally superior to their predecessors, and, doubtless, for the same reason. The resignation of Marcus Aurelius is almost Christian; he looks upon mis-

fortune as a discipline, and speaks of 'that supreme city of which all the others are like the houses.' Yet none of these writers reached a stand-point high enough to bring him to discard suicide.

Under this indirect influence of Christianity, legislation underwent great changes for the better, even before the official recognition of the new religion. The upward movement was completed under Constantine, who made the putting to death of children a capital crime; favoured the emancipation of slaves, the only judicial act which could be accomplished on Sundays; forbade the combats of gladiators; abolished the use of torture and of branding upon the forehead; and who expressed, at least, the anxious wish, that dark and unwholesome prisons should be no longer used. Constantine is no great favourite of ours; but the less such measures are attributed to his personal character, the more they illustrate the current of Christian philanthropy which had set in, and which, in one instance, went farther than it does now; for the fathers were unanimous against the infliction of the punishment of death.*

From what has preceded, the discerning reader has already gathered that we deny most emphatically the pretended stationary character of objective moral precept. It is true, that all possible claims of God or man upon our feelings or acts are included in what our Lord termed the 'two great commandments of the law,' which were revealed thirty-four centuries ago, and which are reducible to one. But though there could be no progress in the sense of *addition* to this one fundamental principle of morals, there was not the less, when light and immortality were brought to light through the Gospel, an immeasurable progress in the sense of *evolution*. Men came to know what the love of God, and the love of our neighbour, meant and included, as it never could have been known before. Just as in nature the one light of heaven, or, if we must be scientific, the three primary colours, variously absorbed and

* In attempting, however imperfectly, to sketch the wonderful social changes brought about by the first introduction of Christianity, we have been chiefly guided by the admirable essay of Professor Schmidt, of Strasburg, *On Civil Society in the Roman World*; a work which appeared in 1853, and was honoured by the prize of the French Institute. (*Essai Historique sur la Société Civile dans le Monde Romain, et sur sa Transformation par le Christianisme.* Par C. SCHMIDT. Paris: Hachette et Comp.) But Mr. Buckle, who has read so many French books, is little conversant with some of the most really valuable contributions to the literature of our neighbours. He seems equally unacquainted with the essay of M. Troplong, the eminent jurist, *On the Influence of Christianity upon the Civil Legislation of the Romans.* (*De l'Influence du Christianisme sur le Droit Civil des Romains.* Par TROPLONG. Paris. 1843.)

reflected by the surfaces on which they fall, delight our senses with a multitude of hues, blended and shaded in endless profusion; so the one simple law of love, issuing forth from our relation to God, and carried abroad into all our complex associations, is enough to shed a magic beauty over the infinitely varied scene. To compare the sum of the noblest pagan's conceptions of moral excellence with that which Christianity made common, would be to compare the world of night and its faint colourless outlines, more or less grey, with the world of day,—the mountain, the valley, the forest, the face of the ocean and the sky, as they are seen lit up by the radiance of the morning, and arrayed in innumerable hues.

But we are referred to Mr. Mackay's *History of Religious Development* for an unanswerable demonstration of the assertion, that the New Testament taught mankind nothing new in morals. Gentle reader, we will give thee a counsel founded upon a great many observations. It is this: Never trust to irreligious propositions which are said to be distinctly proved in such a volume, and such a page, of Mr. Somebody's great work; but of which proofs no specimen accompanies the reference. We see this artifice repeated every day, and succeeding with the stolid, and with those whose tendencies make them willing to take such assertions for granted. Writers of a certain class are as ready as a mediæval priesthood to lead their adepts blindfold, giving them authority instead of arguments. It is certain that he who undertakes to prove the inferiority of moral motives, is bound to examine from this point of view the great creative periods of religion, and that his thesis must be sustained at the expense of Christianity above all other religions; but, either from a want of analytic power to perceive the conditions of the argument, or else from a consciousness of weakness, Mr. Buckle, in his many pages of text, has evaded carrying the controversy to the ground upon which it should be decided. Upon this vital question of all, the heart of the subject, he only expresses himself in a note, and that referring us to the arguments of another.

When one does examine the current cant about the want of originality in Christian morals, the proofs are found to be contained in a very small compass. They consist essentially of the quotation of a few grand isolated thoughts from Plato, and a few less attractive pieces of sententious morality from Kung-Fu-Tse, or Meng-Tsu. We freely admit Platonism to have been the greatest event in the history of thought outside of Judaism and Christianity; and that it served the purposes of Providence by awakening aspirations it could not satisfy.

Its truest and loftiest conceptions were necessarily in unison with the higher, purer, and self-consistent law that had been given on Sinai a thousand years before: as, for instance, that sublime thought that virtue must consist in resemblance to God; yet that, and other noble utterances like it, were after all only surmises,—broken rays, that, put together, would never make a sun,—prophetic suggestions, that were not seriously and systematically applied to the details of life and conduct. He who understands Plato knows that he never got fairly rid of Pantheism. As M. de Pressensé says, his God never got loose from the wild horse to which he was tied, the imperishable element of contingency, plurality, and change. That God, moreover, abstract and absolute being, could have no communication with men: Θεὸς δὲ ἀνθρώπου οὐ μίγνυται. Plato's ideas of perfection, taken as a whole, are made for the rich and intellectual; he would have scouted the notion of a Gospel for the poor: and even in his own aristocratical circle the individual is nothing; a certain perfection to be given to society is the ultimate end of life. This is what pedants would have us believe to have been the original, copied by that religion which sets forth the personality of God, the reality of the incarnation and redemption, the infinite worth of every individual soul of man!

As for the dry moralists of China, their chief merit was the attaining to the negative side of the great principle of our conduct towards our fellows: we should not do to others as we would not have them do to us. By all means let this precept be supposed indigenous, though, since the prophet Isaiah knew of the existence of China, Kung-Fu-Tse, a century and a half later, may have known of the existence of the Jews; and a pithy portable maxim like this might, very possibly, be handed from one people to the other. We will only say it would have been an improvement, had the Chinese sages taught their pre-eminently selfish countrymen the positive side of the precept; better still, had they enabled them to practise it. We were surprised, some weeks ago, to find a Chinese *missionary*, in a letter to a newspaper, assuming that the scriptural version of this precept only dated from the time of our Lord: whereas it is as old as Moses. (Lev. xix. 18.) Really such mistakes as these should be left to Messrs. Mackay and Buckle.

If our author evades examining the effects of the introduction of Christianity into the world, he deals freely enough with the Reformation. Taking the view current among continental Rationalists, he looks upon Protestantism as essentially a negative process, the throwing off sundry superstitions, a first step towards free-thinking. He supposes it to be not the cause, but

the effect, of modern enlightenment; the most civilized nations having become Protestant, except where previous circumstances had rendered the clergy over-powerful. We suspect the exception was introduced, in this case, to save the rule, and it so happens that it is as wide as the rule; for every one of the most civilized countries of Europe—Italy, France, Spain, South Germany, Belgium—remained Roman Catholic at the great crisis of the sixteenth century. England, Holland, and Northern Germany, have attained their present standing since they embraced the Reform. With a more true perception of the causes of a people's prosperity or decay, Mr. Carlyle holds, that when the offer of the Reformation was made, it determined the future of the nations. 'All manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, and devout depth of soul,' departed from those that refused the truth; and they had to put up with practical lies of all kinds in its room. France, in particular, he adds, with its ardour of generous impulse, was within a hair's breadth of becoming Protestant; but it recoiled from the austerity of the Huguenots, and had 'another kind of protest' in 1792.

Mr. Buckle says plainly, it would have been a misfortune, 'immense, perhaps irreparable,' if France had become Huguenot, (Page 520.) We might appeal from him to many a French thinker, some of them Roman Catholics, who have learned to take a deeper view of the sources of national life, and mourn over their countrymen's lack of seriousness and faith. The following passage, from a paper in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, by M. Emile Montegut, is all the more striking, that it supposes it is now too late for France to change, and is but an expression of regret, not intended to effect any practical purpose:—

'Our ancestors allowed the hour and the moment to pass away; and when our fathers wished to repair the fault, they could only accomplish half the task. The propitious hour was gone. The state of happy equilibrium between character and intelligence, which distinguished the generations of the sixteenth century, was broken up. The intelligence had to fight the battle alone, unsustained by moral power; had to accomplish its work with opinions instead of religious convictions. Hence the unforeseen tempests, by which our unfortunate society is tossed to and fro, and our incessant changes. Of pilots to guide us through the storm, we shall never be in want; but compass have we none; and it was a compass that the sixteenth century offered us, and that we rejected. We preferred retaining the spurious substitute; (*des simulacres*;) and when we called out afterwards for the real good, the reality punished us for our idolatry, by refusing to answer us. After having been accom-

plices, we are now the victims of the crime. The conduct of France, in the sixteenth century, has been for her an irreparable misfortune; and it is, doubtless, now too late for us to retrace our steps.'

In opposition to every thinker, British or continental, and to every eminent historian of the present generation, Mr. Buckle will not allow that a people's religion determines its civilization: it is evident, he says, that if a people were left entirely to themselves, their religion would not be the cause of their civilization, but its effect. The supposed evidence of this proposition lies in the unexpressed assumption that religion neither comes from heaven, nor from the primordial wants and aspirations of the soul; but is a sort of luxury that, so far as the depths of human nature are concerned, might be invented as late and as accidentally as gunpowder, stained glass, or india-rubber. Did Mr. Buckle ever hear of any one people civilized first, and forming its religion afterwards? Apparently, it must have been the imaginary race, due to the philosophers of the eighteenth century, which was civilized first, and learned to speak afterwards.

The fact is, every people passes through a theocratic stage of development at the dawn of civilization, in which a religion of some sort—in one instance, revealed from heaven; in every other, growing up instinctively and previous to reflection—is the great factor of the whole national life. In a second stage, which we may term the juridical, religion has withdrawn to a more limited sphere, and the relations of all classes of society are determined by laws, customs, vested rights, more or less as arbitrary as in classical antiquity, or as in the interval between the decay of feudalism and the great revolutions of England and France. A third period we quite believe is opening upon the nations of modern Christendom; many of its characteristics we hail with the same feelings as Mr. Buckle. Legal tradition is no longer without appeal, except so far as it is founded on natural right; the relations of labour and capital begin to be understood; non-interference with the natural laws that regulate the production and distribution of wealth is felt to be just and necessary. This last period is comparatively that of adult humanity; but we do not think that all history began with it, still less that the economic element is its noblest feature.

Time was when every householder baked his own bread, and every housewife spun her own yarn; now there is but one baker to a whole village, or one draper to a little town. A child's first impression on being told of this change might very naturally be, that mankind were slowly giving up the use of bread and clothing; but he is taught by and by that this startling phenomenon is

but the result of the division of labour as society advances, and that it is even a symptom and a means of progress. Mr. Buckle does not understand the application of this elementary law in the case of religious influences. He sees Churches are everywhere losing their ancient prerogatives and political privileges, the last vestiges of the theocratic principle are disappearing; religious conceptions are now kept apart from other matters with which they were once supposed to be indissolubly connected; divines are no longer authorities in questions of astronomy or chemistry, and bishops have not for many generations monopolized the great civil offices under every crown. From all this Mr. Buckle concludes and repeats to satiety, that the influence of religion is waning, whereas in reality the process of special development in its own province is necessary for the sake of religion itself. As, in nature, the progress of any type in the scale of being is marked by the appearance of special organs for the performance of functions which were monopolized by a common organ lower down in the scale; so, in history, every sphere of human life,—family, state, church,—all were confused indistinctly in the theocratic and more or less patriarchal period of society, and all, in order to be fully realized, must afterwards assert their respective independence.

We do not deny that there is a tendency to depreciation of the religious element in that stage of development which we term the juridical; and, as often happens, Mr. Buckle is confirmed in his erroneous view of historical progress by the measure of truth contained in it. Man, says an anonymous writer in a continental periodical, instinctively requires of his religion that its moral ideal should be superior to the level attained by society generally: whenever the contrary is the case, the religion, in its doctrines, rites, and ministers, is made to occupy a subordinate position. Thus, in ancient Greece and Rome, the magistrate ranked far higher than the pontiff, because the religion that then prevailed was in every moral and social aspect inferior to the current ideas and maxims of society, to its notions of justice, its legislation, and its philosophy. After the introduction of Christianity, human history was begun over again; the degenerated Church, unable to retain the truth, relapsed into the old theocratic state; yet even in its corruption, it was superior to the moral level of the barbarians, so that the priest stood higher than the feudal baron. After the lapse of ages, however, the state of things was again reversed in Catholic Christendom; society outgrew the Church, and the latter has long represented a superannuated, an inferior moral standard. Some faint consciousness of this passed through the mind of the imperial author of

Napoleon III. and Italy, some few weeks ago, when he wrote, probably without any intentional irony: 'The laws of the Church do not admit of any discussion, and merit respect: they must be considered as an emanation of the Divine wisdom: but civil society claims its own legislation;..... the canon law cannot suffice for the protection and development of modern society.'

No false, no merely human religion can survive the juridical stage of development. The period of sceptical inquiry and lay supremacy is fatal to it; but to a faith which is from heaven it becomes a renewing and purifying crisis. The blessed Reformation was a movement to which there was nothing equivalent or even analogous in the history of paganism. It proves that the true religion is imperishable, that it even rises again from its ashes, and becomes the principle of successive transformations of society. The ideal of theocratic Christianity was most completely realized in the thirteenth century, the age of Innocent III. and of St. Louis, of Thomas Aquinas and Dante, the age of the Crusades, and of the great religious orders, and the Gothic cathedrals, 'adoring in their robes of stone,' and the pilgrimages to the shrine of Becket; age in which all the institutions of every country of Christendom were saturated with the same religious ideas, and the language of public worship was at the same time that of science and legislation. That old mediæval world is gone for ever, and it is well that it should be so; for it contained only a *minimum* of real Christian life, and that partly concealed and persecuted; but the imposing unity of those times is for the intelligent Christian a type of a happier world to come, when society shall be equally steeped in a truer, purer faith: ay, and the resemblance between our own times and those which preceded the Reformation, allows us to hope that future world is not far off. In the fifteenth century, as now, mankind suffered, because moral progress did not keep pace with material, intellectual, and scientific acquisitions: the art of printing had been discovered, classical literature had been taken up out of the dust; the invention of gunpowder was changing the system of war, the use of the compass that of navigation; a new Continent, and the route to the Indies, had been discovered in the same years; parallel processes of political centralization and philosophical development were giving the nations their present limits and their permanent idioms. In the midst of all this activity, this increasing knowledge and power, man seemed to deteriorate morally, characters grew viler, the spread of an enervating scepticism oppressed and starved the soul, and this sense of an aching void lasted until the Reformation restored the state of equilibrium by raising the inner life of man to the

level of his acquisitions, or, in other words, until God added to all His other gifts the crowning one of a new outpouring of His Holy Spirit.

But we have been wandering far away from *The History of Civilization in England*. No nations, our author tells us, are ever converted to Christianity, except they have previously acquired a certain measure of intellectual elevation; and whatever good may follow, is evidently, in his estimation, to be ascribed to this previous intellectual impulse, rather than to Christianity; the 'triumphant reports of modern missionaries' to the contrary being, of course, corrected by the observations of competent travellers. We need not go to the South Sea Islands or to Labrador to meet these assertions, the history of the race to which we belong being their best refutation. When Christianity conquered the old Greek and Roman world, it could only retard without averting impending ruin, because the institutions, habits of thought, moral standard, literary monuments, the whole civilization in short of that world, had been created by another religion. Christianity was only the adopted, not the real, mother of the Latin nations; but when the cross was planted on the virgin soil of Germany, and its hardy tribes, destitute of all previous culture, gave themselves up to a religion that, even in its degeneracy, was capable of civilizing them, then Christianity had children of her own, and the consequences are perceptible to this day in the moral earnestness of the Teutonic nations compared with the Neo-Latins. All Europe north of the Alps testifies, more or less decidedly, to the process denied by the author.

Mr. Buckle himself confesses, that men seem always to have begun to doubt in matters of religion before they ventured to do so in other departments. (Page 702.) The observation ought to have led him to see that religious beliefs are the most fundamental of the mysterious influences that act upon national life. The creed modifies the moral standard; the literature reflects the judgment, the sympathies, the antipathies of a people, and therefore indistinctly their faith, even when the writer is personally opposed to it. M. Michelet, for instance, is hostile to Catholicism, yet his well-meant and bad book, *Love and Marriage*, could not have been written in any but a Roman Catholic country. Religion inspires the arts and the poetry of every country, mixes itself up with national remembrances, helps to form the habits of thought and the very language of the most irreligiously disposed. When two drunkards quarrel in the street, and give each other the lie, they show that they belong to a civilization in which truth is honoured; brawlers in the streets of Canton would insult each other differently. Those who know how small, comparatively,

is the amount of vital piety in the most Christian countries, should look with wonder upon the effects produced by its indirect but all-pervading radiation, and should cheerfully anticipate the time when this leaven shall be found in a proportion more adequate to the mass upon which it has to work.

Not only is religion the chief agent in producing any possible form of culture, it is even an indispensable agent; nothing can be created or long maintained without it. We are born worshippers, and, when we turn away from the true God, must make to ourselves gods of some sort to go before us. When early generations gave themselves wholly over to sensual enjoyments, they could not do it with security until they had first deified the various modifications of matter, and their own lusts. When, in the first century of the Christian era, China had used up its patriarchism and was perishing for lack of religion, in its despair it sent messengers to India, who introduced Buddhism, and it has been prolonging its existence on this unwholesome diet ever since. Why were so many precious conquests of the great French Revolution lost? Because, to take root in the minds of the people, they wanted the sanction of some religious principle or other. Why were the only finally successful revolutions those of Holland, England, and the United States? Because the two former were accomplished under the direct pressure of religious interests, and the last by a people whose traditions had been formed in the same school. It is true, Mr. Buckle tells us very gravely, that religious motives had nothing to do with our civil wars or revolutions. We must say we have never met with a writer less submissive to facts. Very ready to collect and interpret *data*, in provinces in which he happens to be impartial, nothing is too broad, too palpable, to be contradicted or ignored, if it cross his inexorable prejudices and antipathies. With a mind of the Manchester type, hard and strong, narrow and tenacious, very right on some important points, and very wrong on others, Mr. Buckle is proof against any evidence. He could stand on London Bridge and deny the existence of St. Paul's, if any one thought of pointing to it as a proof of the interest people had taken in religion.

We should not neglect to notice the instances given in this work, to illustrate the supposed insignificance of moral feeling and teaching. It is asserted of the two oldest, most inveterate, and most wide-spread evils with which men afflict each other,—religious persecution and war,—that they are slowly diminishing, '*solely* by the activity of the human intellect,' and through the influence of successive inventions and discoveries. Spain would have been less persecuting, had it been less religious; and the

warlike spirit of ancient times has been receding before the consequences of the invention of gunpowder, the discoveries of political economists, and the appliances of steam.

These cases are certainly well chosen to make the wrong side of the question look plausible for a moment. Religion has often aggravated instead of diminishing the giant evils referred to. Mr. Buckle might have used far stronger language, and asserted boldly that religion has brought more calamities upon mankind than any other exciting cause whatever; but then he should have added, this is only true of misguided religious principle. It is not fair nor philosophical to draw conclusions from the effects of the simple *intensity* of any feeling without ascertaining whether its action in such cases has been normal or the contrary. Nay, it is just because religious impulses are the deepest and strongest in our nature, that their perversion results in consequences so terrible. Had Mr. Buckle's conscientious Spanish inquisitor known or obeyed the commands of his Divine Master, he would have recognised a prohibition of religious persecution registered at the very foundation of the Christian religion: 'Let the tares and the wheat grow together.' Had he listened to the voice of God within him, he would have felt he had no warrant to judge his fellow servant. He was not, as Mr. Buckle supposes, morally right and intellectually wrong, but exactly the reverse; he reasoned right from premises which are morally wrong.

True religious principle has, confessedly, not yet effected all that it ought towards rendering persecutions impossible; yet to it we owe whatever has been irrevocably won in this direction. Is Mr. Buckle aware that the first government in the world which established complete religious liberty, was that of Roger Williams in Rhode Island? We know that he is not aware that the great impulse that secured our own liberties of every kind, came from men whose object, in the first instance, was to be allowed undisturbed to worship God according to their conscience, and who were brought at last by this means to understand and claim freedom of conscience in the abstract. The kind of liberty which this writer prizes, is that which is given contemptuously by a people who look upon religious interests as indifferent. To such liberty as this we would not willingly trust for one hour; they that bestow it would be ready to become persecutors themselves whenever religion became importunate; or they would give us over, without a struggle, to the first persecutors whom it would be inconvenient to resist. The world has tried the two systems; they are exhibited at this moment on opposite sides of the Channel: our religious liberty in England is that of a

people who have won it in order to use it; that of France is merely the power to be irreligious without being vexed or called to an account by the hierarchy. The Frenchman will not allow the Church to interfere with his property or his civil rights; hence the ferment about the legal kidnapping of the boy Mortara; but the right to change one's religion, to meet for worship, to establish schools for one's own children from religious motives, —these elementary rights are daily trampled upon by French authorities, without exciting any public indignation. Ask indifference, indeed, to kindle at the violence done to faith!

And as for war, was it a prophet or an economist that promised, some twenty-five centuries ago, that all swords should be one day beaten into ploughshares, and spears into reaping-hooks, that nations should no longer lift up the sword against each other, nor learn war any more? Truly, this sublime prophecy seems yet far from its fulfilment, because religion is not yet mistress of the world. It is equally true that providential circumstances, inventions, and discoveries, are contributing powerfully, and in the way Mr. Buckle describes, to check the warlike spirit; but it does not follow that these agencies are operating alone. Christianity created whatever was generous in chivalry, and is slowly making wars milder from generation to generation. We believe that it contributed, more than did the mere pecuniary consideration, towards making the feudal man-at-arms ransom his captives, instead of cutting their throats; and when our soldiers spare a fallen enemy to-day, we are simple enough to be persuaded there is something nobler at work than the effects of steam or gunpowder.

M. de Rémusat, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, observes, that Mr. Buckle has undertaken a history of civilization, without so much as asking himself in what civilization consists, and that he practically reduces it to being the sum of certain branches of scientific literature. We may add, the only progress he condescends to admire is, that which mankind make unconsciously, or, at least, without the influence of any ennobling motive. We have been perversely accustomed to revere the names of Clarkson and Wilberforce: tush! philanthropy all that, mere moral principle, amiable in the individual, but powerless over aggregates: find us a man who cares not a pin about niggers, but who can prove by figures that working the black rascals don't pay; there is the really great man, he is an economist and an honour to human nature!

Let us not be supposed for a moment to set light by the advantages of either sound political economy or physical science, both of which call into exercise lofty faculties, and the diffusion

of which tends to increase the comfort of every home, and thereby indirectly subserves the higher needs of mankind. But, as matter is lower than mind, so the agency exerted upon mind by the distribution of matter is inferior in kind to the processes of the mind itself, and wholly subordinate to the development of the real, the inner man. In common with the marmot of the Alps, or the swallow that nestles under the eave, we are affected by change of season, and by the supply of food ; but the treating such mechanical influences as paramount to the higher life and moral being is a subversion of all self-respect, to be contemplated with sadness and astonishment. Two centuries have passed since the immortal Pascal taught the world that, though man be but a thinking reed, his mind makes him greater than the material universe ; all the stars in the firmament, and the worlds that revolve around them, are not to be compared to the humblest mind : but there is an order of greatness more godlike still,—all the mind in the universe is not worth the smallest movement of charity ; the infinite distance of matter from mind is but a figure of the distance of the mind from charity.

Mr. Buckle says of his conclusions somewhere, they ' are no doubt very unpalatable ; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them.' Whether this boast be premature, the reader will judge ; we shall only say, it would be easier to forgive the presumption of inexperience, did we see it accompanied by any of the generous aspirations of youth.

The author's hostility to religion gives a peculiar bias to his opinions on innumerable subjects. It seems to have determined his predilection for the French,—a people ' less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe.' His hostility to the old Jews and the modern Scotch is actually ludicrous ; he never allows an opportunity of saying a bad word of either to escape. The former were a plundering and vagabond tribe, stained with every variety of crime, of extraordinary and prolonged ignorance, as is proved by Mr. Mackay ; as for the latter, ' there is more superstition, more bigotry, and less of the charity of real religion among the lower order of Scotch Protestants than there is among the lower order of French Catholics.' Were we to bring together a parson, a cavalry officer, a Jew, and a Scotchman, as representatives of their several classes or countries, and give them one neck, our literary Nero would strike it through with inexpressible pleasure. To the same cause, we presume, must be ascribed his unmeasured praise of Mahomet, ' the greatest man Asia ever produced ;' of Voltaire, ' probably the greatest histo-

rian Europe has yet produced ;' of Gibbon, Rousseau, &c., though he seems but superficially acquainted with the last ; for he writes, (page 767, *text and note*,) that, so far as he remembers, there is not a single instance of an attack on Christianity in any of Jean Jacques's works. We believe the celebrated *Lettres de la Montagne* were provoked by the disingenuous conduct of the rationalist clergy of Geneva ; we believe, too, that the unfortunate Rousseau, at the close of his career, thought differently of Christianity ; M. Gaberel has recently proved it : but it is passing strange that Mr. Buckle should neither have read this work, nor heard of its contents.

England, he will have it, is a country happily and early distinguished by its irreligious instincts ; and to this cause he attributes the production of a noble literature even before the close of the sixteenth century : ' We had begun to throw off our superstitions somewhat earlier than the French were able to do ; and thus, being the first in the field, we anticipated that great people in producing a secular literature.' (Pp. 553, 466.) This statement we can accept, if allowed to interpret it after our own fashion : the comparatively easy establishment of Protestantism in our island gave free scope to the utterances of genius awakened by the great crisis through which the world was passing, while unhappy France was wasted and exhausted by the bloody, sterile, intestine religious wars of the sixteenth century.

Every historical character who sacrificed religious to secular considerations is raised to the skies. The resolution of Henry the Fourth to swallow the mass in order to win Paris gives him a rank in our author's estimation that no other manifestation of policy could have done, and marks him as a ' powerful intellect.'

The destructive side of Protestantism meets with some faint praise ; but the Reformation did mischief by leading men to discuss such useless questions as theological dogmas involve, turning away the mind from matters of real importance to inferior pursuits ; so that the intellectual regeneration of Europe could not begin until the theological fervour had subsided ; indeed, the decay of the theological element indicates the favourable turning-point in the history of every civilized nation !

It is a mistake, Mr. Buckle affirms, to suppose the Protestant religion more liberal than the Catholic. The crimes of the French Protestants were as revolting as those of the Catholics, and as frequent relatively to the numbers and power of the two parties. Whoever has read the works of the great Reformed divines, or studied their history, ' must know that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the desire of persecuting their opponents burned as hotly among them as it did among any of

the Catholics even in the worst days of the Papal dominion.' (Page 505.) If the reader is curious to sift the evidence given in support of this notable proposition, he must know that the first step consists in the silent assumption that the conviction of the truth of one's own faith to the exclusion of that of one's neighbour is equivalent to persecution. Only intimate, as Scotchmen are wont to do, that you and your neighbours cannot both be right, and, in the opinion of Mr. Buckle and his continental guides, you are as intolerant as if you burned him at the stake. That is to say, the legitimate exclusiveness with which positive conviction must assert itself is confounded with persecution, under cover of a quibbling use of the double sense of the word 'intolerance.' In the second place, Mr. Buckle proves that the Reformed ministers tried to hinder mixed marriages, and that they advanced 'the monstrous pretension' that there should be no celebration of the mass, and no Popish processions, in the towns given over to their party. He should have remembered that the treaties which secured to the Huguenots the exercise of their religion in certain definitely specified localities, guaranteed also its exclusive exercise. At that time it was not thought possible that the two forms of worship could co-exist within the same walls. The introduction of the mass under any pretext, such as the temporary presence of the King, for instance, was a preparation for the future forcible ejection of the Reformed worship. And this purely defensive policy of the Protestants, justified by their dearly-bought experience, is to be ranked by an English writer, and in the nineteenth century, along with the horrible massacres of St. Bartholomew, or the wholesale extermination of the Waldenses of Provence. Instead of sympathy, he has but words of scorn and calumny for the multitudes that perished in the flames, and in the dungeons, and on the rack, and on their own hearths; whose children were butchered along with them, or torn from their dying embrace to be brought up by their murderers, and taught to curse their memory; and those yet greater multitudes, to whom their persecutors would not even grant the boon of exile and beggary in a foreign land, and who had to secure it by flight over the paths of the mountains and in the holds of ships! Does Mr. Buckle know that, up to the very hour of the French Revolution, every Protestant minister caught on the French soil was broken on the wheel, and every man, woman, or child found attending Protestant worship was liable to the galleys or to imprisonment for life? One is tempted to ask in despair, What is the use of history, if the impression of the most notorious facts can be thus obliterated, and victims,

of whom the world was not worthy, confounded with their oppressors?

There is a confession in page 785 of *The History of Civilization in England*, that 'men who reject the fundamental truths of religion, will care little for the extent to which those truths are perverted.' We are afraid it is but too easy to explain why Mr. Buckle sympathizes so little with Protestantism: the school by which he is unfortunately influenced can tolerate Popery, partly because of early associations, partly because it is inoffensive; men deal leniently with the dead, but evangelical Protestantism is a living power that must be hated, since it cannot be lightly despised. Hence those invariably malevolent interpretations of every act of the Reformed body: when a luckless impoverished seminary is obliged to suppress the professorship of classical Greek, it is forthwith convicted of hostility to learning; and Mr. Buckle forgets for the nonce that he is not an over admirer of Greek himself. When the *crimes* of the French Protestants are spoken of, he must refer to the excesses of the Baron des Adrets, and other titled robbers, who took advantage of the civil wars to perpetrate all sorts of outrages, now under one flag and now under the other, changing sides repeatedly, according to the convenience of the moment. To identify such men with the Huguenots in general, who repudiated their acts with horror, is to display a want of candour of which no respectable Roman Catholic historian of the present day would be guilty.

In other places we are told that the creed which is good for one man is bad for another, and that every man must discover his religion for himself 'by a purely transcendental process.' Country life is unwholesome for the soul. The general aspect of nature, by exciting the imagination, suggests that superstitious spirit which is a great obstacle to advancing knowledge. For that reason we should congratulate ourselves on the prevailing tendency to congregate in large cities, where men draw their materials of thought from the business of human life. (Page 142.) Monetary interests, too, modify the prejudices of the superstitious classes. It is not actually suggested that we should take up our abode in the bottom of a coal-pit, or in the centre of a railway tunnel; but it is evident that in this novel system of moral hygienics the wise man will not, without taking due precautions, allow himself to witness the majesty of ocean, or to tread in Alpine solitudes.

It would be doing injustice to a writer from whom we differ so widely, did we leave the impression that he is uniformly consistent in this hostility to all higher life. Towards the close of

the volume, (pp. 693-6,) he reproaches the French revolutionists with losing all respect for religion, when they should have confined themselves to resisting the tyranny of the clergy. It is understood in our country, he continues, that there is no connexion between any one particular form of priesthood and the interests of Christianity; hence among us the truths of religion are rarely attacked, except by superficial thinkers. 'We would not, we dare not, tamper with those great religious truths..... which comfort the mind of man, and raise him above the instinct of the hour.' A little further on, (page 787,) he speaks with disapprobation of the cold and gloomy atheism that would blot out from the mind the glorious instincts of immortality.

We must confess to having read these passages with unfeigned astonishment, and with some little difficulty in believing our own eyes. It is true they do not go beyond Deism; nevertheless this very distinction between priestcraft and religion is the one to which we had been appealing mentally all through the perusal of the first four-fifths of his own book. Never did writer affect to treat the essentials of faith more disdainfully as mere theological refinements; never did writer more repeatedly and pertinaciously confound religion with clerical interests, clerical superstitions, clerical intolerance, than he had been doing himself throughout 692 pages; and then, in the 693rd, he turns round and reads the French revolutionists a lesson on the distinction! More than this, the lesson is no sooner over than he relapses into his old habit, and says of the blasphemies of Voltaire, 'This is not the place for discussing the theological opinions which he attacked.'

The explanation of such self-contradiction as this is a very difficult problem of conjectural criticism. We are inclined to think that the exceptional passages, so unlike the greater part of the work in their whole tone and tendency, must have been fragments confided to a common-place book at an earlier period, and in a better mood, than the rest of the author's materials; and that they were afterwards inserted without revision amidst heterogeneous elements. In any case the fact of their existence gives reason to hope that Mr. Buckle's hostility to positive religion is more a matter of instinct than otherwise, that he has caught the tone of Mr. Mackay and the other bad company that he has been keeping, without always perceiving what is involved in the assertions he echoes. We do not suspect him of insincerity, and we do not see any other alternative except the idea here suggested: it is confirmed, moreover, by various other examples of self-contradiction, such as could not be exhibited by a mind having decided views of its own, and fully

conscious of them. Thus, in page 236, there is an argument assuming that the Hebrews were taught of old the unity of God, and that the stupendous miracles of the Pentateuch were really wrought by Moses before their eyes; and in another place we read, 'The historical value of the writings of Moses is abandoned by all enlightened persons, even among the clergy themselves.' In the same spirit, the rainbow is a phenomenon, 'with which, in the eyes of the vulgar, some theological superstitions are still connected;' (page 531;) 'and we are indebted to the imagination of theologians for their idea of the primitive virtue and simplicity of man, and his subsequent fall.' (Page 122.) Again, we are told, 'The original scheme of the great Author of Christianity was only to convert the Jews,' and this with the inevitable reference to Mr. Mackay's admirable discussion of the subject: (page 724:) of course, if Christianity came afterwards to be preached to the whole world through the force of circumstances, it was but a happy mistake; its Author could clearly be neither a Saviour nor even a messenger sent from heaven: and yet we have seen Mr. Buckle lecturing the French against tampering with the great truths of religion.

Another instance, and it shall be the last, of this sort of vacillation. There are various kinds of scepticism: the term may be used for that feeling of hesitation and suspended judgment which stimulates inquiry, and is the precursor of progress in all spheres; or it may be used for that enervating philosophical system which dogmatizes on the impossibility of grasping the reality of things; or it may be applied to unbelief and positive rejection of religious truth. Now Mr. Buckle distinctly states in a note, (page 327,) that he uses the term in the first of these senses exclusively. An able friend having suggested to him that one class of persons would misunderstand the expression, and that another class, without misunderstanding it, would intentionally misrepresent its meaning, he takes his precautions, defines scepticism, 'hardness of belief,' and increased scepticism, 'an increased application, and an increased diffusion, of the rules of reasoning, and of the laws of evidence.' Will it be believed that after this he continually confounds the healthy with the morbid scepticism, takes for granted that there is a necessary antagonism between inquiry and belief, and speaks of 'the opposite interests of reason and faith, of scepticism and credulity,' &c.? (Page 560.) The able friend ought to have warned Mr. Buckle against misrepresenting himself.

When a writer undertakes to deliver himself authoritatively on the most momentous subjects, it is not too much to ask that he should know what he really believes, and that he should

understand the consequences involved in the assertions he multiplies so confidently and so recklessly. Yet, as has been said, these inconsistencies allow us to admit the possibility of better things from the future of Mr. Buckle; if ever, to borrow an illustration from his favourite Montaigne, the ear, which in its immature state rises pertly towards the sky, shall bend downwards, weighty with ripe and yellow grain.

We have seen that Mr. Buckle's conception of human progress is not that which we work out for ourselves, but that which is imposed upon us by the agency of laws by which we are carried forward blindly. In other words, his *intellectualism* assumes the shape of *fatalism*. This brings us to our gravest objection to his whole system.

The actions of men, in the author's estimation, are wholly governed by fixed and universal laws, in such sort that 'the whole world forms a necessary chain, in which each man may play his part, but can by no means determine what that part shall be.' (Page 9.) The doctrine of chance, in the external world, corresponds to that of free-will in the internal; and they should both alike be exploded, and that of 'necessary connexion' put in their place. The actions of men do not depend 'on some capricious and personal principle peculiar to each man, as free-will or the like;' they are governed by the state of society at large, by general causes, 'which, working on the aggregate of society, must produce certain consequences, without regard to the volition of those particular men of whom the society is composed.' (Page 21.) When crimes, for instance, are committed, they are 'the result, not so much of the vices of the individual offender, as of the state of society into which that individual is thrown.' (Page 27.) That 'the moral actions of men are the product, not of their volition, but of their antecedents,' is the great social law, the illustration of which is the business of the thinkers of the nineteenth century. (Pp. 29, 807.)

Somewhere in a note Mr. Buckle shows that he is aware it might be objected to these conceptions that they undermine all notions of right and wrong; however, he does not take the trouble of examining whether it may be so. Did his conclusions bring him into conflict with George Combe or Auguste Comte, he might be induced to reconsider them; but since they merely contradict the doctrine of moral responsibility and the testimony of the conscience, a sage will not retrace his steps for such trifles.

Our readers will doubtless say with us, and with Dr. Johnson, 'Sir, we *know* our will is free, and there's an end on't.' The immediate operations of the intelligence and of the nervous sen-

sibility are involuntary, but not those of the will; we are not free to accept or reject the sensation of heat or cold, or the association between two given ideas, but we are free to form resolutions. Mr. Buckle replies he will not admit the metaphysical dogma of the supremacy of consciousness; he tells us, on the authority of Mr. Mill, that consciousness is but belief, and, human opinions having ever been fluctuating, consciousness has ever been fallible; *ergo*, our opinions are not more entitled to respect when we claim for them this sort of evidence, than if we rested them on any other ground. The interpretation of this reasoning, in the language of coarse common sense, is that a man's *certainty* of his own existence (for that is the first fact of consciousness) is no more infallible than his *opinion* on any indifferent matter, such as the beauty or ugliness of Mr. Commissioner Yeh's pigtail. In any conceivable exercise of thought the difference between the two sorts of affirmation here confounded is illustrated: one may modestly doubt the infallibility of one's judgment in æsthetic matters, but one is conscious, *i. e.*, infallibly sure, of the existence of the judgment that Mr. Yeh is no beauty. As if to complete the exposure of the self-contradiction inherent in a want of reverent and truthful submission to reality, Mr. Buckle elsewhere lavishes the most extravagant encomiums on Descartes, whose whole philosophy was founded upon consciousness, and its first step the famous aphorism: *Cogito, ergo sum!* Our Gallic neighbours, as the reader knows, are always in raptures with Descartes, because Bacon was born on the wrong side of the Channel.

But what is the argument by which we are to be convinced that we are machines, whatever we may think to the contrary?

The process begins by a gross mis-stating of the question. Free-will is defined in a note to mean, 'a cause of action residing in the mind, and exerting itself independently of motives.' (Page 17.) Mr. Buckle is very fond of putting the essential points of an argument into notes, and is equally given to the vulgar habit of smuggling his conclusions into his premises. We do not accuse him of intentional artifice; but a mind full of prejudice, and catching without the least mistrust at whatever ministers to its prejudices, cannot be expected to state questions fairly. We utterly repudiate this definition of free-will as a cause acting independently of motives. When a man pronounces himself a free agent, he means that his volitions are not forced; they are his own act; his will is not a mere pair of scales, weighed down to one side or the other, mechanically and unresistingly, by a certain amount of pressure; it can re-act against the pressure, choose, decide, willingly yield,

or else resist. A will without motives would be a mere thing of caprice, a metaphysical monster; and evidently it is an hypothesis which would admit of no such thing as character, because a volition self-determined, independently of the previous state of the mind, would be but an outward, detached act, expressing no governing principles or dispositions in the mind; it would be a fruit revealing nothing of the nature of the tree. The contrary extreme, the doctrine that motives carry away the agent blindly and passively, is equally destructive of the connexion between fruit and tree; for what we call *character* is simply the state of the will; and when the existence of the will is denied, the man disappears along with it; he is no longer an agent at all, but an organ of the universal agency; he is not even a machine, but a screw in the universal machine.

The author sometimes speaks as if motives were confined to objective external impulses; or, as he puts it most awkwardly and unscientifically, actions are 'the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena.' (Page 32.) At other times, he seems to recognise that the dispositions of the man, his acquired tastes and tendencies, form all-important motives. In any case he contends that the phenomena of the moral world are marked by a regularity as undeviating as that of the material world; so that they might be predicted with unerring certainty, were we but acquainted with their antecedents. We are quite willing to accept the terms of this statement, provided the last clause be allowed its proper weight; for it essentially modifies the whole proposition. Every reasonable metaphysician maintains that the infallible certainty of acts under certain circumstances is consistent with liberty. Thus, a perfect being, writes Reid, 'always infallibly acts according to the best motives;.....but to say that he does not act freely, because he always does what is best, is to say...that liberty consists only in its abuse.' Let us suppose that a burglar, passing alone in the street at midnight, sees a shop-window unfastened, and let us suppose him, furthermore, perfectly hardened to all feelings of remorse; one need be no wizard to foresee what he will do. In his case, assuredly, previous habits of life do exercise a fearful influence; yet his own will determining itself to evil formed a part, and the most important part, of these antecedent determining circumstances. The phenomenon of prophecy involves the certainty of coming events. He who searcheth the thoughts and intents of the heart could predict the treason of Judas; but one of the elements of which His foresight took cognizance, was that very virtual freedom that made Judas responsible. Every unconverted man is a slave; but he is a willing slave,

and remains so by his own fault. We are acquainted with another *antecedent* in the case of the converted man; but it is one that works by moral attraction, and not by mechanical necessity,—the grace of God.

Having secured himself against refutation by his definition of 'free-will,' Mr. Buckle proceeds to demonstrate its non-existence by the evidence of statistics. Metaphysicians, he says, have been unwisely studying mental phenomena as they appear in the individual mind, while the right method is to determine them from the actions of mankind at large. Thus murder, which might be supposed the ever-varying result of fitful violence and exceptional temptation, 'is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides, or the rotation of the seasons.' (Page 23.) Every year nearly the same number of murders is committed, and that by nearly the same instruments. Suicide again, that apparently most eccentric, solitary, and uncontrollable of crimes, has its laws that can be studied. 'Suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society.....The individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances. In a given state of society, a certain number of persons must (!) put an end to their own lives.' (Pp. 25, 26.) It is said of marriages, 'Instead of having any connexion with personal feelings,(!) they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people.' (Page 30.) 'Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts.' (Page 29.) The very aberrations of memory 'are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order.' (Page 30.) Year by year nearly the same number of persons at London and Paris forget to put addresses on their letters.

The first in order of this series of fallacies is the strange and oft-repeated assumption, that metaphysicians only study one mind,—an assumption embodied, as usual, in a definition, and that, as usual, contained in a note: 'I mean by metaphysics that vast body of literature which is constructed on the supposition that the laws of the human mind can be generalized *solely* from the facts of individual consciousness.' (Page 149.) It would be about as reasonable to assume that Hunter, or Cuvier, or Owen, only studied one animal of each kind. Every psychologist whose labours are of any value, is as careful as the physiologist to avoid concluding from individual idiosyncrasies, and can do it as readily. Will it be pretended, for instance, that the idea of free-will was suggested by observation of the individual pecu-

liarities of Thomas Reid? The real question is not between a larger or a smaller field of observation, but between the method which studies the phenomena themselves, and the method which only notes certain external and numerical relations by which the phenomena are in contact with a sphere that is not properly their own. Mr. Buckle himself plays the psychologist unconsciously: he speaks of imagination, reason, &c. Who told him there existed such powers? Statistics know nothing of them. They are not included among either azotized or non-azotized substances. When Bichat distinguished the twenty-one extensible and contractile animal tissues, he did not find them under his knife.

In the next place it must be observed, that a certain plausibility is frequently thrown around the most erroneous ideas, when the error consists in giving an absolute value to what is partially true. The motive is always an element in the determination, the error only consists in making it the exclusive element. There are cases in which men are led by their impulses as mechanically as a bird of passage by the presence of insects: here the error consists in mistaking the aberration for the law. Again, the men who most weigh their motives and feel their responsibilities, possess only a relative liberty; they are *subordinated* to the laws of the universe and of their own being, unable to use their own faculties except under certain conditions, ever meeting with external circumstances over which they have no control; they are *co-ordinated* with fellow intelligences whose acts and rights are perpetually limiting, crossing, and influencing theirs. We are then undeniably dependent in a great number of relations, but it does not follow that we are wholly dependent. In the midst of winds and currents, that seem to sport with our feeble skiff, there is a rudder in our hands that really determines the direction it takes.

To appreciate the full force of the evidence he has given of the fatal character of human life, our author says, we must remember that it is not an arbitrary selection of facts; he has generalized from many millions of observations, extending over countries in different grades of civilization, with different laws, opinions, morals, and habits; observations made by persons with every means of arriving at the truth, and with no interest to deceive. We do not question either the accuracy or the importance of criminal and other statistics, but we maintain that in the present work a most one-sided use has been made of these precious materials. Strange to say, while going over the same ground repeatedly, Mr. Buckle never perceives that he has confined himself to the persistence of the same amount of crime

in the same countries, and has never thought of comparing the moral levels of different countries. There are annually, on an average of many years, four murders to a million of inhabitants in England, nineteen in Prussia, thirty-five in France, ninety in North Italy, two hundred in South Italy. Our author is never weary of calling our attention to the regularity of this proportion in each country; but he never bethought him of asking, why there should be fifty murders in Naples for one in England!

Doubtless, Mr. Buckle will be at no loss for a reply: it is the climate that makes the Neapolitan so ready to poignard his enemies and his friends. The sun is the really guilty personage in these latitudes. But, under the leaden sky of England and Scotland, murders were once nearly, or altogether, as frequent as they are now in Calabria. Shall it be rejoined that civilization has advanced since those lawless times, that the schoolmaster has been abroad? Unquestionably, but then what has become of the fatal uniformity of crime? This law, it appears, only holds good of short periods; the array of statistics that appeared so formidable, only establishes the inoffensive truism that a people, so long as it continues in the same physical, intellectual, and moral condition, will exhibit nearly the same annual amount of crime. It is probable that there is nearly the same average number of pockets picked in London for several successive years; and, doubtless, there is nearly the same amount of hop-picking done in Kent by the same gang in a fair hour's work several successive days: the fatalist theory must in all consistency be applied to both orders of fact alike; for if it be true in any sphere, it is true in all; it must be the law of little things as well as great, of the ordinary as well as the extraordinary. Mr. Buckle himself seems to be conscious that the determining principle of human life must be all-pervading and all-embracing; for he brings under the same fatality the case of suicide and the undirected letter: he is bound to extend its operation also to the case of the man who allows himself to live, and to the phenomenon of a properly directed letter.

We are all agreed, be it observed, as to the fact of the uniformity of crime in the same country for limited periods; and we agree, too, in calling this the result of a given civilization; but when we come to analyse that civilization, Mr. Buckle arbitrarily suppresses its principal factors. He asserts the idea of peculiarities of race to be a mere fancy, (p. 567,) to which extreme he is driven by logical consistency; for national character, individual character, and individual will, all suppose each other. He asserts that neither talents, virtues, nor vices are hereditary; (p. 161;) that the sturdy Anglo-Saxon of the present generation

owes nothing to his ancestors, and as little to moral training; but is a simple product of that unexplained property or properties of matter, falsely called 'the vital principle,' developed in a temperate climate, on wholesome food, with a high degree of personal liberty, and a modest *quantum* of information. Evidently the facts to which he so confidently appeals are utterly contradictory of this theory: the English people are better taught and governed than the Neapolitan; but these differences are not adequate to explain the immense disproportion between the crimes committed in both countries. The Prussian people, taken as a whole, are better instructed than the English, yet their moral level is lower. Among the French, increase of knowledge too often proves increase of power to do evil.

The author's own illustrations would have been enough to correct his dogmatism, were it not for a narrow propensity to contemplate only one side of any act. When he has shown that marriages follow a general law, he proceeds imperturbably on the supposition that it has been demonstrated not to be effected by the wishes of individuals! Those poor Beatrices, how many of them to this day think their Benedicts' sighs come from the heart! Let them learn that there are no hearts; here they have it authoritatively and textually,—marriage has no connexion whatever with personal feelings. In the world of this short-sighted and pedantic statistician there is no room for any harmonious adaptation of individual agency to general laws. He assumes there is an original incompatibility of freedom and law; let it only be proved that any relation is regulated, controlled from without or from above, made to subserve some great general purpose beyond the view of the immediate actors, and he forthwith thinks it has been demonstrated that relation cannot be free. For us, on the contrary, the reconciling of liberty and law is the great miracle of creation, underlying all our relations to the external world and to our fellows, exhibited even in our own physical frames, in which matter has been so organized as to be at the disposal of the subtle and impalpable element of mind.

When Mr. Buckle speaks of actions not being the product of *volition*, he carelessly uses the word which, more than any other, makes one feel how much his theory is at variance with fact. What is a volition, then, and what place is given it in his system? By what illusion came men in all countries to invent words to express the idea of the will, and its exercise? The fact is, Mr. Buckle does not refuse to man volition in the correct sense of the term; for it may be predicated of every animal that can move a limb, or agitate tentacula: what he means is that

our volitions are already determined for us before we adopt them ourselves; they are no more our own morally than those of the animal; we have no real will; the faculty to which we give that name is not the organ of our characters, for we have none; but it is the organ of nature, universal law, working in us. Of course, it will be understood that this is our way of stating these views, not the author's own; we have taken the liberty of disengaging them of all superfluous clothing; but when people are in the wrong, they do not much admire their own ideas presented in this sort of undress.

Mr. Buckle has distinctly repudiated voluntary and intentional atheism; but in his system the inflexible laws that hide God from our view behind a brazen heaven, are the real powers of the universe. In the hour of anguish the voice of prayer must be hushed upon the lips; it would be unconstitutional to address oneself directly to a King who reigns without governing, or who, rather, shut up in his palace like an oriental monarch, is wholly supplanted by great officers, deaf, inexorable forces. The idea that the suffering object of our affections is in the hands of an almighty, all-wise, and tender Father, is the 'theological theory of disease' which still 'lingers on among the vulgar,' and in the writings of the clergy, or 'other persons little acquainted with physical knowledge.' The reader will have recognised here the author's characteristic *false antithesis*, by which we mean the narrow tendency to suppose that when any one relation of an object has been established, every other is excluded. When once a phenomenon is understood to be brought about by physical laws, he thinks it has been proved that God has had nothing to do with it. The husbandman's prayer for rain from heaven and fruitful seasons is a 'childish superstition: let thunder be but produced by electricity, and it is no longer, in any sense, the voice of God; let volcanoes be but explained by the theory of central heat, or any other, and we may no longer say, 'He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.'

If we should be asked how special interventions can be made to harmonize with unvarying physical laws, the answer is simply this: we presume it is as easy for the wisdom of God to make room for His own liberty in the universe as to provide for ours. We find ourselves free agents in the midst of a vast complex system of forces, and we are able to use these forces, to control them in a certain measure, to keep them in equilibrium by playing them off against each other. In every act of our own lives, we see that the great problem of the reconciling of liberty and law has been solved; and we may quietly take for granted that what has been

done for us in little things, God can do for Himself in both little things and great. The keel that ploughs the surface of the waters that close again immediately behind it, has neither modified, nor suspended, nor violated the laws of the element through which it moves; it only brought a preponderating force to bear upon them for a moment: then surely the living God can avail Himself of His own laws for His own purposes, without infringing upon their regularity, and can lift up the ordinary sequences of phenomena to fit into a higher order of things by the moment at which they fall out. So close, indeed, is the connexion between the free providence of God, and the free will of man, that they stand or fall together; and it is painfully instructive to see Mr. Buckle denying both, and supposing that he has refuted both by the same order of sophisms. One-sided views of grace have led a religious school to dispute the freedom of man without dreaming of denying that of God, because it is possible to lop off the branch and spare the trunk; but the converse is impossible; one cannot fell the trunk without laying the branch as low; so that every system which is bent upon ridding itself of *supernatural will*, must rid itself of the *human will* likewise, and set a natural necessity on the throne of the universe. The personality of God and the personality of man are destroyed by the same process; the world of religion and that of morals are sacrificed by the same act to the supremacy of the physical world; though, if observation teach us anything, it is this, that the whole sum of physical agencies is at the service of the moral world, and only exists for its sake.*

Man advances in the execution of a plan which he did not himself conceive, and with which he is not even fully acquainted; he is the free and intelligent workman of a work which is not his own; he does not come to recognise and understand it until later, when it has been manifested in real and external results; and even then he understands it but imperfectly; yet it is through him, through the development of his intelligence and his freedom, that it is accomplished. Let us imagine some great machine, the secret of which is shut up in one creating and presiding mind, and the different parts of which are intrusted to different workmen, isolated, strangers to each other; no one of them is acquainted with the whole of that work, to the general and definitive result of which he concurs; yet each accomplishes his own particular task with intelligence and freedom, by rational and voluntary acts. It is thus that the plans of Providence for the world are accomplished by the hands of men; thus is

* See Matter's *Philosophy of Religion*, (*Philosophie de la Religion*. Paris: Grassart. 1857,) vol. i., p. 378. We are under much obligation to this writer.

secured the co-existence of the facts which are ever apparent throughout the history of civilization,—on the one hand, the fatal element of history, that which escapes beyond the reach of human knowledge, or will,—on the other hand, the part that man plays in his own history, what he puts of his own into it, because he so thinks and wills.’

We quote this admirable passage from M. Guizot’s *History of Civilization in Europe*, to contrast it with the dreary system before us. Where there is no Providence for individuals, of course there is none for nations. God is a stranger to the progress and the revolutions of the world. The same general laws, wheels of the car of destiny, crush, or else spare, with equal unconsciousness, the many or the few. The great improvement of Voltaire, as a historian, over Bossuet, is the absence of those assumptions of supernatural interference in which the latter delighted; (p. 732;) say rather, the absence of the idea that man is at the school of God, and that his history is a moral discipline for a gracious purpose. What an orphan world is here, without any consolation over the spectacle of the sorrows that men have known! What a dark and lonely waste, the history from which God and human freedom have both been banished! There remain geology, botany, animal chemistry, and a groaning humanity, suffering without the consciousness of guilt or the hope of deliverance.

We recognise the counsels of Divine wisdom and love in the configuration of continents, in the distribution of races, in the successive displacing of the great seats of civilization, and in that vastest application of the principle of the division of labour,—the choice of different nations to receive religious revelations, to work out social and political problems, to accomplish marvels of art and philosophy, for the benefit of mankind at large. But the hand of God can be seen in the smallest things as well as in the greatest, and the mightiest designs of men are sometimes forwarded or prevented by the occurrence of apparently the merest trifles. It was not until the appearance of M. Thiers’s *History of the Consulate and Empire* in 1855, that the British public could fully appreciate the danger Providence had averted from our country fifty years before. Napoleon the First had assembled at Boulogne one hundred and sixty thousand men, the finest army he ever commanded, the same with which in eighteen months he humbled Austria, Prussia, and Russia, winning the bloody battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, and triumphing over eight hundred thousand enemies in arms. For the transport of this army there were assembled at Boulogne, Ambleuse, and its neighbourhood, not a few hundred crazy

boats, as our fathers persuaded themselves, but two thousand three hundred gunboats, most of them flat-bottomed, it is true, but capable of both manœuvring and fighting; for Admiral Verhuel weathered Cape Grisnez with the Dutch division in the teeth of an English squadron. So admirably calculated were all the arrangements of detail that, as a trial of skill and an exercise of promptitude, one hundred and thirty-two thousand men were repeatedly *got on board* in the space of two hours. Napoleon was convinced that he only wanted four-and-twenty hours' naval superiority in the Channel, to be master of the fate of England. He may have been wrong in reckoning upon so certain a triumph; but one thing is sure, that he was as near as possible to obtaining the wished-for condition of momentary naval superiority. In August, 1805, Villeneuve, who had sailed off to the West Indies, in order to acquire the opportunity of returning and appearing in the Channel unexpectedly, had succeeded in giving Nelson the slip, and was lying with twenty-nine French and Spanish ships of the line at Ferrol: Admiral Lallemand was awaiting his arrival with five more at Vigo. Their instructions were to force the blockade of Brest, where Ganteaume with twenty-one ships was shut up by Lord Cornwallis with eighteen, and Villeneuve left Ferrol for that purpose, on the 14th of August. At that moment Sir Robert Calder, having touched at Brest, was coming down the Channel with eighteen sail, and Nelson was making his way to Portsmouth, where he arrived, August 18th, to refit before recommencing the chase. Had Villeneuve proceeded straight to Vigo, and thence to Brest, he would to all appearance have escaped meeting either Calder or Nelson; and then Cornwallis, with his eighteen vessels, would have had to defend himself against fifty-five, the united squadrons of Villeneuve, Lallemand, and Ganteaume. Napoleon's far-sighted combination was defeated by a stiff north-easterly breeze that began to blow after Villeneuve had left Ferrol; it gave the unfortunate admiral, who was already disheartened, the excuse to seek Cadiz instead of Brest; and a few weeks later the battle of Trafalgar put an end to all serious thoughts of invasion. M. Thiers, who is not religious over-much, says on this occasion, 'Napoleon had done every thing he could: in all these circumstances he cannot be accused of any fault. Doubtless, it was not the will of Providence that he should succeed.'

Mr. Buckle appeals to the state of the inhabitants of the tropics to support his fatalist views: the Hindoos, he thinks, were doomed to abject slavery by the operation of physical laws which it was impossible for them to resist. In Brazil man is necessarily reduced to insignificance by the majesty of the luxuriant nature with which he is surrounded. As usual, both

statements are partially true, or rather would be true, if the idea of fatal necessity were eliminated. Our author is ever going over the same process; there is no great variety in the sophisms we are reviewing. It is true, climate and external circumstances do exercise a mighty influence over races for good or evil; but the race itself has a part to perform in availing itself of the good and resisting the evil. Even in the physical energy that resists degeneracy there is a difference. The tall, well-proportioned Delacartian lives beside the stunted Laplander. The history of a people is the manifestation of its own character, as well as that of the soil and climate: thus, the long rude winters of the Jura mountains certainly contributed to make the inhabitants laborious, patient, ingenious mechanics, when once they applied themselves to watchmaking; but the same cause might just as well have contributed to make them wretchedly poor agriculturists.

One may deal in the same way with the effect of the aspects of nature in modifying religious conceptions. The sublime and terrible phenomena of the tropics do certainly tend to bring about a morbid feeling of awe and helplessness, a superstitious belief in the spasmodic interferences of capricious deities, a vague straining after the remote and infinite; and this is nowhere more striking than when we compare the hideous divinities of India with the serene features and the idealized human proportions of the gods of Greece. But when we have admitted this effect on the aberrations of the religious principle, it does not follow that the aberration was unavoidable, still less that the religious feeling at the bottom of these superstitions is altogether an illusion, and that the theological spirit, like the fear of ghosts, must be necessarily diminished by the pursuits of experimental science.

Mr. Buckle's objection to the Calvinistic scheme of predestination is, that it makes the will of God, and not the laws of the physical universe, the determining cause of all things; still, he thinks it a doctrine with which thinkers must sympathize rather than with Arminianism. He adds that Calvinism is the system best suited for the poor, because faith costs less than works,(!) and that it has always been connected with a democratic spirit in politics. Even this last assertion, bearing upon facts which come within the author's proper sphere of observation, is superficial. The high Reformed type was embraced by Holland and Scotland, and passed to the United States, because free nations alone had it in their power to adopt it; and it has continued to maintain itself, in a measure, among these nations, because of its association with the precious doctrine of grace: but so far from having in itself any affinity with the spirit of liberty, it has

precisely the reverse. The great Neo-Latin Reformer's conception of the Divine government was true to the habits and instincts of his race; his idea of predestination to life is that of a benevolent despotism, not so much educating and elevating its subjects, as substituting its own will for theirs, and governing them for their good by suppressing their personality.

If we must be governed by iron rules, have we at least the comfort of believing them to have been wisely and mercifully instituted of God at the first? Did He act as Legislator and absolute Cause, before He gave place to the immutable laws that now reign without Him? No, there is not even this refuge from despair. The study of final causes is pronounced futile and superstitious. One dare not, on pain of expulsion from the halls of science, suppose that the hand was made to grasp, the eye to see, the heart to propel the blood; it cannot be allowed that the earth was made for man, lest it should be surmised that man was made for God. And yet the author so far forgets himself as to call the invariable proportion of sexes a beautiful law: what beauty can there be in a law that is not designed? Every precaution is taken to keep God out of sight and at a distance. What we should call His *immanence*, Mr. Buckle calls *interference*; an indiscretion 'which the march of knowledge everywhere reduces.' (Page 822.) In geology, he is for uniformity, from the puerile idea that an ordinary and regular succession of phenomena involves Divine agency less than would the occurrence of extraordinary catastrophes. For the same reason, in astronomy, he is for the nebular hypothesis; in zoology, he is for the transmutation of species, and thinks it will be one day proved there is no vital principle, though chemistry has never created so much as a hair. Science is degraded when it is made the handmaid of natural theology. (Page 822.) Yes, this writer, who establishes an abject and degrading fatalism on the negation of our consciousness and freedom, upon whose scheme it would be impossible for men to love God or to love each other; this writer, who puts out the sacred fire, and installs the laboratory of the chemist or the cook upon the desecrated altar,—thinks science is degraded when it is used to throw light upon the sublimest of subjects. Let us say, rather, with Professor Matter, that it is our lofty privilege to rise from the contingent to the necessary, from the finite to the infinite, from the relative to the absolute, from imperfection to perfection; and that the refusal to do this, the putting mechanical laws in the place of moral purposes, the putting material necessities and blind forces in the place of supreme wisdom and charity, is an abdication of reason, the act, not of a philosopher, but of a savage. Goethe says, that in the

works of nature it is precisely the ends (*die Absichten*) that are most worthy of attention; Epictetus, that Jupiter put man upon earth, not only to be the spectator of his divine works, but to be their interpreter; Galen could call natural sciences so many hymns to the Creator's praise; even Voltaire asks, 'What plant, what animal, what element, what star, does not bear the impress of Him whom Plato called the eternal Geometrician?' We trust there is enough of conviction and moral authority in our British Christianity to rebuke and put to shame such professed representatives of British science in the nineteenth century, as fall below the level of the pagan and the infidel.

At least, the sphere of morals must be left to God? No, He is to be carefully excluded from any semblance of sovereignty even over this isolated province, mutilated as it has been, and reduced to insignificance. Mr. Buckle does not say what principle he would adopt in the room of our relation toward God as the foundation of morals, but this is to be utterly rejected.

Then how are we to learn the existence of a God, who is to be met with nowhere, neither in the universe, nor in our hearts? and what is the use of a God who has nothing to do? His use! apparently, *to look on*, and, of course, to look on with unconcern; He is neither the maker, nor the engineer, nor the stoker of the cosmic machine, and cannot be expected to take much interest in its working, or He would have had something to do with it long ago. Evidently men are worth more,—have better reason to esteem and respect themselves,—than such a negative being as this. The serious reader will forgive the apparent levity of this language; it is our right and our duty to blaspheme a God that has no existence,—a mere idol, created by the refusal to listen to the voice of the human heart and conscience, or to interpret nature and history with their commentary.

Integrity obliges us to pause and add, that Mr. Buckle nowhere says, in so many words, that God is no Creator; the proposition is, indeed, logically involved in his system, and we are warranted to urge it against the system; but not to charge him with it personally; because men do not always see the consequences of their errors. The idea of a ship without a pilot, a determinism having its source in itself, 'performing the most amazing works without power, and exhibiting the most amazing wisdom without intelligence,' is less unreasonable than the idea of a pilot holding the helm, and directing the ship aright, without intending it, or a Creator putting forth almighty power without a purpose, and attaining the results of almighty wisdom without its exercise. But there is no evidence that Mr. Buckle perceived this, or so stated the question with himself.

He even speaks of the idea of 'the inferiority of the internal to the external,' as a dangerous though plausible principle; (p. 796;) and he complains of Helvetius's principles, that they 'bear exactly the same relation to ethics that atheism bears to theology.' (Page 789.) In short, he has allowed all the results of materialistic Pantheism to be imposed upon him, without consciously accepting the doctrine itself. It is very inconvenient to have to criticize such self-contradiction as this; for one has constantly the appearance of being unjust; no sooner have we shown that the author has called a thing black in one passage, than he can retort that he has called it white in another.

There are fewer precautions against misrepresentation to be taken in summing up the author's conceptions of human nature. 'Mr. Buckle is not quite a dervish,' says the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva; 'his is a fatalism with progress, a western fatalism incarnating itself in statistics.' It is more bustling, but far less noble, than the predestination of the Mahometans; poetry, philosophy, morals, and religion may all go together to that same dead-letter office already referred to, and so judiciously chosen as the type of the agencies at work in a fatalist world. Mr. Buckle's man is the first of mammals, an intelligent animal, were it not for those two great faults of praying and fighting, of which, however, there is some hope of curing him. He is a sort of patent digester, warms himself with carbon and oxygen, supplies his waste with nitrogen, and *breeds*, as he does everything else, under the lash of inevitable necessity. Forgive us, gentle reader, but it is right to express coarse and degrading theories in coarse language. Mankind, in a word, are a people of beavers, and may, for the future, give up the use of proper names, since that is a luxury that, rightly understood, belongs only to *persons*: if a very few of the most dependent animals receive names, it is simply for the owner's convenience.

It has been already intimated, that we account for the self-contradictions which this work exhibits, by supposing the author to have been much under the influence of writers who do not deserve his admiration, and to have taken upon trust statements and principles which, however falling in with his general tendencies, he has not wholly appropriated. Foremost among these evil geniuses must be reckoned the late M. Auguste Comte, the creator of what he termed 'the positive philosophy.' Mr. Buckle's intellectualism and his fatalism are both but forms of his *positivism*.

Such of our readers as are at all acquainted with this system, must have recognised its unmistakable features in the doctrines which we have been discussing. The assertion that metaphysics

and theology are effete, and are to be replaced by natural science, their enemy and successor; the supposition that theological ideas have no more influence in the world, because their sway has no longer a theocratic character; the affectation of continually calling the religious principle itself by the term 'theology,' and that as another name for fiction, since 'theological ideas are cerebral infirmities;' the treating of the whole history of the world previous to the French Revolution as the *régime théologico-militaire*; the reproaching theological and metaphysical conceptions with their want of movement and progress; the arguing from general statistics to the individual, in contrast to the supposed tendency of metaphysicians to argue from individual consciousness; the aspiration towards some universal generalization which shall explain the universe by a material principle; the distrust of everything that does not fall under the five senses; the absolute and exclusive use of the mathematical method, and of the kind of observation which is capable of being expressed in figures; the perpetual boast that positive science gives prevision; the taking a false basis of observation for the *data* of moral and political philosophy, or rather the suppression of moral science altogether, by degrading it to become a branch of physiology; the reducing of all human wisdom, knowledge, and interests, to a sort of general system of physics; the summary rejection of the idea of causality, whether efficient or final, since natural philosophy takes cognizance of nothing but phenomena:—all these characteristic ideas of M. Comte we have seen reproduced by his English admirer. Nay, master and disciple have affinities in style, and both alike betray that want of classical culture which the latter boldly treats as an advantage. Many a transparent sophism has been thoughtlessly transferred from the pages of one to those of the other: thus the original of the assumption that Providence and regularity are incompatible, was doubtless the following phrase in the *Philosophie Positive*: 'The fundamental character of every theological philosophy is to conceive phenomena as subjected to supernatural wills, and consequently as *eminently* and *irregularly* variable.'* It might have been supposed that an English follower of Comte's would not have imitated him in taking Roman Catholicism as the type of religion, and comparatively depreciating Protestantism; yet even this tendency, though modified, is very perceptible in Mr. Buckle's work.

The positive philosophy was at first simply a more pretending variety of what is called, in England, Secularism. It did not teach atheism formally, but turned away disdainfully from the

* Vol. ii., p. 426.

most vital of all questions as unworthy of discussion, and took no account of the moral nature and eternal destiny of man. In M. Comte's own person it was associated with a mathematical genius of a high order, and with considerable perspicacity in the investigation of the connexion of the various branches of physical science. Indeed, it was the exclusive pursuit of these studies that led him to his system. A mind busied altogether with the chain of secondary causes, and the laws of their action, is brought into contact with no phenomena except such as are necessary; and, unless its impressions and habits of thought are corrected and enlarged by the intuitions of a sphere at once nearer and higher, and by integrity of conscience, it ends by disbelieving in the existence of freedom, Divine or human; and fanatically resists the only kind of evidence of which either is susceptible. Our freedom is a relative cause, forming no part of the necessary chain, and witnessed by our own consciousness; the Divine will is an absolute cause, pre-existing to and sustaining the necessary chain, and witnessed by our reason, speculative and practical; but neither the relative nor the absolute fall within the scope of physical science. M. Comte's way of disposing of the question how or why men find themselves in the world, illustrates the entire method: 'Since we exist, it follows necessarily that the system of which we are a part was so constituted as to allow of our existence.*' That is to say, our existence is a fact, and we are not to look behind or above the phenomenon for its cause, lest, peradventure, we should light upon God.

The last volume of the *Philosophie Positive* appeared in 1842; but the author's system was soon afterwards to pass through a new phase. He had attained, he tells us, to a state of 'irreproachable moral freedom,' which means, that he had got himself dismissed as an unmanageable character from his subordinate post at the Polytechnic, and that he had made it impossible for his wife to live with him. Under these circumstances, he met with an 'incomparable angel,' similarly situated, bearing the real or assumed name of Madame Clothilde de Vaux. Under this lady's influence, 'the better human sentiments' were for the first time awakened within him; so that, having reached 'moral regeneration, under the angelic impulse which commanded his second life,' he could at last institute the religion of humanity. The world, he discovered, was in want of a new spiritual power; hence its oscillations between theocratic reaction and the degrading despotism of physical force without

* *Phil. Posit.*, vol. ii., p. 40.

moral activity. The void was to be supplied by a sort of organized atheism, a theocracy without God, M. Comte himself being 'the high-priest of the religion of humanity,' the chief of the future 'republic of the West,' the type of 'the regeneration of the affections.' All the labours of past ages only served to prepare the world for the institution of the new religion and its accompanying sociology.

The God to be worshipped by regenerated mankind is called the *Great Being*, and is defined: 'The totality of beings, past, present, and to come, who concur freely to the perfecting of universal order.' All men indiscriminately are not worthy of being included in the composition of this respectable Divinity, but only such as are officially incorporated. On the other hand, admission is extended to 'our worthy animal auxiliaries,' the ox, the horse, the dog, and, under certain conditions, the cat. This *Great Being* is confessedly imaginary. He 'has no real existence, except in a subjective manner, in the brain of his objective representatives.' Death is the end of objective existence, and the commencement of subjective, for those who are happy enough to be worshipped by their successors in common with dogs and oxen. Woman, 'the effective sex,' is the highest earthly representative of the *Great Being*. The 'incomparable goddess' is to be idealized by artists as a woman of thirty with an infant in her arms, and the time is coming when man shall bow the knee to woman only. Indeed, M. Comte ventures to prophesy her superiority will become evident to all eyes, as soon as his system has triumphed, by a physiological phenomenon, which we can only trust upon our page under the veil of a learned language:—*partheno-genesis* will be the great miracle of positivism, its future common occurrence the accomplishment of positivist prophecy!

Since the whole life of man is to be regulated by cosmological, chemical, biological, and physical rules, with a minuteness and inflexibility such as George Combe never dreamt of, phrenology plays an important part in the system. The catechism contains 'the positive classification of the eighteen internal functions of the brain, or the systematic table of the soul.' (Page 132.) Again, we read in the same work, 'The fictitious struggle between nature and grace is replaced by the real opposition between the posterior mass of the brain, in which the personal instincts reside, and its anterior region, the distinct seat of the sympathetic impulses and intellectual faculties.' (Page 129.) This catechism is in the form of a dialogue between the author, in the character of sacerdotal instructor, and an 'angelic interlocutrix,'—of course, the Helen of this modern Simon Magus.

There are nine social sacraments, beginning with presentation, at which godfathers and godmothers are not forgotten, and ending with incorporation, a sort of canonization which cannot take place until seven years after death, when the remains are carried to the sacred grove. There are to be solemn festivals of justice, of steam-engines, of fire, of potatoes, of turnips, &c.; these useful vegetables being *incorporated* likewise, since they are the basis of the elementary existence of humanity. We spare the reader the rest of the twenty-one great festivals of the sociolatrical calendar, as well as the description of the different sorts of tombs which are to mark the different degrees of glorification, and of the temples with their seven chapels, surrounded by a grove, the axis of which must be turned towards Paris. The year is to be reckoned from the French Revolution; its thirteen months are called after Moses, Dante, Bichat, &c. The days have their patron saints, such as Prometheus, Fénélon, Thomas à Kempis, Byron, Madame de Staël, Rabelais, David Hume! There are to be theatrical repetitions twice a week; on the other hand, but little reading, and few books permitted to circulate. The evening prayer 'is to protect the cerebral harmony against nocturnal perturbations;' that is, in less grandiloquent phrase, against the nightmare. In the hebdomadal commemoration, 'the head of the family is to invoke as domestic gods his principal ancestors, the invocation of whom, attended by Catholic means, (singing, music,) is to reanimate the common feelings.'

The great high-priest is to be surrounded by a sacred college of forty-nine assistants; and for every temple there are to be seven priests and three vicars. The functions of this sacerdotal body are very various: they have to instruct childhood and youth, making their pupils pass through the three stages of fetichism, polytheism, and monotheism, which are, of course, necessary processes, since mankind is supposed to have passed through them. Then they have to write poetry, to celebrate worship, to perform surgical operations, and to act as veterinary surgeons 'for our inferior brethren' in the stable, the cow-house, and the hog-sty. During their leisure hours they will elaborate a universal language; 'a sort of universal algebra' will facilitate thought on every subject; schoolboys will find themselves fatally right in all their lessons; for in such a state of things one can no more mis-spell a word than one can withdraw oneself from the effect of cosmological and biological laws. There will be no quarrels; and men's very dreams shall be regulated by sacred science.

With a large and liberal eclecticism, the positivist has his

stated prayers in the day, like the Mahometan; has his pope, his cardinals, his Madonna, his Inquisition, and his Index of Prohibited Books, like the Roman Catholics; has his sacred grove, like the old idolaters of Western Asia; honours vegetables, like the old Egyptians; worships his wife, like the Brahmin; reveres his personal ancestors, like the Roman senator and the Chinese mandarin. The coming theocratical republic is to have three triumvirs possessed of absolute power, who are to propagate positivism by embassies. Comte anticipated that the Protestant nations would be the last to recognise the advent of the final religion; but he expected better things from the Catholics, especially those of South America. Having put an external authority instead of the conscience, he does not shrink from its logical consequence,—the persecution of recusants; nay, so closely does he copy Rome, that he adopts even the conventional hypocrisy of delivering the heretic over to the secular arm. He tells us gravely and coolly that when some private or other person is in a state of suspended conviction, ‘the case must be handed over to the government properly so called, which must complete the work of repression or correction by the violent processes that appertain to it,’—*par les grossiers procédés qui lui sont propres.* (*Politique*, vol. ii., p. 419.)*

So much for positive philosophy and the religion of humanity. But, to what extent is Mr. Buckle a disciple of Comte? To a much greater than he cares to acknowledge. All the leading thoughts of the *History of Civilization in England* are suggested by the pregnant hints of the *Philosophie Positive*, yet the latter is quoted comparatively little. When mentioned, indeed, it is always with praise; Comte is called the greatest writer on the philosophy of method in our time; (p. 542;) he has done more than any man living to raise the standard of history: (p. 5:) for all that, he is neither praised nor quoted in anything like the proportion which one would have expected from the degree of his influence in forming Mr. Buckle’s views. It is even said of the *Philosophie Positive*, in page 5, ‘There is much in the method and in the conclusions of this great work with which I cannot agree; but it would be unjust to deny its extraordinary merits.’ It is possible, Mr. Buckle may not be himself aware of the extent to which his mind has been moulded by the earlier work of the pontiff of humanity; but it is pretty clear also that the ungrateful disciple, like Mr. James Mill, is ashamed to confess his master, and would gladly consign to oblivion all his later career. Neither the *Politique Positive* nor the *Catechism* appear in the preliminary

* Positivism is treated more largely than our space admits of by M. Astié in several successive numbers of the *Revue Chrétienne* for 1856, and in an able paper of the *National Review*, No. XIII. We are particularly indebted to the former.

list of works quoted, and their existence is never alluded to, except it be by one vague intimation that M. Comte is often misunderstood,—that awkward apology so often made for foolish friends, when there is nothing else to be said in their defence. Mr. Buckle has only got so far as the second social sacrament, that of *initiation*: but progress is slow in this school; the sacrament of *maturity* is the sixth in the order of attainment.

We do not think this pious care to screen M. Comte's phrenzied self-assertion and blasphemous follies is exactly fair towards the public. May a writer repeatedly accuse the Scottish people of intolerance, because they do not believe all religions equally indifferent, and then observe total silence about the frightful atheistic Inquisition that his favourite teacher would establish, had he the power to punish all *suspension* of conviction? Has Mr. Buckle a right to present M. Comte as the greatest of modern thinkers, and then to ignore the final results of his matured and emancipated reason? We believe there is a great deal to be learned from the labours of the last fifteen years of M. Comte's life. They show that man was made for God, and cannot live without some substitute for God, however mean and ridiculous that substitute may be. When he has destroyed the temple, and profaned the altar, a mysterious instinct constrains him to erect some hideous idol amid the ruins. He must worship something, and so he adores his mistress and himself, with the accompaniment of cats and cows, potatoes and turnips. The sympathy of all socialist systems for Catholicism is also to be noted; they all think equally lightly of conscience and personal rights.

But neither our British Secularists, nor Mr. Buckle, have any sympathy apparently for these absurdities. Doubtless, positivism is the French specimen of the genus; but, for that very reason, it is the more genuine specimen. The sounder moral and religious life of our people operates as a check to hinder materialism and infidelity from producing their complete effect in our midst. Mr. Buckle does not believe in either the native characteristics of races, or the prodigious indirect influence of religious principle; and yet it is just these two elements,—English good sense, and the power of rebuke possessed by evangelical religion,—that hinder scepticism from being immediately followed among us by the extremes of superstition and fanaticism, which it has been its tendency to produce under other conditions, from the times of Augustus to those of Napoleon III. M. Guizot remarked long ago, that in England experiences of all sorts are more partial than those of the Continent. The observation is just. When we have laid hold on a right principle, the realization of it is imperfect, but happily lasting; and when we have taken

up a wrong principle, we do not carry it out so thoroughly as other nations would, especially the French, and therefore its falsehood is not so completely exposed. In this spirit we have seen Mr. Buckle practically leaving no place for the Creator in earth or heaven, and yet refusing to say with Comte that there is no God. Again, he makes man a mere creature of external law, and yet looks upon religious persecution as an injustice; whereas, it is evident, that men may be made religious mechanically, when they are machines in all other respects. Much ado, indeed, about a little pressure for so excellent a purpose! With more consistency Comte meets the idea of liberty of conscience with the indignant question, 'Who speaks of a liberty of this kind in astronomy or physics?'

The positivist, then, helps us to understand the Secularist; we may add, the Secularist helps us to understand the great mass of worldly people. A lady once said, of Diderot we believe, that it was not surprising that his atheism made a noise; he revealed what was every body's secret. So, Mr. Buckle preaches what others practise; he gives, so far as may be, a systematic basis to the floating scepticism of a generation loth to retain the idea of a righteous and omniscient God. It is not surprising, therefore, that his book should be popular and admired. A secret infidelity of heart, encouraged by the exigencies of a consciously irreligious life, has doubtlessly prompted many persons to give it an eager welcome and an exaggerated praise. Yet we are not without hope that this mischievous publication will be overruled for good. It is well calculated to reveal to the thoughtful man of the world the philosophy of his own life, the real nature of the principles involved in his daily practice; and it furnishes another opportunity to the Christian advocate to show how partial and how weak, how thoroughly inadequate and contemptible, is every theory of human life which either repudiates or ignores the sacred history of mankind.

Mr. Buckle may spare himself, and his readers, the continuation of this crude and monstrous undertaking. It has survived the little moment of applause, and now a long oblivion is yawning to receive it. If it were far more sound and learned than we have found it to be, the work must still have fallen by its own dead weight—a shapeless inartistic monument of presumptuous ambition. As it is, there is absolutely nothing to recommend it to the reader's notice; unless it be a merit that the author exhibits all the revolting scepticism of Gibbon without either his profound erudition or his consummate art, and imitates from time to time the flippancy of Voltaire with a dull omission of the Frenchman's wit and style.

- ART. II.—1. *Fowler's Steam Plough*. Office : Cornhill, London, E. C. 1858.
2. *Smith's Patent Steam Plough*.
3. *Guideway Steam Agriculture*. By P. A. HALKETT. With a Report, by J. BRAITHWAITE, Esq., C.E., &c. London : J. RIDGWAY.
4. Paper read before the Society of Arts, December 8th, by P. A. HALKETT, Esq., on his *Guideway Steam Agriculture*.
5. *The Mark Lane Express*. Series, July and August, 1858, &c.

THESE tracts are slight and fugitive productions in themselves ; but they all bear upon a subject of national importance. The question they propound involves no less than the entire abolition of animal power in the cultivation of the land, and the substitution of that monster agent, which, in so many of the departments of industry, has effected the most wonderful revolutions. We have seen the progress of steam in the various manufacturing establishments throughout the country, in all its gradations, from its application to the delicate operations of the spinning-jenny and the power-loom, to the enormous shears which cut through a bar of iron, of any given thickness, with as much ease as a pair of scissors will cut a piece of paper. We have seen the abolition of horse power on the common roads, as a public means of travelling and the conveyance of goods ; and the ancient mode of sailing by the wind and tide exchanged for the paddle-wheel and the screw-propeller, in traversing the ocean. Nor had agriculture by any means escaped the encroachments of this bold and uncompromising enemy to animal power ; the steam-engine having long since been introduced upon the farm as the substitute for the hand-labour of the flail, the chaff and root cutter, and other minor operations of the homestead. The miller also has availed himself of it, as the auxiliary of water power in the manufacture of flour. It would fill volumes to recount in detail all the triumphs of this universal conqueror which has revolutionized the customs, habits, ideas, employments, and even tastes of the British nation, and introduced the real 'iron age' of which poets have written, and on which philosophers have speculated.

There is, however, one—perhaps only one—department of industry which, by its very nature, seemed hitherto to bid defiance to the application of steam power for the production of an economic and otherwise beneficial result. Attempts have been made, from time to time, to bring this power to bear upon the cultivation of the earth, as a substitute for horses ; but, for

a long time, the experiments utterly failed in the most essential points; and, at a very recent period, practical men have, in despair, pronounced it impossible to produce a machine capable of doing the work of the plough, with either economy or efficiency.

The past year, however, has shown this opinion to be erroneous, by not only demonstrating the possibility, but reducing that possibility to certainty by the actual production of various machines possessing different degrees of efficiency; but all of them proving that steam power is as applicable to the cultivation of the soil, as to any other industrial operation. We have already seen and heard enough to be convinced that we are upon the eve of an entire revolution in husbandry; and that, before many years have passed, the use and application of steam power will extend itself over the whole range of the operations of the farm, as it has done over those of the manufactory.

It is impossible to calculate what will be the social effect of these changes which will thus supersede the necessity for that intense labour to which the husbandman has heretofore been subject. Two things, however, are certain,—that both a moral and physical improvement is demanded in the condition of the rural population, to bring them upon a *par* with the rest of the nation in point of intelligence, general knowledge, and personal and domestic comfort; and that the introduction of steam power, into the various operations in the cultivation of the land, is calculated to produce these effects by the diffusion of new and more enlarged ideas, by superinducing a spirit of inquiry, and by the necessity it will involve for the peasantry receiving a better education, in order to qualify them for the novel and scientific employment in which they will in future be engaged. The steam-engine will, beyond a doubt, become the universal motive power in all the operations of husbandry; consequently the rural population, who must still be employed on the farm, must also be qualified by teaching for attending to the machinery connected with it, as well as to the engine itself. A thirst for knowledge will be thus excited, which can only be allayed by fresh draughts; and then, as a collateral advantage, the steam-engine will revolutionize the intellectual powers, and civilize the habits of a class of men hitherto almost hermetically sealed against moral and social improvement.

There are at present before the public six methods, or systems, of ploughing by steam, competing for its approbation; namely, Boydell's, (Burrell of Thetford,) Smith's, (Howard of Bedford,) Fowler's, Rickett's, Romaine's, and Halkett's. Three of these were disqualified for competition at the meeting of the Royal

Agricultural Society, at Chester, last July, from various causes, and another (Romaine's) did not appear there : consequently only two—Fowler's and Smith's—were allowed to enter the lists, and the former was declared by the judges to be entitled to the prize of five hundred pounds. We shall now proceed to give a description of these various systems, and their claims individually upon the favour of the agricultural interest. We beg to state that ours will be rather a popular than a scientific description, as being better adapted to the taste of the general reader.

Boydell, we believe, took the lead in the attempt to adjust the power of steam to the plough. In the first instance, he endeavoured to work the ploughs with an engine on a simple wheel truck : but the sinking of the wheels into the soil caused such an absorption of the power, as to neutralize the advantages. The idea then suggested itself of constructing an *endless railway*, to be attached to the wheels of the carriage which bore the engine, and which, being broader than the wheels, pressed upon, but, in dry weather, did not sink into, the soil. In wet weather, however, this advantage was lost ; for, such was the weight of the ponderous machine, that it was impossible to work it. Independent of this, there were serious objections to the machine traversing the land at all, owing to the regularity of the movements depending upon the steadiness of the conductor and the subordinate workmen, one of whom was required to each plough, with two or three supernumeraries. The least inattention or unskilfulness of any one of these would throw the machine partially, or wholly, out of work, and leave the land imperfectly tilled. In other respects, we have seen Boydell's ploughs do excellent work on the most stubborn soil, which was also the case at Chester ; but its defects, the chief of which lay in the principle itself, were irremediable ; and, on account of the arrangements for working not being completed by the time of trial, it was not considered, by the judges, qualified for competition. We believe the company who have purchased, or been formed for the purpose of working, the patent, have abandoned the idea of establishing it as a steam plough ; and now direct their attention to perfecting it as a mode of drawing heavy weights upon the common highways, where there are no permanent railroads. From the trials we have witnessed of its capabilities in this way, we think it is certainly well adapted to that purpose, being able to walk up an incline of considerable elevation,—say, one in four,—or to wind round a sharp turning, with a weight of from fifteen to twenty tons behind it, with great ease. The company has already obtained the patronage of the British, Russian, and other govern-

ments, and has also received orders, we believe, from South America and India. In all these countries the machine will, no doubt, prove exceedingly useful.

Mr. Smith's system was the next in order of invention; and his plan is totally different from Boydell's, in that the steam-engine is a *fixed* power, and acts by a wire rope and a set of pulleys, in the following manner:—

Imagine a square piece of land, whether the whole or a part of a field, with a steam-engine fixed at one of the corners, and a strong anchor and pulley at each of the other three corners, for receiving a wire rope by which the motive power is communicated to the cultivating implement. To the steam-engine also is attached the working machine, consisting of a strong framework, on which is a windlass, connecting it by a strap with the power; and two drums, turning contrary ways, the one giving out, and the other receiving, the rope. At the right hand corner and its opposite are, what may be called, the working anchors and sheaves or pulleys, which are fastened to the ground by means of curved teeth, or flukes, which hold firmly to the soil, and sink deeper by the greater strain upon them of the engine. To the part of the rope passing through these pulleys, is attached the implement employed by Mr. Smith, which is a *grubber*, with from three to five spud-shaped tines. This is fastened firmly to the rope at the right-hand corner, which draws it to the opposite one, from whence it returns on fresh ground. When one revolution of the implement is completed, the anchors are moved forward twice the width of the grubber, to admit of another bout. The anchor, at the left-hand corner, opposite the engine, keeps the space of the square intact, and conducts the rope to the receiving drum. With this apparatus Mr. Smith can also subsoil and trench by using proper implements. The operation of thus moving the anchors and pulleys forward is repeated every fresh bout, until the whole square is cultivated, when another portion of land is similarly set out and tilled. Mr. Smith's plan is, to go over the ground first with a grubber with three tines or prongs, and then to work it again athwart with one of five tines, which completes the aration, and the land is then fit for receiving the seed. The quantity of land that was tilled by both operations at Chester, was at the rate of three and a half acres per day, at a cost of 14s. per acre, which the judges considered could not have been done so effectively by the common plough for less than 18s. 6d. per acre. This, however, was but a small portion of the benefit accruing from the system; for, by the superior manner in which the work is effected, Mr. Smith has proved, by a trial of four years on his own farm, that an

increase of fully one quarter per acre of wheat, and a much greater of other corn, is obtained ; whilst his root crop of this season is pronounced by the neighbouring farmers to be 'the best ever grown in that county.' He also states that the average cost of tillage of the four seasons, for all kinds of crops, has not exceeded 10s. 10d. per acre ; but it is the increase of the produce that gives a value to the system. Thus, in 1856, he obtained fifty-one bushels of beans per acre ; in 1857, fifty-six bushels of wheat, and fifty-six bushels of barley, per acre ; whilst for root crops the deep and effectual tillage was superior to anything that can be done by horse power. Although the judges did not consider this machine entitled to the grand prize, they recommended Mr. Smith to the Council for the award of the gold medal ; and it is also worthy of remark, that, at the same time, his agricultural neighbours met to present him with a testimonial, for the success with which his efforts had been crowned, and of which they were far better judges, after four years' observation, than those gentlemen at Chester could possibly be, who had only witnessed its operations on the most limited scale.

Mr. John Fowler's system, which obtained for him the grand prize of £500, differs from that of Smith, in having the engine and other parts of the machinery moveable along the headland instead of fixed ; whilst the rope by which it is worked is directly attached to, and acted upon, by the motive power, without the intervention of anchors and pulleys, as in the case of Smith's, except the one employed in the return tillage. Thus, a plot of ground one hundred yards in width, only requires a working rope of double that length in the traverse. In this case, as in Smith's, the power works by a strap connected with a windlass, to which are also attached two grooved pulleys, revolving different ways, to receive or pay out alternately the wire rope by which the ploughs are drawn. On the other side of the field, opposite the motive power, is a machine acting as an anchor against the strain of the endless rope in working. It is furnished with a sheave, or pulley, to receive the rope, to which is attached the frame for holding the ploughs. This frame also is furnished with two drums revolving in different directions. To each of these one end of the rope is attached, which is also wound round them in sufficient lengths to enable the manager to extend the working portion of the rope according to the length of the 'bout' to be traversed. The anchor power consists of a strong frame of wood and iron, of sufficient weight to cause it to cut deep into the ground, and thus offer an effectual resistance to the strain of the rope when the ploughs are at work. Both the motive power

on one side the field, and the anchor-machine on the other, are moved forward along the headland simultaneously, in proportion as the work proceeds, by separate ropes, connected with anchors and sheaves, at the opposite corners of the field or plot of ground to be ploughed. The chief difference, therefore, between Smith's system and Fowler's consists in the former having the motive power and working frame fixed; and this makes it necessary for the working rope to compass the whole square to be tilled, which renders it more liable to breakage. Supposing a field to be two hundred yards long, and one hundred yards wide, this system would require at least seven hundred yards of working rope to set it out; whilst Fowler's, as we have already stated, requires only double the width of the square, or two hundred yards; that portion of rope for moving forward the machinery being quite distinct, and having little strain upon it. Both these systems, however, performed their work in a creditable manner. Fowler's engine, being of greater power than Smith's, ploughed seven and three quarters acres of light, and five acres of heavy, land per day of ten hours; and, with Cotgreave's trenching plough, with a furrow of twelve to fourteen inches deep and twenty inches wide, (two ploughs,) two and a half acres per day. Reckoning the difference in the power of the two engines, there was but little difference in the quantity of work performed. The judges' estimate of the cost of the various operations of Fowler's plough was,—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Of the light land.....per acre.....	6	0
„ heavy land „	9	2
„ trenching „	18	4

It is right to state that Smith's apparatus is considerably less expensive than Fowler's, and that it could be worked with ploughs, and any other aratory implement, as well as with the grubber.

Both Rickett's and Romaine's systems differ *in toto* from Smith's and Fowler's; whilst, like Boyde's, the motive power travels over the land, carrying with it the implement of tillage. This consists, in both cases, of a transverse shaft, fixed behind the fire-box end of the portable engine, and provided with a series of cutters, or tines. The difference between these two machines is, that in Rickett's the tines revolve in a contrary direction from the wheels of the engine, and consequently take the soil *from the bottom*, lift it up, and throw it backward, after performing half the revolution. Romaine's, on the contrary, move with the wheels, taking the ground at the top, and throw-

ing it backward without lifting it. A model of this machine was exhibited at Baker Street; but, as it was not at Chester, we cannot give any account of its working.

Rickett's machine was entered for the competition at Chester; and, as introducing an entirely new principle—the rotatory—in cultivation, attracted the attention of the judges, as applicable in other systems, as well as this. The working shaft takes a breadth of seven feet, and the tines a depth of six inches, each tine being four and a half inches wide. The expense of tillage was estimated, by the judges, at 9s. per acre, the quantity of land cultivated being $5\frac{1}{4}$ acres per day. The great objection to both these plans is, the pressure of the machinery upon the ground, unrelieved, as in Boydell's, by the endless railway, and, therefore, injurious to the land both in dry and in wet weather. It was unfortunate for Mr. Rickett, that the chain by which the motive power is communicated to the working shaft broke in the midst of the work, and the machine was consequently withdrawn from the competition.

We are now arrived at the last and most recently introduced system,—that of P. A. Halkett, Esq., and called by him, *Guideway Steam Agriculture*, which, in point of efficiency and completeness of action, throws all other modes of steam culture into the shade. We shall preface our description of this very remarkable invention with a few observations on what we conceive to be the true mission of steam power, whatever may be the nature of the industry—whether of transit, manufacture, or agriculture—on which it is to be employed.

Those who can look back about thirty-five or forty years, will recollect that, before the projection of the first railway in this country, an attempt was made to form steam carriages to run upon the common highways. This was so far effected, that carriages actually were so constructed as to run from the Bank to Paddington; but it was soon found that obstacles presented themselves to the general utility of the plan which rendered its adoption impossible. One was, that no efforts could enable the steam carriage to ascend a hill of more than ordinary elevation, say of one in fifteen; beyond which the wheels would not 'bite.' In fact, it was only on nearly level ground that the plan could be rendered available, especially in wet weather, when the roads were covered with mud. Another fatal objection was, that the few passengers the carriages would take, would scarcely pay the expense of the journey; whilst the idea of always travelling over a steam-boiler, however comfortable in winter, would be intolerable in summer: to say nothing of the danger

to life and limb of so close a proximity. The plan was, therefore, abandoned as unprofitable, as well as impracticable.

At that period, the idea of a system of railway extending over the whole of the kingdom, and superseding the ancient use of horse power in travelling and conveyance of goods, had not been entertained. Much less could it have been anticipated that a system requiring an outlay of half the amount of the national debt could ever be carried into effect. Yet such has been the case; and in the intervening period of time, not only has an outlay to that extent been incurred, but an equal, if not greater, amount has been expended in the application of steam in manufactures, shipping, and other departments of national industry.

Let us now apply the arguments deducible from these facts, to the subject of steam power to be employed in the cultivation of the soil. The attempt to plough only by steam is but a fractional part of what that agent is capable of performing, and is a parallel case with the steam omnibus to run on common roads. It can never be made sufficiently economic *in the long run*, to render it desirable for general application; and at best, in all its phases, is attended with great trouble and loss of time. We look upon the trials at Chester, and other public places, to have been made under the favourable circumstances of fresh-made machinery and tackle, and by a staff of practised men, under the eye of the inventor, with a prize of five hundred pounds before him. Whether the different systems will continue to work even as well as on those occasions, and as economically, when they come to be carried out by the common farm labourers, left as they necessarily must be, and usually are, to themselves to a great extent, is a question yet to be determined; but we much fear it will be found that, after a while, the expenses of breakage, wear and tear, and loss of time, will absorb a large portion, if not the whole, of the profits now saved by the system. We therefore turn to Mr. Halkett's invention, to see how far it comes up to the ideas we have entertained of the true mission of steam power, as exemplified in textile and other manufactures, railroads, steam-shipping, &c.

The Halkett system of *Guideway Steam Agriculture* consists, first, in laying down the whole land of a farm with permanent rails,—whether of wood or iron, is immaterial in effect. These are placed in parallel lines, as on a common railway, only at fifty or more feet distance from each other, and reaching from one end of the field to the other. At the headlands are placed rails at right angles with the others, and low enough to admit a shunting carriage, the top of which is on a level with the main working rails, so as to receive the machine, or platform, to which

are attached the implements of husbandry, upon its reaching the headland. Secondly. The machine itself is a strong framework of timber, of the same length as the space between the rails, namely, fifty or more feet; and it rests upon the rails at each end, by eight cast-iron wheels. A steam-engine, of five or more horse power, is placed at each end of the machine, or platform, constituting the motive power, being connected with the wheels of the platform by pinions, &c. The above comprise the whole machinery of the guide, steam, and working medium, to which, thirdly, are attached the implements of husbandry, such as ploughs, harrows, scufflers, grubbers, hoes, watering apparatus, &c. Twelve, or more ploughs, may thus be fixed, half pointing one way, and half the other. By a contrivance for the purpose, these can be lifted out of the work, so that while one half are in use, the others, which point in the opposite direction, remain lifted from the soil, until the cultivation reaches the headland, where it is shunted by the carriage for that purpose to the next set of working rails, or to the next 'bout,' when the other set of ploughs is let down, and the machine takes fresh ground. The headland rails, which are only wide enough asunder to take the platform endways, are continued from field to field; and also to the homestead, where the machine may be placed under cover, when not at work; and the power of the steam-engine can be applied to the barn work, or other operations of the homestead requiring it. The following are the peculiarities of this system of cultivation, which appear to us to give it a superiority over every other mode of steam culture yet brought forward:—

First. The rails,—a permanent and immoveable agent,—and the steam-engine and platform, or acting machine, constitute the whole of the apparatus for putting the implements of husbandry in motion. No horse power for any purpose, no anchors or windlass, no ropes or pulleys, are required; consequently the time and trouble of shifting the machinery, or shortening the ropes, or setting out fresh ground, are all saved; by which also the staff of hands required is reduced to two men and a boy, who are amply sufficient to manage it.

Secondly. Not only ploughing, but every operation of the farm can be performed with equal facility. Mr. Halkett has accomplished the following processes on his own land at Wandsworth:—ploughing, subsoiling, trenching, harrowing, rolling, clod-crushing, comminuting, extracting couch grass and other pernicious weeds and roots, scarifying, drilling seed, alone or with dry or liquid manure, hoeing, watering above or below the surface, distributing manure or compost, marl, clay, and reaping, carting crops of corn or roots, &c. Besides these operations

executed directly by means of the 'Guideway,' those few still necessary to be performed by hand, such as dibbling, transplanting, weeding, and thinning rows of plants, cross hoeing, &c., are easily performed by persons resting on the platform, and conveyed with it on the land.

Thirdly. Precision of operation. The rails being a fixture, the machine necessarily moves along them with mathematical exactness, conveying with it the implements attached, with the same unerring correctness. Thus, hoeing may be done within half an inch of an entire row of plants without the possible danger of touching them. With the same exemption from injury, the ground may be stirred between the rows of plants, the advantage of which, to root crops especially, will be appreciated by every farmer or market gardener; such an operation being generally very imperfectly performed by either horse or hand labour, and not unfrequently with great injury to the growing crops. The same precision cannot fail to attend every other operation in husbandry; for, when any implement is once affixed to the platform, it may certainly break, but otherwise cannot deviate from the straight line which is indicated and perfectly secured by the rails.

Fourthly. The absence of all pressure upon the land. No horse being required for any of the operations on the farm, and the workmen being themselves carried on the platform, without the necessity of leaving it except in case of a breakage, every portion of the land remains in the same high state of tilth in which it is left by the implements of whatever kind. Even the plough is so formed, that, by pointing downwards, the sole creates no pan, leaving the subsoil unpressed and in its natural state. A field of any extent may thus be tilled in the most complete manner, the seed deposited, the roll applied, and the plants hoed and separated or thinned, all without the foot of either man or beast having touched the soil.

Fifthly. Concentration of labour. The precision of operation secured by the rails, renders it as easy to work by night as by day; for, when once the implements are fixed to the platform, they require no further care in guiding, or attendance, than a train of carriages on a common railway; so that, with relays of men, the 'Cultivator,' which never tires whilst coals and water are at hand, may be worked with ease, safety, and correctness, day and night throughout the four-and-twenty hours, if required. Nor is any state of the weather, or of the soil, with the exception of a hard frost, an obstacle to its working; and thus autumnal tillage, when it is desirable to break up the stubbles to receive the benefit of the winter's frost,—a work which is

now universally admitted to be of the very first importance in good husbandry,—may be executed with ease, whether the land be dry or wet. At present, in a very rainy season, when all field operations are sometimes suspended for days, and even weeks together, by the surface water, this very important part of farm work is obliged to be postponed until the spring, to the great detriment of the succeeding crop, whether of spring corn or roots.

This concentration of the power upon any given point of time or labour, is of equal importance in the preparation of the land in spring for the reception of turnip or mangold wurtzel seed. The necessity for having the land cleared of couch grass and other weeds, in dry weather, is obvious; and, by this system, advantage may be taken of a dry time to perform this operation, which, by the aid of the Norwegian harrow, or an implement of a somewhat similar construction, may be accomplished with perfect ease and effect. In fact, the patentee showed us a quantity of couch grass, thrown out by the 'comminator,' when the land was in a wet state. It was quite free from soil, and in long pieces; and the soil itself was left in a perfect state of pulverization, notwithstanding its being in a strong clay, and in a wet condition. Thus, at the most critical periods of the year, when time is of the utmost importance to the success of the farmer, the labour of the farm may be concentrated upon any department, wherever it is most required, and the work completed in the most perfect manner, by relays of men, in much less than half the time required by animal power, and at an immense saving of expense, as we shall presently show.

Such are the leading features of the Halkett system of *Guideway Steam Agriculture*; to which we may add, the very superior manner in which every part of the work is performed. With regard to the ploughing, Mr. Halkett has ploughed twelve furrows of ten inches in width, and five in depth, simultaneously, taking a breadth of ten feet at a speed of 2,400 feet per hour, the ground being very hard. This, in a day of twelve hours, and allowing one hour out of it for change of ploughs, and shifting at the headlands, amounts to six acres per day. This was effected with a pressure of steam of 50lbs. to the inch on both engines. On light land, the same work was performed with an average pressure of only 33½lbs. to the square inch. By experiment, Mr. Halkett found, that, to move the machine alone, at the same speed, without any implement attached, it required a pressure of 20lbs. to the inch; so that the additional power required to work the twelve ploughs was, in the case of the heavy land, 30lbs., and of the light land, only 13½lbs. per inch.

additional pressure: another set of twelve ploughs, therefore, might have been drawn through the ground by the addition of 30lbs. pressure per inch in the one case, and 13½lbs. in the other. The very small amount of power required to produce the effect, as compared with that necessary in animal labour, is to be ascribed to its application being simply directed to cleaving and turning over the soil, *without any pressure of the plough sole upon the subsoil*. The resistance this pressure presents to the motive power, whether it be that of horses, or of steam, as applied in Fowler's, or any other system but Halkett's, was found, by the late Mr. Pusey, to amount to 83 per cent. of the whole draught on the average, and varying according to the nature of the soil, and the weight of the implement used. But, in the case of the 'Guideway Cultivator,' both the weight of the implement, and the friction caused by its pressure upon the subsoil, are absent, the former being borne by the platform, and the latter being entirely dispensed with, in consequence of the toe of the plough, which is sharp, being rather lower than the heel. It is therefore evident, that, in light land, the resistance must be very small, compared with that inevitably encountered in any other system, whether of horse or steam power.

Subsoiling may be performed by the 'Guideway Cultivator' with complete success. Mr. Halkett has drawn a furrow of five inches' depth; then another under the first, of five inches more; and then dragged a heavy anchor with a fluke of nine inches width, fifteen inches below the second furrow, making a depth of tillage of twenty-five inches, which no horse power could accomplish, but which market gardeners frequently obtain by the spade at a cost of ten pounds per acre; but which would be performed by this system at ten shillings per acre. To this class of cultivators, then, the 'Guideway' offers peculiar advantages. The heavy expenses to which they are compelled to submit for deep tillage, hoeing and cleaning, watering, manuring, carting crops off the land, &c., would be reduced by it to a *minimum*, after the rails are once laid down; whilst the chances of a crop would be greatly increased by the concentration and ready application of power on any required department of labour. A market gardener, writing to the inventor, says, 'I have inspected the "Guideway" on many occasions, and find it most efficacious. There is not an operation which this machine will not do, whether it is trenching, hoeing, drilling, or any other nice work; and there is nothing, in my opinion, so agreeable to the eye as work when thus done, and with economy; for that is the secret of large profits and small outlay. Clays could be rendered comparatively light, and a season got (saved) in a few

hours. The "comminutor" cleans the ground of that dreadful couch (grass) in one single operation, the land being ever so foul and stiff, leaving the soil a perfect seed-bed, casting the couch on one side, and the stones on the other. The crops can be carried without injury to the soil; for carrying crops and distributing manure are two operations very difficult to appreciate, as there are many who have grown large crops of roots, and suffered greatly from the removal of those crops. I have known many instances in market gardening where the season has been lost, owing to the weather being wet at the time of carting. I happen to know a market gardener who grew fifty tons of mangold wurtzel per acre, and sold it on the ground. The party who bought it, cut up the land into ribbons, so that the gardener lost the next crop. *Had the 'Guideway' been there, the crop would have been carried off, manure at the rate of forty tons per acre returned, the land tilled, and a fine crop of cabbage growing for early spring.* The italics are ours, and we use them on account of the great importance of the circumstances and conclusions.

Reaping and mowing, by the American machine, are effected with the same facility by the 'Guideway' as by horses, and at one tenth of the expense of hand-labour. The carting of manure, or marl, and compost of various soils, can be done at a halfpenny to a penny per ton per mile, the platform carrying seventy tons at once. Underground watering is accomplished by means of a hollow bar, or coulter, which is drawn between the rows of plants at any required depth, the water, or liquid manure, escaping at the bottom. By this means, the evaporation from the surface, and the baking or parching of the ground, are both effectually prevented, and the plants receive the full benefit of the fluid, without having their roots drawn to the surface in search of it.

The great amount of work that can be done in a given time and space of land, forms one of the most important features of the system. Thus, the power and machinery suitable to a farm of 1,000 acres, would plough 25 acres per day of ten hours, hoe 150 acres, reap 60 acres, water 60 acres at the rate of 3,000 gallons per acre; and so on, in full proportion, with other operations. Most of the above processes are now performed for the market gardeners at an enormous expense, and by the employment of numerous hands: whereas the guideway system requires only two men to attend to it; and when the apparatus is prepared, it proceeds with the same regularity, certainty, and precision, as a train of carriages on the common railroad; whilst the slow rate at which it moves, renders accidents next to impossible, with the least precaution. Double the above amount

of work, too, may be done by working with relays of men, at night, which, in a critical or pressing time, is a most important advantage, and which can never be effected at present. Such seasons occur in the course of every year in our changeable climate; and there are periods when a farmer, or a market gardener, would give (and could afford to do so) double the common wages to have a certain portion or description of labour done in a given time, but the thing is impossible. A day's delay sometimes, in getting in seed or plants, or hoeing, or breaking up land, is attended with an incalculable loss of time and profit; and many a man is broken down by a repetition of such losses, without the least blame on his own part, or the possibility of averting the misfortune. A system of husbandry, therefore, that would remedy the evil, must be a great boon to the cultivators, who at present constitute the only class who are perfectly helpless in this respect. The merchant, the manufacturer, the ship-owner, &c., can all avail themselves of relays of men to work by night, if necessary: but the farmer is at present tied down to daylight for his hours of labour; and, however fine the season, or pressing the work may be, he cannot extend them beyond it. But with the 'Guideway,' the labour of any part of husbandry can be continued throughout the twenty-four hours, and an amount of work completed double or treble what can be done by the present process. It therefore appears to us, that this system is the one, and the *only* one at present brought forward, embodying a principle that embraces at once the requirements of the husbandman, and the full extent of the mission of steam in the cultivation of the soil.

We have, however, still an important part of the subject to consider, and one which has been urged against the system by practical men. It is the amount of capital required to establish it upon the farm; and we admit, that, under the present tenure of the land, it would be imprudent for the majority of tenant farmers to expend so large a sum upon their holdings as the 'Guideway' system would involve. It is, therefore, rather a landlord's, than a tenant's, question, except under long leases, or under covenants which would insure to the tenant remuneration for the outlay, according to its remaining value upon his leaving the farm. Let us see, however, how far this question ought to constitute an obstacle, all other things being favourable, to its adoption.

First. The laying down of the rails is stated by Mr. Halkett to be, if of creosoted wood, £10 per acre; and if of iron and hard-burned brick, double that amount, or £20 per acre. In either case, the rails are estimated to last, with repairing, forty

years. In adopting the system, it will be necessary to consider, besides interest of money at 4 per cent. per annum, an additional sum of 6 per cent for repairs and depreciation, as required for the redemption of the capital: if by a tenant, this may be considered sufficient with a twenty-one years' lease, which is commonly provided for by renewals, in many parts of the country.

Secondly. The capital for the machinery, engines, and implements, must be set against that required by the present establishment of a farm, as horses, waggons, carts, tumbrels, &c., and the ploughs, harrows, and other implements of culture, which will be found to amount to about the same. Without going into details, which would be tiresome to the readers, we may say that Mr. Halkett states the interest and depreciation on the stock capital of a farm of one thousand acres, including that for the locomotive engine, shunting machinery, implements, and trucks, at 15 per cent; and adding coals and labour also for the year, it amounts to £936, which, further added to the interest of £10,000 for the rails at 10 per cent., makes up £1,936 as the total annual expense of the farm. For a tract of land of the same extent on the present plan, the amount, according to the estimate of practical men, would be £3,076. 10s. This leaves a balance in favour of the Halkett system of £1,140. 10s. per annum. This is equal to £1 per acre, or 11 per cent. upon the capital for rails; and, when added to the 4 per cent. interest already accounted for, gives a profit of 15 per cent. per annum.

But this is not all, or even the largest part, of the benefit that it is presumed will arise from the system. For by a more complete, systematic, and prompt mode of tillage, by the farmer availing himself of favourable seasons, and getting in his seed at the most proper time, and with the land in the cleanest and best condition, by watering when required at a trifling expense of labour, with many other advantages accruing from the system that will strike the mind of a practical man, it is only reasonable to suppose, that a considerable increase of produce will be the result. This Mr. Halkett modestly estimates at £2 per acre, which we consider below the probable difference, when all the facilities of the system are considered. But even this will give an additional profit on such a farm, of £2,000 per annum, which, added to the saving in labour, amounts to £3,140. 10s., the interest and depreciation on both rails and machinery being paid.

With respect to the precise way in which the saving in farm expenses is effected, the following list of prices will throw light upon the subject. We ought to state that it is the estimate of

an eminent engineer, (John Braithwaite, Esq.,) and not of the patentee:—

Per acre.	Per steam power.		Per animal power.		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s. d.
Ploughing	1	7	7	0	to 18 0
Deep culture	12	0	not possible.		
Scarifying	0	8	4	0	
Harrowing, rolling, &c.,	0	5	3	0	
Hoeing	0	3	4	0	to 10 0
Reaping, cutting, and delivering	0	10	8	0	„ 10 0
Underground watering	1	0	not possible.		
Surface do.	1	2	by hand	12	0
Carriage of manure and distributing on land, per ton	0	1	2	0	to 5 0

Seventy tons of manure, &c., can be taken by the machine at once.

This list of prices may, at first sight, appear apocryphal; but let it be considered that the Halkett system of applying the power of steam to cultivation is exactly on a par, in point of cost, to its application on a common railway; whilst the present system of culture may be compared with the old stage-coach and waggon mode of locomotion. To carry thirteen or fourteen passengers by coach, for instance, required a coachman and guard, with a relay of horses every ten miles; so that, to travel from London to Norwich employed forty-four horses and two men. On the other hand, five or six hundred persons can now be conveyed the same distance, in one-fourth of the time, with the attendance of only three persons to take care of the train, and a few hundred-weights of coals to feed the engine. The application, therefore, of steam power to husbandry on the principle of the common railway may rationally be expected to reduce the expense of cultivation in a similar degree; and the only thing the party who may determine to adopt the Halkett system will have to look to, will be to see that the contract will insure the work being performed at the stipulated expense and in a proper manner.

In comparing the different methods of steam culture, as we have described them, it will be seen that, strictly speaking, in general principle, they form themselves into three distinct systems; namely, that in which the steam engine or motive power travels over the whole ground with the implements of culture, as in Boydel's, Rickett's, and Romaine's; that in which the locomotive machinery is stationary, and works by means of ropes and pulleys, which draw the implements through the soil, as on Smith's and Fowler's plan; the only difference between

which is, that Smith's engine, &c., are permanently fixed, whilst Fowler's move along the headland in proportion as the work proceeds, and thus are brought into direct contact with it, without passing over the land. The third system is that of Halkett, which—discarding at once the cumbrous machinery pressing so heavily on the soil of the first, and the circuitous and troublesome method of the second—boldly adopts the principle of the common railway with its steam engine and carriages, travelling over the rails with the implements of husbandry, its shunting apparatus, and its wonderful economy of time and labour.

Its superiority over every other system at present invented, will be seen in its general applicability to every operation of the farm, in the perfect precision with which all its works are conducted and completed, and in the complete and undisturbed state in which the newly tilled soil is left by it; still further, in the concentration and continuity of power, directed upon any given point, either of time or labour, its independence of atmospheric vicissitudes, with the single exception of frost, which operates against all cultivation; and, lastly, in its wonderful simplicity and facility of action, which renders it as easy to be worked by the common labourers of a farm with a little instruction, as are the present implements. Let us then see how far these qualities go to justify the large outlay necessary for the adoption and establishment of the system upon the lands of this country.

With respect to British agriculture there are several questions of vital importance to its future success, forcing themselves at this time upon the attention of those engaged in that branch of our national industry. First, the general advance in the price of agricultural labour, consequent on its scarcity, whilst the price of the chief articles of produce is continually declining, renders it necessary for the farmer to devise means for economizing his labour account, where it can be done without injury to the proper cultivation of the farm. Secondly, it has been demonstrated by the best practical agriculturists, that the more money is judiciously expended upon the land, the larger will be the produce and the profit; and, thirdly, the public mind has long been prepared, by the successful application of steam power, in almost every other department of industrial labour, and still more by the partial success of the efforts hitherto made by various machinists, as detailed above, to anticipate a more general and efficient and, *especially*, more simple mode of applying that power to the cultivation of the soil, and the purposes of husbandry. As the railway system has wholly abolished the ancient mode of travelling and conveyance of

goods; as the application of steam in textile manufacture has superseded the hand-loom and all its concomitant coadjutors, the spinning-wheel, carding-comb, &c., &c.; and as the paddle-wheel and screw propeller have been equally successful in combating the erratic movements of those elements of nature upon whose fickle favours the success of the voyager was formerly dependent; no valid reason has as yet been assigned why the same all-conquering and revolutionizing agent of industrial labour should be arrested in its progress by any other of those operations remaining still uninvaded, or rather, still unsubdued, by its iron forces. Late attempts have gone far to prove that such is the case; and that steam power is as applicable to the cultivation of the ground as to any other industrial operation. The only fault of those efforts is, that, misled by a contracted view of the capabilities of steam power, and confirmed in that view by the terms of the competition set on foot by the Royal Agricultural Society, with a premium of £500 for the successful competitor, they have not gone far enough to produce a truly economic application of it. It remained for Mr. Halkett to solve that problem, by striking at once upon what appears at present to be the only system that could embrace the whole routine of husbandry under one simple mode of applying the power, and thus bring the labour of the farm upon a par with the manufactory, the railway, and the steam ship. We therefore consider the 'Guideway' system of steam agriculture as the completion of the conquest of steam power over animal power; by which the last and most obstinately resisting of its opponents will eventually be brought to yield to its despotic sway.

As to the cost of the rails, which appears at present to be the principal objection, its force will, we apprehend, soon vanish before the immense advantages resulting from the system. The agriculturists themselves, and many of the landowners as well, have begun to learn the truth of Arthur Young's aphorism, that, in agriculture, and the management of land, *'frugality is not economy;'* that the land is the most grateful servant a man can employ. In fifty years, the capital considered necessary to stock and carry on a farm properly, has been doubled; and what has been the result? Let the present proud position of the 'landed interest,' and the increasing wealth and influence of the occupiers of land, answer the question. We see no reason why the amount of capital should not still further increase; and why another fifty years should not demonstrate, that the stocking and working of a farm on the then modern plan would require a capital of thirty,

instead of fifteen, pounds per acre, with an equally profitable result.

We repeat the opinion, that we are on the eve of great changes in the cultivation of the soil. The extraordinary increase in the acreage produce of cereals, and the impossibility of setting a limit to production, is beginning to attract the attention of farmers; and a race is running with them to reach the *maximum* by discovering the first principles of vegetation, and the true relation between the main elements of production, *soil, seed, and manure*. With the aid of chemistry, fresh light is daily being thrown upon this subject, the laboratory and the farm having united in the search. The results hitherto have been sufficiently explicit and attractive to induce further efforts; and we may expect, in a few more years, to see the husbandman converted into a man of science, the farm into an *atelier* of mechanical industry, and the production of crops reduced to as great a certainty as the vicissitudes of seasons and the elements of nature will permit.

ART. III.—1. P. VIRGILII MARONIS *Æneis*. Edinburgh. 1834.
2. *The Jerusalem Delivered* of TORQUATO TASSO; translated into English Spenserian Verse, with a Life of the Author. By J. H. WIFFEN. Fifth Edition. 1858.

IN every race the number of equal runners increases in the ratio of their distance from the first. Whilst one of rarer powers shoots some paces to the front, and wins by acclamation, two or three gallant rivals closely beset his footsteps, striving breast to breast with each other; a larger band follows at no great distance from the second; and a still more numerous group of mediocrities brings heavily up the rear. There is something analogous to this in the history of poetic competition. Thanks to his native vigour and resources, Homer has never lost the advantage of his start. In the long race of fame he might certainly have been distanced by superior strength and mettle; but he has kept his place throughout, and is still the foremost, as he was the first, of poets. But who is entitled to the second prize in this Olympian race? How stand the claims of Virgil and Tasso? and is the place of Dante before them or behind?

We have no intention of pronouncing upon the respective merits of these great authors,—a task not only difficult in itself, but complicated by the existence of two different standards of

appeal. When the master of epic poetry made a track for himself, he seemed to point out the legitimate path for others ; and the choice, if not rather the dilemma, of his followers in this high species of composition, lies between a servile copying on the one hand, and an unwarranted innovation on the other. For the present we design to limit our remarks to the two most famous poets who seem to have acknowledged the lawful lead and rule of Homer ; and reserve, for another occasion, the character of that more daring genius who rivalled the great master in another sphere, and set the same grand music to more copious measures, and a far transcending theme.

In one important feature the followers of the Grecian bard could not hope to rival his success. The great characteristic of Homer is *invention*. His genius is creative. Skilful in the construction of his plot, he is never at a loss for a suitable character, or dialogue, or action. As with a magician's wand, he summons into his presence actors of various minds and qualities, selects them for their part, and guides them to their destiny. His plastic power is immense. The will of gods, the principles and passions of men, the changes of external nature,—however inconsistent or opposite,—are all blended with consummate art into the living harmony of his design. This creative faculty, however, is limited almost exclusively to man, and the sphere of his life and action. It does not wing into the unknown, to discover strange worlds, and to body forth shapes and deeds of supernatural majesty and might. It is true, indeed, that the theurgy of Homer is complete. Olympus rules. The gods exert a presiding and controlling agency over human affairs. They weigh the fates, and evolve the destinies, of men and kingdoms. But the whole scheme of their government is admirably harmonized with human freedom. Gods ordain, but men will ; determining their own course, and working out its results. There is no idea of compulsion,—no fatalism. The human interest of his poems is thus sustained. Our sympathies advance with their action, and reach their crisis only when that action culminates to its catastrophe and end. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are faithful mirrors of human nature, revealing the many shades and varieties of character, from the effeminate to the manly, from the mean to the noble, from the pusillanimous to the brave. There is a fine discipline in the marshalled host, a firm tread in the moving phalanx, and an invincible daring in the heroes of the fight.

Homer is distinguished not only for the truthfulness, but also for the variety and novelty, of his characters. Addison remarks, that ' he has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the

multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been suitable to no other deity. His princes are as much distinguished by their manners as by their dominions: and even those among them whose characters seem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a speech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not ascribe to the person who speaks or acts, without seeing his name at the head of it.* Again, as to novelty: 'Homer does not only outshine all other poets in the variety, but also in the novelty, of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a person who had lived thrice the age of man, and conversed with Theseus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the first race of heroes. His principal actor is the son of a goddess, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewise a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of so many kings and heroes. There is in these several characters of Homer a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem; though at the same time, to give them the greater variety, he has described a Vulcan, that is a buffoon, among his gods, and a Thersites among his mortals.'†

Homer's mind is like the sea,—his own *πολύφλοισβος θάλασσα*,—ever true to nature in its perpetual change; in tide and current, in calm, and breeze, and tempest, placid, rippling, swelling; exulting in its might, rolling in its majesty; washing the shores of continents, girding the globe; reflecting both the little and the vast,—the bird which skims along its waters, and the vaulted heaven which looks down upon its mighty sweep from age to age.

The second epic poet arose in the reign of Augustus. The *Eclogues* and *Georgics* of Virgil were the first productions of his genius; and these exquisite pastorals are still ranked among the most beautiful and finished poems of any language. The author's fame, however, rests principally on the *Æneid*. In this work he yields his mind to the inspiration of the muse, and puts forth all his strength to give ample scope and adequate expression to his thoughts. His style, though ornate, is generally natural. Beautiful sentiment, deep passion, bold adventure, heroic deed, are all described with wonderful pathos and power. They breathe, stir, act in his verse. Whatever be his subject, the poet accommodates his style with inimitable art. His num-

* *Spectator*, No. 278.

† *Ibid*.

bers flow with the current of his thoughts. Sound chimes with sense, and both are tuned to harmony in the swell and cadence of his song. Virgil is no less distinguished in this respect than the bard of Greece. He so appropriates and disposes his terms as, through their metrical force, to give a life-like description. By a heavy spondaic line, or the impetuous dash of dactylic feet, he produces on the ear an effect as true to nature as that which his painting does on the eye. The following examples may suffice. The waggon rolls slowly on in the line,—

*'Tardaque Eleusinae matris volventia plaustra.' **

'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,' †—

is a fine imitation of the gallop of a charger on the dusty plain. The ox falls heavily as we read,—

'Sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.' ‡

'At tuba terribilem sonitum procul ære canoro,' §—

is the very echo of the clangour of the trumpet. And the wild winds rush in the impetuous words,—

*'Unde Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus.' ||*

Indeed, Virgil's versification is the work of a great master. In this province he is almost without a rival. In sovereign sway he forms, fashions, and fires his verse with admirable dignity and grace. Beautiful, chaste, elegant, it often rises into majesty and terrible sublimity. It wins, charms, dazzles, overwhelms. He guides his numbers, whether in their gentle or their rapid course, with the ease which he ascribes to the god of ocean, as he reins the dripping steeds of his triumphal car. ¶ In this respect he excels his illustrious predecessor. Homer's verse, though generally noble, only sublimates into awful grandeur when he nerves his mind for a great effort. He rolls these majestic numbers when he is stirred by a mighty afflatus, just as the sea heaves and swells under the pressure of the storm. But Virgil pours forth the periods of his verse as the perennial spring its streams. The one is moved by grand external forces and excitements; the other heaves with the deep impulse of interior life.

While, however, the Mantuan bard has won the palm for majestic verse, in almost every other respect he is very inferior to the poet of Greece. His imitation of Homer is general. He had studied the *Iliad* with intense admiration, and enriched his mind with its magnificent thoughts. It supplied much of the

* *Georg.*, i., 168.

† *Æn.*, viii., 598.

‡ *Ibid.*, v., 481.

§ *Ibid.*, ix., 503.

|| *Æn.*, i., 85, 86.

¶ *Ibid.*, i., 147-156.

material which he used in the construction of the *Æneid*. The purest gold and brightest gems in that cabinet of jewels are taken from its rich and exhaustless mines. His finest thoughts reflect the light, and glow with the fire, of the *Iliad*. In his loftiest flights he is borne on Homer's wing. He is divinest when he catches inspiration from that son of genius and sire of verse.*

But if Virgil does not rise as high, neither does he sink as low, as the Grecian bard. He never overlooks the dignity of his subject. He breathes no indelicate sentiments. He utters no coarse expressions. Seldom, indeed, if ever, does he offend against the most refined taste. There is hardly a scene or a speech in his poems to which the most fastidious criticism can object. And it should also be remembered that what is borrowed is generally beautified by his touch. The thought is presented in a most graceful and attractive form. Homer's colours are remixed with the most delicate care, and transferred to his canvas in light, and shade, and tone, and general effect, which show the judgment and skill of a great artist.

Thoughtful and candid readers of the *Æneid* readily admit the poet's judgment and good taste. And while these qualities give to the work generally the characteristics of moral health and vigour, perhaps their brightest evidence is the chaste spirit and tone of those passages which refer to the goddess of beauty and love. The Homeric and indeed the common traditionary genealogy of Æneas represented him as the son of Venus. Her introduction, therefore, into the action of the poem was natural, if not necessary. And this of course comprehended not simply characteristic description of her person, but also of her address and agency in various associations. Now the poetic mythology of his own and former times threw a light and wanton air around the Paphian goddess, and thus unquestionably it was a difficult matter: it required no small degree of sound judgment and taste in the poet, to introduce her among the actors of his drama, in such a way as to harmonize her agency with its high-toned morality. Yet this is achieved with perfect success. With the most delicate sense and appreciation of purity, every thing is avoided which might offend the severest virtue. There is nothing in the attitudes, or movements, or speeches of the

* 'Virgil in this particular (sublimity) falls short of Homer.' He has not, indeed, so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the force of his own genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.'—*Spectator*, No. 279.

goddess which might shock the most modest mind in the court of Augustus. And yet there is no perceived inconsistency between such delineation and the general mythological idea. The Venus of the *Æneid* is the veritable Venus, in her grace without her shame. Her peerless beauty is never dimmed and dishonoured by a look or a smile which might kindle a guilty passion. Her charms are not revealed to please and excite immoral tastes and tendencies. The sympathies of her nature, the passion of her being, are all absorbed in the deep and tender maternal love which prompts her unremitting care and guardianship of her son. The intrigues which resulted in the amour of Æneas with the Carthaginian queen are attributed to Juno.

But Virgil's fame rests not simply on the splendour of his diction and the sublimity of his verse. He merits high honour on other grounds. Many of his delineations are elaborate. He evinces great power in unfolding the resources of passion. He shows considerable skill in the general construction of his plot, and the management of its dramatic accessories.

Many of the characters in the *Æneid* are drawn with great art. They are portraits which bear the touch and expression of genius. Addison says, 'Æneas is a *perfect* character.' Turnus is also an able study. The passion of Dido is one of the most splendid triumphs of poetry. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus is beautiful and touching. And the description of Camilla, the warrior-queen of the Volsci, will bear comparison with any study in the *Iliad* itself. It must be confessed, however, that the characters of Virgil lack the *variety* which attests Homer's great power of invention, and gives such a freshness to the action of his poems.

Virgil often excels in description. Many of his passages have all the effect of the finest pictorial execution. It is sufficient for the sake of illustration to refer to his descriptions of a storm at sea; * the appearance of Venus to her son in the neighbourhood of Carthage; † the queenly gait of Dido, and godlike aspect of Æneas, on the morning of the hunt; ‡ the attributes and progress of Fame: § these are specimens. The sixth book is a master-piece of poetic conception and painting, presenting a succession of pictures which glow with the richest hues of immortal colouring. They are gorgeous without being tawdry, and bold without being extravagant. They combine breadth with individual definition; general tone with the finest finish. In

* *Æn.* i., 81-128.

† *Ibid.* i., 402-405.

‡ *Ibid.* iv., 129-150.

§ *Ibid.* iv., 171-188.

short, no execution of the old masters is more effective. Nor is the poet less happy in his treatment of pathetic pieces. These breathe the very soul of tenderness; and, as strokes of genius, are at least as effective, in their own province, as those which have fire and force to stir the sterner passions. Though it does not occur in the *Æneid*, we cannot forbear allusion to the exquisite story of Orpheus and Eurydice.* In the poem before us may be instanced the patriotic love of the venerable Anchises; the filial devotion of Æneas; and the deep affection and solicitude of Creusa for her husband and son. Æneas bearing his aged father on his shoulders, and leading his boy Ascanius by the hand, is a fine study. And equally true and natural are the hero's anxious sorrow on the loss of Creusa; his daring return to the city; his fruitless search for her; and the loud utterance of her name,—the convulsive effort of expiring hope,—as he rushed through the streets of Troy for the last time.† The elegiac verses in honour of the loved and lamented Marcellus, the son and intended successor of Augustus, have a solemn beauty.‡ And the celebrated episode of the ninth book will ever command the highest admiration.

Virgil is sometimes censured for the encomiastic strain in which he speaks of Augustus. Charges of servility, sycophancy, courtier-like adulation, have been freely urged against him. It is asserted that under 'so base a burden' his mind could not sustain an erect position; and that on this ground his poem is feeble and degenerate as compared with the *Iliad*. But it may be remarked that contemporaneous writers all eulogize the Emperor. He was an accomplished scholar, and the liberal patron of learning. Under his auspices talent and letters received the attention and encouragement which they deserved. Perhaps no one was ever more highly praised by literary men. It is no wonder, then, that Virgil extols his patron. If Augustus

* *Georg.*, iv., 458–527. The *Bucolics*, and especially the *Georgics*, as well as the *Æneid*, abound in choice examples of descriptive power. The illustration given above is a perfect gem,—a picture traced by the pencil of poetry in its happiest style, and bathed in its softest lights. The lines have also the charm of music, and are a worthy tribute to the lyre of Orpheus himself. The narrative, too, which introduces the beautiful fable, is constructed with the poet's usual artistic skill.

† *Æn.*, ii., 639, *et seq.*

‡ *Ibid.*, vi., 860–886. It is related that while the *Æneid* was in hand, Virgil was repeatedly urged by Augustus and his Empress to recite to them some of its passages. Consenting at length to their wishes, he selected from the sixth Book such parts as he thought would most affect his imperial auditors. The verses to which allusion is made in the text were recited. As soon as the climax—

'TU MARCELLUS ERIS!'

was reached, they burst into tears. Octavia swooned away. On her recovery she ordered the presentation to the poet of ten sesterces for every line.

had been an unworthy prince, the strain of the poet had indeed been miserable sycophancy: but the Emperor's character was generally exemplary. We cannot conceive a subject more worthy of Virgil's muse, one better fitted to fire his genius, and to flatter not simply the pride of the Roman Emperor, but also of the Roman people, than the establishment of Æneas and the Trojan chiefs in Italy, and the foundation of the Roman nationality and empire in them. But, choosing such a theme, it was impossible not to make honourable mention of Augustus,—the imperial representative of the Trojan line. The poet's end was not to flatter the Emperor and his court. He sang for his people and his times, and for future people and times. If Homer sang for the Greeks, in memory of their heroic ancestors, Virgil sang for the Romans. Both flattered the pride of their country. Both courted *national* fame. And in similar circumstances Homer would doubtless have eulogized his prince in as high a style as that of the Mantuan bard. On this point we may quote the remarks of an elegant and judicious critic, who says: 'It is true, both to the honour and the shame of poets, that in following the impulse, we might say the instinct, of their genius, when it has been possible to serve their country or their own interest, they have often availed themselves of the opportunity; but it is yet more obvious that poets write, in the first place, (if we may so express it,) for the very love of the thing; and, in the second, from the love of fame. Will any man on this side the Atlantic believe that Virgil's "*real object*" in composing the *Æneid* was "to increase the veneration of the people to a master?" Nay, would any man in his senses, on either side of the Atlantic, doubt that his "*real object*" was to immortalize his own name? And that, in choosing his theme, he suited it to the times and government under which he lived, because he judged that he should thus more immediately and effectually promote his own glory? Conscious of his powers, would Virgil have hazarded the reversion of renown that awaited him with posterity, for the favour of Augustus? No, not for the throne of Augustus. They know little of the character of poets of this class, who thus judge of them. Had Virgil planned his *Æneid* as "a subject," he would never have executed it as a poet; for it is the spirit in which the offspring of imagination is conceived that becomes the life of it when produced into being.* Moreover, if the poet's chief design had been the praise of Augustus, he might have spared himself the immense labour of composing the *Æneid*; and, as Horace did, have written

* *Lectures on Poetry and General Literature.* By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

laudatory odes. And if the *Eclogues*, though penned to compliment Pollio, Varus, and Gallus, who had introduced him to Mæcenas and the court, be nevertheless esteemed as elegant examples of pastoral poetry; and if the *Georgics*, notwithstanding the divine honour paid to Augustus in the 'marble temple' of the third book, be ranked among the most finished poems either of ancient or modern times; why should the *Æneid* be thought inferior because it contains passages of similar devotion and eulogy? The truth is, that, in possession of such an epic, we may readily excuse any praise of Augustus which seems extravagant; considering that but for his favour and patronage Virgil had probably never written it, and that the writers who flourished in his reign adjudge him to be worthy of their unqualified admiration, not simply for his private virtues, but also for his munificent patronage of the sciences.

Æneas, as a character, has been severely criticized. He is thought *untrue, unreal*; lacking those clear and genuine features of humanity which at once commend themselves to our nature, and are instinctively approved. The scheme and description of his adventures are regarded as an exaggeration. In opposition to the view which ordinary readers gather from the *Æneid*, he is declared to be deficient both in mental and moral qualities; evincing neither the sage wisdom which commands respect in the senate, nor the high martial bearing which inspires terror in the field. But, if we mistake not, these views are taken from a false stand-point, and are therefore incorrect. The objector is familiar with the *Æneas* of the *Iliad*, and *this* personage ever haunts him in his readings of the *Æneid*. Homer's is *the* description absolutely, and it must not be excelled. If the hero of Virgil be a greater man, he is *unreal*. But such a conclusion is most unjust. The character, as drawn by Homer, is acknowledged to be consistent; but he dealt with *Æneas* simply as a warrior playing a part in the drama of the *Iliad*. But he is *the hero* of Virgil's poem, and by his position is called to achieve greater results. Certainly the poet had the same right to magnify *Æneas*, as Homer so freely indulged in his delineations of Achilles. And indeed, taking Homer's account of *Æneas*, we cannot see him to be incapable of those greater deeds which were challenged in the altered circumstances of his history.

And again, on the theory of Bishop Warburton, that the *Æneid* is a political poem,—a system, indeed, of politics,—conceived in the spirit of philosophy, and designed to illustrate, for the instruction of mankind, the great characteristics which should distinguish the founder or ruler of a state; *Æneas* is to be regarded in a far higher relation than is generally supposed. His

individuality must be merged in his *representative* capacity. He is a representative man,—the *model* and *exemplar* of those who aspire to found or govern states and nationalities. 'Virgil found the epic poem in the first rank of human compositions; but this was too narrow a circuit for his enlarged ambition; he was not content that its subject should be to instruct the world in *MORALS*; much less did he think of *PHYSICS*, though he was fond of natural inquiries; and Homer's allegorizers had opened a back door to let in the philosopher with the poet; but he aspired to make it a *SYSTEM OF POLITICS*. On this plan he wrote the *Æneis*; which is indeed as complete an institute in verse by *EXAMPLE*, as the *Republics* of Plato and Tully were in prose by *PRECEPT*. Thus he enlarged the bounds, and added a new province to epic poesy. But though every one saw that *AUGUSTUS* was shadowed in the person of *ÆNEAS*, yet it being supposed that those political instructions, which the poet designed for the service of mankind, were solely for the use of his master, they missed of the true nature of the poem. And in this ignorance, the succeeding epic writers, following a work whose genius they did not understand, wrote worse than if they had only taken Homer, and his simpler plan, for their direction.....Such was the revolution Virgil brought about in this noblest region of poesy; an improvement so great, that the truest poet had need of all the assistance the sublimest genius could lend him: nothing less than the joint aid of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being able to furnish out the execution of his great idea: for a *system of politics* delivered in the example of a great prince, must show him in every public adventure of life.* Now in this view the objections taken to *Æneas* may be readily removed. He is not, as he has been styled, '*a puppet*' without judgment and will, the creature of circumstances, the tool of the gods;—but a *man* of calm reflection and foresight, determining his course in accordance with the principles of high and devoted piety. And thus, moreover, acts which seem to grow out of superstition, or to manifest a love of the marvellous, really originate in the profound reasons and designs of legislation, and 'point to great and public ends.'† 'As the not taking the true scope of the *Æneis* hath occasioned mistakes to Virgil's disadvantage concerning the *plan and conduct* of the poem; so hath it likewise concerning the *characters*. The *PIETY* of *Æneas*, and his high veneration

* Warburton's *Divine Legation*, vol. i., p. 286. Ed. London. 1846. We have seen objections to the bishop's theory, but no argument sufficiently weighty to refute it.

† Bishop Warburton notes particularly the myrtle dropping blood, and the transformation of the ships into sea-deities. See his remarks, vol. i., pp. 287-9. They will repay the perusal.

for the gods, so much offends a celebrated French writer, that he says, *the Hero was fitter to found a religion than a monarchy*. He did not know, that the image of a perfect Lawgiver is held out to us in *Æneas*: and, had he known it, he had perhaps been ignorant, that it was the office of such a one to found *religions* and colleges of priests, as well as states and corporations. And Virgil tells us this was the office of his Hero,—

“*Dum conderet URBEM,
Inferretque DEOS Latio.*” * *

Æneas's desertion of Dido, and the apology which he offers to her offended shade in the regions of Hades, are also points which are cleared up by the bishop's theory. The one is not the act of a weak and superstitious ingrate, nor the other the mindless excuse of one who was ready to shift the responsibility of his behaviour upon some other party. In leaving Carthage *Æneas* is emancipated from the soft enslavement which interfered with the prosecution of his public duty and destiny, by prompt obedience to the command of the gods: and in the apology he simply affirms the true reason of his departure. In the conduct of his hero, Virgil designs to teach this great truth,—that the founder, or governor, or legislator, should never abandon himself to the indulgence of voluptuous desires; but, swaying his passions by an understanding and judgment guided by *Divine will and law*, devote himself, in the faithful and assiduous execution of his office, to the happiness and prosperity of his people.

There is another subject which receives illustration from this view of the *Æneid*. Virgil's account of his hero's descent into Hades is generally thought to excel that of Ulysses' visit to that region of separate souls. We agree with those critics who reverse the popular judgment. Homer's description is *natural*. It is in beautiful harmony with the instincts of humanity. Mankind from the earliest times have turned to the future, and yet shrunk from it; yearned after the unseen, but clung to earth; longed for another life, and still feared to die. Possessing some intimations of future being, and at the same time painfully convinced of their mortality, they have striven to cherish the spirit of hope. Their departed friends seemed to them to people the other world, and in solitude and sorrow they desired to renew the amities and endearments of earth; but all was vague, and their experience alternated between hope and fear. They looked, but their eager eye, at best, could only trace a shadowy outline; they listened, but their ear received no assuring voice; they longed, but their

* Warburton, vol. i., pp. 239, 240.

heart was appalled by the unutterable sense of mystery.* It is evident, therefore, that any description of Hades, to be in harmony with the thoughts and feelings of human nature, must be shadowy.† The subject is too solemn for the glare of sunlight; the picture is a night-scene, its objects are undefined, its atmosphere chill, its general view and effect dim and dreary; even moonlight, if it be unclouded, is too clear. The whole prospect must lie underneath the pale and dreamy light of a clouded moon. Such is Homer's painting of the Shades. Virgil's, on the contrary, is dazzling, exhibiting the pomp and circumstance of a pageant. The splendour of the diction, the magnificence of the imagery, the majesty of the verse, cannot redeem it: it is felt to be a violence to the prevailing sentiments of mankind. In short, the narrative in the *Odyssey* is characterized by the exquisite simplicity and beauty of nature; that of the *Æneid* by the gorgeousness of art. According, however, to Bishop Warburton, Virgil in his descent gives a figurative description of initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. The great founders of former times had been initiated, and there were grave reasons for passing Æneas through the same rites. It would seem that the successive pictorial and scenic acts of the drama correspond accurately with the process of initiation into the mysteries. 'It being now understood that the *Æneis* is in the style of ancient legislation, it would be hard to think that so great a master in his art should overlook a DOCTRINE which, we have shown, was the foundation and support of ancient politics, namely, a *future state of rewards and punishments*. Accordingly, he had given us a complete system of it, in imitation of his models, which were Plato's *Vision of Erus*, and Tully's *Dream of Scipio*. Again, as the Lawgiver took care to support this doctrine by a very extraordinary institution, and to commemorate it by a RITE, which had all the allurements of spectacle, and afforded matter for the utmost embellishment of poetry, we cannot but confess a description of such a scene would add largely to the grace and elegance of his work, and must conclude he would be invited to attempt it. Accordingly, we say, he hath done this likewise, in the allegorical descent of Æneas into hell, which is no other than an enigmatical representation of his INITIATION INTO THE MYSTERIES.‡ Again, 'Virgil was to represent a Heroic Lawgiver in the person of Æneas; now, INITIATION into the *mysteries* was

* How truly do these deep and tender yearnings of our nature attest its immortality and fall!

† Of course, we speak of human nature without the inestimable blessings of Christianity. 'Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel.'

‡ Warburton, vol. i., p. 245.

what sanctified his character and ennobled his function. Hence, we find all the ancient Heroes and Lawgivers were, in fact, initiated; and it was no wonder the Legislator should endeavour by his example to give credit to an institution of his own creating.*

The bishop's view fully explains the gorgeous style which, at first sight, appears so improper to this solemn subject. The RITE 'had all the allurements of SPECTACLE; and afforded matter for the utmost embellishments of poetry.'†

Dr. Johnson somewhat severely criticizes the *silence* of Dido in the interview between Æneas and herself in Hades. 'When Æneas is sent by Virgil to the Shades, he meets Dido, the queen of Carthage, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses, but the lady turns away, like Ajax, in mute disdain. She turns away like Ajax, but she resembles him in none of those qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to silence. She might, without any departure from the tenor of her conduct, have *burst out* like other injured women into *clamour*, reproach, and denunciation; but Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax, and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach Dido any other mode of resentment.'‡ The question is not whether the scene is imitated from the meeting of Ulysses and Ajax described in the *Odyssey*,—this is probable; but whether the silence of Dido is unnatural,—a servile copy to which, in 'avarice of the Homeric treasures,' Virgil sacrificed consistent representation. As it appears to us, the 'clamour' which would have satisfied the doctor had been altogether unworthy of Dido's dignity either on earth or in Elysium,—unbecoming in the palace of Carthage, and much more so on the plains of spiritual rest. On the discovery of the flight of Æneas from Carthage, when love, grief, disappointment, and despair, all heaved and tossed her mind into tremendous paroxysm, and prompted the passionate strains which cannot fail to kindle the most thrilling interest and sympathy, she utters no 'clamour.' The agony of slighted love, the sense of wrong,

* Warburton, vol. i., pp. 245-6. See the bishop's able reasoning on the subject, pp. 245-287.

† At p. 274, Warburton says, that 'Virgil, by leaving his master, and copying the amiable paintings of Elysium as they were represented in the *Mysteries*, hath artfully avoided a *fault*, too justly objected to Homer, of giving so dark and joyless a landscape of the *fortunata nemora*, as could raise no desire or appetite for them,' &c. But on his own showing, no 'fault' can 'justly' be charged against Homer, his intention not being such as induced Virgil to paint his brilliant scenery. It is only on the scheme of interpretation which he proposes, that the poet's style can be justified. But if, in execution of his design, Virgil has merited the praise of being *true to art*, it is no less clear that Homer, with his simple end, deserves the praise of being *true to nature*.

‡ *Rambler*, No. 121.

honour stung to the quick, deep shame, occasional indignation and rage against her perfidious guest, and the desire of revenge struggling with a passion as tender and true as ever, are all expressed with remarkable power and effect; but while the terrible conflict and torture of her spirit are thus revealed, there is no 'clamour.' Surely now, when delivered from the grosser associations and affections of the former life, the indulgence of violent and bitter invective had been a strange evidence and expression of spiritual purity and repose. Certainly, any such representation would have been regarded as a painful violation of Virgil's true philosophic taste.* Besides, silence towards Æneas was most becoming in the state of renewed friendship and society which she now enjoyed with Sichæus.† On the whole, then, though Virgil probably adopted his idea from the silence of Ajax, yet so far from the imitation being an error, it is in harmony with philosophic truth; and the introduction of coarse 'denunciation' had been altogether unworthy, both of the dignity of his subject, and the grace of his style.

Critics, whose study it seems to be to depreciate our poet at every possible turn, have censured, in contemptuous terms, his representation of the dismay and flight of the Greeks in the Shades at the appearance of Æneas.‡ If, however, a comprehensive view be taken of the subject, it will appear to involve no exaggerated notion either of the martial bearing and prowess of the Trojan hero, or of the fear of his former foes. Whether regarded historically or philosophically, there is no solecism in the conception. On the Trojan plains the Greeks had been seized with terror and panic, and had fled in disorder to their ships before the victorious Trojans. It is true that they were not appalled simply by Æneas, but he was one of the leaders of the conquering host. And still more fully is Virgil justified on

* Virgil addicted himself to the study of philosophy. His researches had trained and disciplined his mind to sound modes and habits of thought; and to this may be attributed, in a great degree, the correct taste which he usually displays. He embraced the recondite system of Plato; and it is not difficult to trace the abstruse principles and doctrines of the Grecian sage, as they underlie many of the scenes of the sixth *Æneid*. It was perhaps for this reason that he was styled 'the PLATO of poets.' (LAMPRIDIUS, *De Alexandro Severo*.) Plato was called by Panætius 'the Homer of philosophers.'

† *Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum, conjur ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æqualque Sichæus amorem.*

Æn. vi., 472-5.

‡ *At Danaüm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petiere rates; pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*

Æn., vi., 489-93.

philosophic grounds. The objection is not in keeping with respectable criticism ; for it is made, if not in ignorance, yet in unpardonable forgetfulness of those laws of association to which our nature pays a prompt submission. The poet clearly constructs his scene on this ground. The Grecian warriors associated Æneas with the plains and siege of Troy ; and thus his presence revived the bitter recollections of their campaign before the city of Priam,—the hard toil and long endurance ; the tramp, the struggle of battle, the broken sword, the shivered spear, the pierced shield, the smitten helm, the gaping wound and gushing blood, the groans of agony, and convulsions of death. These were incidents and events which they had no wish to recall. They had been suddenly and most painfully revived by this unwelcome intrusion upon their Elysian rest, and hence with a cry of terror they fled from the presence of the Trojan chief.

Achilles is the soul of the *Iliad*, and Ulysses of the *Odyssey*. The scheme, and scope, and design of the poems centre in them. They are *the actors* in the drama, to whom all others are subsidiary ; yet Homer removes them from the scene to enhance the splendour of their re-appearance. The sun sets that it may be night, and rises to restore the day. But Æneas is never absent. In the burning city, on the busy strand, on the breezy sea, in private homes, and royal palaces, and sacred fanes, with friend and foe, in council and in arms, in the amenities of peace and the asperities of war, on earth and in Hades, among living men and fitting shades ; in every scene and condition, the interest centres in himself. He opens, guides, consummates the poem. His presence is constant and abiding, the eye of the poet's work, the soul of his lyre, the life of his song. The hero who thus sustains the interest of a poem cannot be so unreal, so destitute of life and fire, as some critics opine. On the contrary, if not, as Addison says, 'a perfect character,' Æneas belongs, nevertheless, to the class of superior merit, and is well worthy of the great poet who sang his fame.

Like the wind, as it sweeps the chords of the world's harp, the genius of Virgil's muse is ever musical. Now soft as an infant's breath, then mighty as the thunder's roll, rising from the gentle sigh of the zephyr into the full swell of the hurricane, or from the deep bass which mingles with the roar of the sea into the alto which whistles to the poles ; and combining the variations of an immeasurable scale in one grand harmony.

On the whole, much as we admire the *Æneid*, we conclude that the warmest friends of Virgil cannot claim for his poem encomiums as high as have been lavished on 'the tale of Troy divine.' In the artistic treatment of his subject, indeed, he merits the palm. His drapery is richer, his scenery more

gorgeous, his diction more sublime ; and, if he borrows largely from the Grecian bard, great credit is due to him for the use he makes of what is thus appropriated. The material is Homer's ; but he forms and groups it into shapes and scenes of surpassing loveliness. The breath is Homer's ; but the song, in its deep pathos, and full and varied swell, and majestic roll, is that of the Mantuan poet. But if he excel in *art*, it is the high honour of Homer to have won the wreath for his faithful delineations of *nature*. In all the characteristics of true greatness, Virgil is very inferior to Homer. He has not the same power of invention, grasp of thought, nervousness of mind. His genius is of lighter calibre ; he has not such a magic mastery over our passions. He cannot so easily melt us into tenderness, or stir us into sublimity and awe. In a word, his comparative poverty is seen in his frequent obligation to the wealth of his predecessor. The *Iliad* was the pole-star by which he steered his course ; his eye gazed intently into the highest 'heaven of' Homer's 'invention,' and he thus caught the light and inspiration of his verse ; but the dome of that heaven was higher than his loftiest flight, and its horizon farther than his widest range.

Our attention is next addressed to Tasso. His great work is the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. He possessed the higher attributes of the poetic mind ; and had he caught the life and fire which the great facts of Christian history supplied, and properly used the circumstances which the laws of association disposed around the siege and capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, he might in many respects have excelled his predecessors in epic poetry. With less creative genius than Homer, he was, nevertheless, distinguished by that delicate perception of the beautiful, rich imagination, and exquisite power of description and illustration, which might have surrounded the facts and incidents of the Crusades with a charm and interest surpassing those of the *Iliad* itself. The *Iliad* is intensely *human*, but there were means to make the *Jerusalem* intensely *human and divine*. It is a far nobler subject than the wrath of Achilles. It has deeper springs, mightier impulses, diviner ends. Associated, on the one hand, with the history of our incarnate Redeemer ; and, on the other, generally, with the feelings which the infidel desecration of the soil He trod in life, and the sepulchre He sanctified in death, had roused throughout Christendom ; and particularly, with the enterprise in which those feelings found expression ; the subject possessed a human interest which gathered divinest depth and intensity from its relation to 'EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.' Thus surrounded with the hallowed genius and associations of Christianity, in the hands of a poet of no higher

pretensions than Tasso, who had thoroughly studied and grasped the religion of the New Testament, and moreover realized and appropriated the life and purpose of its great truths, and developed and disciplined his spiritual manhood by its preceptive code, the *Jerusalem Delivered* had certainly been, with one exception, the noblest effort of the epic muse. But under the corrupted Christianity, in the knowledge of which Tasso had been trained, it was perhaps almost impossible to attain to such apprehension and experience; and it is to this moral and religious defectiveness of his education, rather than to the want of any intellectual and poetic faculty, that we attribute the graver blemishes of his work. Unlike the Christianity of the Apostles, which exhibited an unconciliatory and uncompromising attitude towards the extant religions, and fearlessly delivered its withering exposure and denunciations of the vanity of the heathen gods, and the wickedness and pollution of their worship, Popery has ever been tolerant of pagan rites. Essentially opposed to evangelical and spiritual worship, the Church of Rome has baptized the idols, and appropriated, in part at least, the ceremonial, of Heathenism. It is no wonder then that the Italian poet, trained as he had been in the superstitions of Popery, should have lacked—it is not sufficient to say that *fine taste*—that sound *Christian discrimination and judgment* which would have avoided the introduction of mythic legends among the revelations of the Bible. It is, indeed, quite allowable in a Christian poet to allude to these classic fables, and to gather ornament from the illustrations which they supply. Milton himself has enriched his verse by such embellishment. But he is under no necessity, and he should be above all temptation, to work them up into the life and action of his poem. The *Angelology* of the New Testament supplies all the necessary material for the infernal council of Tasso's fourth canto. Why introduce the heathen god PLUTO? What need to mingle Harpies, Centaurs, Gorgons, Sphinxes, Chimeras, and other monsters of Greek mythology, with the fallen angels? Why raise the bark of Cerberus, and the hiss of Python? How much more *natural*, not to say *sublime*, had it been to represent SATAN as summoning a council of his angels; and, in a description of those infernal powers, to show that the monsters of heathen fable convey but a faint idea of the unspeakable evil and malignity of their nature! The same violent solecism of thought is felt as we read the speech of PLUTO in which he appropriates the *personal history* of SATAN! What a contrast does this gathering in hell present to the council in the Pandemonium of Milton, and to his descriptions of the character and discourses of its fiends!

While on this subject, we must also notice the grave fault of Tasso in ascribing to Pluto a stature which towers high above Atlas itself!

‘ Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate,
His arms sustain’d the massy sceptre’s weight;
Nor rock nor *mountain* lifts its *head so high* :
Even *tow’ring Atlas*, that supports the sky,
A *hillock*, if compared with *him*, appears,
When his huge front and ample horns he rears.’ *

And be it remembered he is presiding over a council convened within the walls of his palace! Homer rarely borrows an idea of grandeur from bulk. His gods and men are great, rather by their qualities of mind, and the might which they wield, than by any external and visible vastness. There are two or three instances in which he employs this feature in his description of the Shades. And he also represents Mars, when overthrown in battle by Minerva, as covering a large extent of ground. But in the former case, the scene is dim and visionary; and in the latter, Homer forgets his usual propriety. And if the proportions of the fallen Mars be a blemish, not a beauty, in the poet’s verse, what must be thought of the immeasurable stature of Pluto, in the presence of which they are diminutive indeed? There is no sublimity in such descriptions; they fail to produce their intended effect. They are felt to be exaggerations. They shock good taste, and violate all propriety. The attempt to be grand is strained and overdone; the idea is inflated until it bursts; and what was meant to be great and sublime, is really little and ridiculous.

Tasso has made free use both of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, but especially of the former. Voltaire remarks, ‘The *Jerusalem* appears, in some respects, to be an imitation of the *Iliad*; but if Rinaldo is drawn after Achilles, and Godfrey after Agamemnon, I will venture to say, that Tasso’s copy is much superior to the original.’ Again: ‘Rinaldo is indeed imitated from Achilles, but his faults are more excusable, his character is more amiable, and his leisure is better employed: Achilles dazzles us, but we are interested for Rinaldo.’ We agree with the critic, that the hero of the *Jerusalem* is an imitation of the ‘divine’ Achilles, but we demur to his estimate of his character. So far from thinking that ‘Tasso’s copy is superior to the original,’ it is, in our judgment, very inferior. The achievements which the poet ascribes to Rinaldo are extravagant. Homer, in his descriptions of Achilles, portrays a hero of prodigious

* Hoole’s Tasso, book iv., 43–48.

strength. His arm alone can hurl his spear; no warrior, either in the Greek or Trojan camp, can emulate his prowess. But in all this there is very little, if any thing, which appears unnatural; especially when we bear in mind his semi-divine geniture. But Rinaldo performs feats which *Achilles himself could not have executed.*

'The chief now paused before the lofty gate,
The pagans from above the encounter wait.
While thus the hero stood, by chance he spies
A beam before him of enormous size;
(Whate'er the use designed;) so high, so vast,
The *largest ship* may claim it for a *mast* :
This in his nervous arms *aloft he shook*,
And with *repeated blows* the portals struck :
Not the *strong ram* with greater fury falls,
Nor *bombs* more fiercely shake the tottering walls.
Nor steel nor marble could the force oppose ;
The fence gives way before the driving blows :
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.' *

What more could MARS himself achieve? The extravagance of such description is manifest, and serves only to thwart the poet's design of magnifying his hero, and enriching his verse. For, notwithstanding these prodigious feats, Rinaldo is inferior to Achilles. He has not the same martial gait and heroic prestige. Nor has he equal nobleness of soul. The Offence is an unworthy reproduction of the Wrath. It has not such extenuating reasons. In the case of the Greek warrior, conscious merit is stung by the injustice and haughty overbearing of Agamemnon: whereas the Offence, though provoked by the slanderous imputations of Gernando, is at the same time cherished and inflamed by passions which, although they may be excused in a pagan, must be condemned in a Christian camp. Moreover, Achilles curbs his passion for summary revenge, and retires with a princely dignity; declining, as he had a perfect right to do, co-operation with a commander who had treated him most unjustly: while Rinaldo, after the murder of the Norwegian prince, is betrayed into a most unsoldierlike resistance of the discipline which the unimpeachable Godfrey felt it his duty to enforce. In his retirement Rinaldo thus becomes the offender against Godfrey and the discipline of the camp; whereas Achilles is the aggrieved party.

There is another particular in which the comparison is in

* Hoole's Tasso, book xix., 236-249. This is certainly not the most poetical version of our author; but the lines of Hoole will answer the purpose for which they are adduced.

favour of the hero of the *Iliad*. While *he* is not insensible to the tender passion, Rinaldo yields and abandons himself to its dominion. The fair object of Achilles' love is, moreover, worthy, and has not attracted his interest and desire by wanton arts; but the beautiful Armida is a mistress in amorous levity and lust; and, by her treacherous wiles, binds the Christian warrior in the soft and inglorious enchantment of voluptuousness.

And, plain as is Tasso's purpose of exalting Rinaldo above his brother chieftains, it is nevertheless difficult to discover his superiority, especially to Tancred. Certainly he does not excel his friend, either in the higher elements of character, or in those which are developed by the enterprises and dangers of war,—in the courage which shrinks from no encounter, the daring which seeks the foe, the resolution which bears the hero on to victory. The larger results which he is made to accomplish by 'brute force,' are evidence, not of his extraordinary greatness, but of the poet's extravagant fancy. He executes no achievement so truly splendid as Tancred's victory over Argantes.

Agamemnon is reproduced in the leader of the Christian army; and in this character 'Tasso's copy' does 'excel the original.' Godfrey is a far nobler character than the chieftain of the Greeks. Agamemnon has a little soul,—mean, unjust, haughty, intolerant. Godfrey is magnanimous; eminently fitted for the command to which the suffrages of his brother knights had raised him, not only by the qualifications for able generalship, but also by the characteristics of high moral excellence and worth. Tasso has displayed great ability in his delineations of Godfrey; and it is cause of regret, that while he could conceive and portray so fine a character, he should ever have slighted him by his manifest desire to attract our attention and admiration rather to the paramour of Armida.

But although the chief character in the *Jerusalem* is, on the whole, a failure,—the parts especially which are intended to indicate extraordinary greatness falling, as an inverted pyramid, by their own weight,—it is, nevertheless, only just to say, that Tasso's descriptions, *as such*, of his hero are often very powerful. We must add, that many of his delineations of character evince consummate art. They are carefully executed and well sustained. These portraits are fine conceptions; their features being distinctly defined, their lights and shadows admirably disposed, and their contour and position natural. In a word, they are life-like; and they thus command admiration both from a distant and a near point of view. They bear the closest examination, showing not only strokes which are bold and free, but touches of the most delicate finish. The hand which uses

the pencil in both particulars,—painting effectively the bold and the beautiful,—is the hand of a master. We must revert for a moment to Godfrey. For this character Tasso merits our highest admiration and eulogy. It exhibits the spirit of chivalry, the valour of knighthood, the mien of royalty, the integrity of righteous rule. Godfrey is thoughtful, calm, judicious, practical. He has the wisdom of the sage, and the judgment of the councillor. His words are the expression, and his action the application, of his thoughts. He does not hastily conclude; but, having determined, he is prompt and steady to execute his plan. His piety and devotion to the cause which he had espoused, are above all praise. While others sleep, he revolves its weighty cares. He is steadfast in his resistance of the seductive arts of Armida, and firm to his purpose when numbers of his chiefs had been demented and beguiled by her charms to a chivalry which ended in their disgrace. Amid difficulties which would have appalled less able and devoted men, he pursues the toilsome and dangerous path of battle and of victory. His faith is strong, his courage quenchless, his energy indomitable: nor does he rest until Jerusalem is stormed; and while the standard of Christ floats from the tower of David, he kneels at the sacred tomb to pay the vows which he had vowed unto God. Tancred is also a noble character. He is a faithful friend, a true knight, an invincible warrior, a generous victor. His chief, if not only, fault—the adoption of a principle which subverts all equity, and undermines the foundations of social and civil order—must be ascribed to friendship, only too ardent, for Rinaldo. His love for Clorinda may be condemned; but it is an inspiration—a passion—pure and honourable as ever fired man's heart. And, fervid as it is, he is never betrayed by it into any act which may compromise the Christian cause. Moreover, while he is won by the martial maid, he is proof against the fascinating address of Armida. His sorrow for Clorinda's death is indeed inconsolable; but it is only the grief of a generous and manly soul, intensified by the terrible thought that she had fallen by *his* hand. Raymond and others, though not so fully delineated, are, nevertheless, characters which display masterly skill.

Tasso is no less successful in the portraiture of his women. There are points of failure in Armida, as, for example, those which are prominently copied from Dido. The beauty of the enchantress, moreover, is only such as captivates a superficial observer; she has no corresponding charm of mind, much less has she any moral attraction. Her fascination kindles passion, but does not inspire a deep and enduring love. We cannot forget, too, that she is conversant with the arts of sorcery, an association

which of itself is most defiling. Nevertheless, Tasso has brought great powers of description to bear upon this character. It is impossible to withhold from him the merit of brilliant and successful treatment in the features and movements of the actress, and in the colouring and disposition of the scenes of her dazzling and potent arts. The charms of her person, the fascination of her manners, the suaveness of her speech, the depth of her treachery, the visions of her enchantment, are all described with great effect, and attest the poet's high executive power. On the desolate shore of the Dead Sea, and the beautiful banks of Orontes, and the Fortunate Isle of the West, we seem to walk on enchanted ground, and need to hold the wand which may dissolve the creations of her witchery. Clorinda is perhaps too masculine and martial; but it must be remembered, that Tasso had received the idea of such a character from the romance writers of his country, and from the great poet who sung the fame of Camilla. Clorinda claims our admiration for the purity of her devotion to her cause, the constancy of her courage, and the splendour of her achievements; while her desire for baptism in her dying moments is a touching incident, which seems to separate her from the pagan ranks, and to invest her with the interest and hopes of Christianity.* Like the stormy day which descends to a placid eventide, her impetuous career is closed with an act which breathes her desire for peace with Christians and with Christ. The feminine loveliness of Erminia, the softness of her disposition, the modesty and grace of her manners, the depth and transparent tenderness of her love, contrast finely with the masculine bearing of Clorinda, and the wanton levity of Armida; and, while they serve the purpose of variety in character, show at the same time the versatility of the poet's imagination. Erminia is a beautiful conception; she wins our confidence and sympathy, and we follow her with an interest which never tires. We feel, however, that this interest is not due to any painstaking in the poet to unfold her loveliness, but to the simple influence of those delicate virtues which disclose themselves in the spirit and behaviour of her pure and affectionate nature. The manner in which Tasso has left her at the close of the poem is most unsatisfactory; and we cannot but think it a grave fault to lavish his artistic genius upon Armida, while comparatively little labour is devoted to a character which is so superior in every feature of womanly grace and truth. Sofronia and Gildippe are sketches worthy of the same hand.

* It would not be difficult to criticize this religious incident of Clorinda's death; but we must bear in mind the prevailing belief of Christians of that day in the efficacy of the baptismal sacrament,—a belief which was known to the followers of Mahomet.

Tasso has devoted too much space to the love stories in which these characters play their part. The epic may indeed unfold an occasional scene which properly belongs to pastoral verse; for it embraces the pastoral as well as other kinds of poetry. But while such scenes may be introduced to relieve the martial spirit and heavy march of heroic song, they should not be multiplied. This we take to be an imperfection in the *Jerusalem*. Too much of the poem is devoted to these tender incidents. Taken singly, they are perhaps as finished as any parts of the poem, and will bear comparison with the most beautiful eclogues of any language: but in the aggregate they form too large an admixture of such elements with the spirit and action of heroic poetry.

In close association with this redundancy is the serious error of Tasso in subjecting the chief warriors in the Christian camp to the base dominion of a sensual passion. We have before noted this as an offence against the religious intention of his poem. The Crusaders were not ordinary warriors; nor was their cause such as, arising out of political reasons, had often before appealed to the stern vindication of the sword. They professed to undertake their expedition on *religious* grounds. Christianity seemed to throw its sacred sanctions around them. They engaged in a holy war. The name of God was solemnly invoked. The blessing of Christ was confidently predicted. The heroes wore the sign of His cross, and drew the sword against the infidels who had proudly trampled on His tomb. Amid these elevated and holy associations we have a right to expect, at least, generally, in these Christian warriors a high moral tone and bearing. Nevertheless, in utter forgetfulness—indeed, in virtual renouncement—of their grand object, large numbers of them are desperately enamoured of the beauty of Armida, and leave the Christian camp to serve her interest. Their hearty devotion of themselves to this most censurable amorous chivalry could result in no consummation which would either reflect honour on their character, or serve to advance the Christian cause. Such conduct, moreover, interferes with the main object of the poem. The loss of the counsel and active co-operation of his leading warriors seriously embarrasses Godfrey, and retards the steady and vigorous prosecution of the siege. The reader's attention is also diverted, and possibly his interest, from the great subject to which they should be addressed. Jerusalem and the Sepulchre are overlooked, if not forgotten; and when, at last, they are again prominently brought before his eye, his mind is too full of love adventures to enter with the pure and healthful glow of enthusiasm into the final struggle for their rescue, and the triumph of the Christian arms. We repeat, that had Tasso

known a purer Christianity, he could never have committed so capital an error. Certainly his poetic judgment is at fault, in permitting such an interference with the march of his scheme to its final triumph; but had his mind been swayed by a high-toned Christianity, he had been saved from offending against poetic taste, and from the far graver mistake of allowing a cause which could hardly have been tolerated in a pagan camp, to work its disastrous results among the heroes of a Christian army.*

Tasso's descriptive powers are of a very high order. Among the many examples which the *Jerusalem* affords, perhaps the most vivid are his battle pieces. He is a true votary of Calliope. His muse ranges over the campaign with an eye to note, and a pencil to depict, the stern realities of battle and of death. We hear the 'confused noise' of the warriors, and see the 'garments rolled in blood.' Single or general combat—knight with knight, or host with host—serves to attest his skill. The gallop of the charger, the shock of the encounter, the hissing of the lance, the stroke and rebound of the falchion, the hollow sound of smitten armour, the fall of the combatants, the advance of a squadron, the rush of the host, the flight of the vanquished, the shout of the victors, are all described with a life and power which enchain us to the scene. We know no poet who equals Tasso in this respect. Never did heroic bard throw such spirit and fire into his verse. If Milton's sublime descriptions in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost* be adduced, we reply that the comparison is not fair; for Milton's battle-plain is heaven, and his warriors are angels. But among those whose view has been taken from an earthly stand-point, and who have opened to us the march, and shock, and catastrophe of human battle, Tasso merits the award of mastery. The sublime interest of these scenes is relieved by apposite similes. The heavy tramp, the clangour of the trumpet, the clash of arms, are illustrated by scenes which, although taken from nature in her wilder moods and aspects, are grateful to the mind which has been excited by the terrific grandeur of battle. The poet produces the same effect by an occasional episode of calm beauty. Tasso is free in his use of simile; and perhaps there is reason for the remark of some critics, that the repetition of this style is too frequent.

Mr. Hallam's observations on the *Jerusalem* evince his usual

* It is due to Tasso to remember that he attributes the success of Armida in the Christian camp, not simply to her personal fascination, but as well to her knowledge and practice of sorcery: a fact which the critics who object to that success as unnatural appear to have overlooked. Still, after giving the poet all the benefit of this consideration, we may not forget that he admits, and even illustrates, as in the case of Godfrey and others, the Christian power of resistance and victory over these infernal arts.

critical acumen. The subject, in its nature, accessories, and action, is superior both to the *Iliad* and *Æneid*. 'In the delineation of character, at once natural, distinct, and original,' Tasso's standard is below that of Homer. The style and diction of the *Jerusalem* are admirable: they are, however, inferior in energy, though not in grace, to those of Virgil, and are not so fully sustained. The characteristic excellences and defects of the poem are the natural development of Tasso's genius and temperament. 'Independently of the vast advantages which the Latin language possesses in majesty and vigour, and which render exact comparison difficult, as well as unfair, it may be said that Virgil displays more justness of taste, a more extensive observation, and, if we may speak thus in the absence of so much poetry which he might have imitated, a more genuine originality.' *

Admitting the general truth of the critic's remarks, we must, nevertheless, demur to the lenient manner in which he deals with the 'unequivocal blemish' of the *Jerusalem*, 'the disproportionate influence of love upon the heroic crusaders.' It is not enough to say that 'it gives a tinge of effeminacy to the whole poem;' and when he asks, 'whether a subject so grave, and by necessity so full of carnage, did not require many of the softer touches which the poet has given it,' the reply is, that no touches can justly claim indulgence, which are an 'unequivocal blemish.'

The criticism of Voltaire is well known; but we are tempted to transcribe the words in which he sums up the merits of this famous poem. 'The action is well conducted, and the incidents artfully interwoven: he strikes out his adventures with spirit, and distributes his light and shade with the judgment of a master; he transports his reader from the tumults of war to the sweet solitudes of love; and from scenes exquisitely voluptuous, he again transports him to the field of battle: he touches all the springs of passion in a swift but regular succession, and gradually rises above himself as he proceeds from book to book: his style is in all parts equally clear and elegant; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to see how he impresses a new character upon the softness of the Italian language, how he sublimates it into majesty, and compresses it into strength.'

The *Jerusalem*, like the *Koh-i-noor*, is a gem of the first water,—not cut to perfection, nor so handled as to yield forth all the treasures of its substance, but still gleaming with an oriental splendour, and worthy to be called a Mountain of Light.

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. ii., pp. 268-274. London. 1839.

ART. IV.—*Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, Author of 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal,' and other Works.* Edited by her Relation, CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN. London: Longmans. 1858.

PERHAPS no two places in such close neighbourhood, and linked by so many common ties, have less resemblance to each other than Bristol and Clifton. Bristol is old and venerable; Clifton, young and gay. Bristol is dressed in dingy red and brown; Clifton, in holiday attire of sparkling white and pleasant green. Bristol, a city of narrow streets and steep alleys, gathers its chief population around crowded, low-lying docks, and busies them in the freighting and unlading of merchant-ships: Clifton, with wide-spreading crescents and detached villas encircling and gemming the brow of the hill on which she stands, takes little interest in the array of masts at her feet, unless when summoned to a launch, or other gala. Bristol reminds one of a working man toiling hard to win his daily bread: Clifton is like a lady at leisure, laying out her money and enjoying her life.

The people of Clifton are apt to disclaim connexion with those of Bristol. They are aristocrats, with a circle of their own. In most suburbs the majority of the inhabitants are those who have grown rich in the dark and dirty city, and who retire into the country for the sake of spending the few last hours of the weary day of life in elegant and peaceful homes. But though some of this class may be found in Clifton, yet many, perhaps most, of its residents are from a distance, having been attracted to the spot by its pure air, picturesque scenery, and agreeable society. For elderly ladies of independent means it has long had strong fascinations. And well may the Cliftonians speak praisefully of their chosen home. Nothing can be more pleasant, on an early summer morning, than a walk on Clifton Down, with its well-kept paths and smooth green-sward, its enclosed shrubberies, and its provision of resting-places for the tired; with its outlook across the Avon, especially when the sun lights up the limestone cliffs that rise from the river's margin, gives colour to the rich, overhanging Leigh Woods, tints with a deeper blue the far-off hills, and sheds its golden radiance on the sea. But, for the full enjoyment of the singularly beautiful scenery in which the neighbourhood of Clifton abounds, one must wait till he can wander forth alone. On the Down, his eye is arrested by the continual passing of those who, like himself, are seeking enjoyment. Few can pay due attention to

rocks and trees when men and women put in their claim to be seen or heard. Here, among the pacers to and fro, are people of various character and aim: fashionable ladies who have left their luxurious carriages to take a brief turn, and to exchange a bow and smile with their acquaintances; little children amusing themselves as no nurse has power to amuse them; pensive invalids, whose brow tells the story of their objectless and sad life; while, hastening through these, and quickly passing out of sight, are clergymen obeying a professional summons; and, on active, tripping feet, young ladies going to visit a neighbouring school, or to join a working meeting. In evangelical, benevolent enterprises Clifton abounds, as also in female agency for carrying them out.

It was on this Down, twelve years ago, that we first saw Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, as she took her daily walk. Some peculiarity of dress and mien caught our eye; and we well remember how our young companion answered our inquiry. There was that in her look, as she whispered the stranger's name, that at once silenced intrusive curiosity, and evinced how much Mrs. S. was the object of the reverence as well as the love of those who were privileged to know her well. We were in search of the early flowers of the wild strawberry, but, failing to find them, it comforted us to be told that our walk was amply crowned by this slight glance at one till then unknown. Our companion said how clever she was, and how good; and she named a kind peculiarity, which her biographer has also mentioned,—that she never went out without filling her bag or pocket with scraps of bread and biscuit, for the sake of the dogs and goats of Clifton. Her coming was always hailed by the glad greetings of these demonstrative friends. Thus did her simple, gentle, loving nature find its pleasure in making any living thing happy,—a pleasure which the surly and selfish cannot know, and which the narrow-minded often miss, because they have false notions of personal dignity, and would not for the world be likened to little children. The power to extract food for happy thought and feeling from the least and simplest of life's wayside flowers is shared alike by the youngest intellects and the noblest. Sympathy with little, weak, and common things, childlikeness of spirit, makes much of the difference between a fresh and beautiful, and a sapless, joyless, fruitless old age. It is still true, that 'with the lowly is wisdom.' Mrs. Schimmelpenninck well says: 'Those who have experienced the very little circumstances that can raise the heart, or cheer the sunken spirit in the hour of need, should surely learn that nothing is little by which they can show kindness to others: it is not the intrinsic

value of the gift, but the love from which it emanates, which constitutes its living power; and nothing is too small to convey the spirit of love from a heart overflowing with the love of God and man.'

For the last eighteen years of her life, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck resided at Clifton, honoured and happy. Her learning and varied accomplishments, her wit and fancy, her remarkable conversational powers, and, perhaps, still more, her insight into human character, drew around her a large circle of admiring friends. People are always allured to those who reveal that in themselves which their own skill has failed to detect, or which an imperfect consciousness has prevented them from naming: they bow before and delight in the superior intelligence that holds the key to unlock the latent treasures of their mind or heart. It was, we think, her superior intelligence, her rare discriminative faculty, more than the rules of phrenological science, to which she ascribed it, that formed Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's secret of success in her frequent attempts at character-criticism. Within this outer circle of acquaintance, there were a few choice, congenial spirits with whom hers held free and delightful converse. To them she loved to tell over again the story of her early life; to describe the yearnings of her heart after the human sympathy that was years in coming to her; and the struggles of her mind in its long, restless conflict with error, and search after truth. The scenes of her outward life, and the various phases of her mental progress, were traced on her memory with photographic clearness, and with more than photographic constancy. The oft-told story was taken down from her lips during the last few years of her life, when writing had become distasteful to her, by her kind friend and constant companion, Miss Hankin. To both ladies the public has reason to be grateful for this charming piece of autobiography.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was born on the 25th of November, 1778, at her grandfather's house of business in Birmingham, where her father, Samuel Galton, then lived. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends. Her mother was a descendant of Robert Barclay, the Apologist. On both sides she had an inheritance of worldly wealth and mental endowments. When she was very young, the family removed to Barr, a beautiful estate within a few miles of Birmingham, and there they lived in a style of considerable costliness and show. French governesses, a Swiss *bonne*, a lady whose business it was to take Mrs. Galton's messages to the housekeeper, and to reign supreme in her absence, a carriage and pair, with outriders, and a constant succession of visitors, all tell of open-handed and perhaps lavish expen-

diture. Mr. Galton's mind was a storehouse of scientific information. Minute in observation, accurate and painstaking, 'with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and a desire to bring everything to the standard of perfection,' he excelled in natural history, botany, geology, and chemistry. He was a member of the Royal Society and of the Linnæan Society. His mornings were spent in Birmingham, where he was known as a diligent and keen man of business; but each day, on returning home, he gave his whole energies to his favourite scientific experiments. It was his pleasure, too, to draw around him men of similar tastes and acquirements. Among the distinguished names enumerated by his daughter, we find those of Dr. Withering and Dr. Darwin, Sir W. Herschel and Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander and Dr. Afzelius, Mr. Day and Mr. Edgeworth, Mr. Boulton and Mr. Watt. Most of these belonged to a society which held its meetings, alternately, once a month, at the house of each of its members. Every member was himself a centre of intellectual friends, foreign as well as English, and each was permitted to bring any of his friends with him. From the age of eight years to four or five and twenty, Mary Anne Galton was familiar with this meeting and its members.

Mrs. Galton is described by her daughter as 'lofty in grandeur of heart, and in philosophic dignity of mind, and eminent for beauty.' She had much originality and force of character, was of firm will and invincible purpose. She loved truth, justice, generosity, and fortitude; but she 'looked on the expression of human tenderness as a weakness.' Her daughter's attachment to her was passionate, almost idolatrous; but, judging of her from her own acts, and not from her child's estimate of them, we are inclined to pronounce her cold and stern. She was, certainly, more of a heathen philosopher than of a Christian disciple. Her intellect was highly cultured; and her greatest desire for her daughter was, that every mental faculty should be well developed. The training given, however, seems to have been almost pagan. Her models were the heroes and wise men of Greece and Rome. The very horses of the establishment were called Hector, Ajax, Balios, Xanthus, and Podargus; and little Mary Anne's own favourite goat was named Pan. An extract or two from her Autobiography will show some of the results of this teaching.

'I well remember one day when George Bolt, the Friends' dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the *Primates*. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bolt said, I was

the best little girl he had ever seen ; and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, "Do you think that Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain ; or the little Spartan boys ?" He laughed heartily, and, my mother just then coming in, he said, "Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits as a mark of love and kindness ;" to which I acceded with great delight.'—Vol. i., p. 6.

'There was an old lady, Mrs. Matthews, ninety-six years old, who had been housekeeper to one of my mother's aunts, and who always came to stay with us a few weeks every summer. As a great treat, I was sometimes allowed to sit up and sup with her in the study, where my fare was generally brown bread and honey. One day Lady Scott laughed at me for going to what she thought so poor a treat. She told me, if I would visit her at Boulogne, I should have a very different supper. She then enumerated a great number of nice and splendid things she thought I should like ; after which, she asked me if I would rather sup with old Mrs. Matthews on brown bread, or with her on these dainties. I stopped a moment, because I felt it was kind of her to ask me, and then I replied, "With Mrs. Matthews." She asked, "Why ?" I answered, proudly, "Because I had rather sup with Fabricius than Lucullus." (Page 34.) My father and mother constantly desired me to bear pain like a philosopher or a Stoic... One day some cotton, which was on my hand, having caught fire, my mother bade me bring it slowly to her. She was at the opposite end of a long room ; and I was told to walk slowly, lest the flame should catch my dress, and not to mind the pain, but to be like the boys of Sparta. I did so ; but the scar remained on my hand many, many years.'—Vol. i., pp. 34, 35.

While Mary Anne's intellect was supplied with constant food, and stimulated into an early development, her heart was left without culture or guidance. She was rarely the associate of her younger brothers and sisters, her delicate health and her taste for learning making them unsuitable companions for each other ; and her intercourse with her mother was broken by long intervals. There was little to strengthen the ties of her domestic affections. But her nature was sympathetic and loving ; and that nature, left to itself, produced fruit in excess, and was a source of much after-sorrow. Her imagination, too, needed a gentle curb that was not provided. She admired the magnanimity and all the great qualities that her mother displayed, and mourned to feel herself at an immeasurable and hopeless distance ; yet she did not venture to tell to any one her heart's grief. As to her religious training, that was lamentably defective. During her early youth, vital godliness amongst the Society of Friends was well-nigh extinct. We may well imagine how cold, and dry, and heartless must have been their worship,

when the Spirit, whose work it was their vocation pre-eminently to recognise, ceased to actuate their forms with His life-giving presence. Any Church that preaches by symbols and dogmas retains, even in a state of partial decay, memorials of better times and of a true faith; and is ready to give some response to an awakening spirit of inquiry. But Mary Anne Galton had had no water of baptism sprinkled on her brow, nor had her young lips been taught to repeat the Apostles' Creed. Æneas and Ulysses were familiar names to her, before she had learned any thing of Christ's coming into the world,—before, indeed, she knew who was the Maker of the world. Her first lesson in religious truth, when about five years old, she thus records:—

‘Among the deepest remembrances of that time is, that of my mother's first telling me of God. She was very fond of instructing me, and leading me to inquire into the causes of things; as, for example, of light as coming from the sun, or water from the sea or clouds; so that I was led to inquire of her, “But where did the sun and the sea come from?” She told me to think for a day, and endeavour to find out; but that if I could not at the end of that time, she would tell me. The day seemed interminable; and, failing in my endeavour, the next morning I renewed my inquiry. She answered very solemnly, that she would take me into a room where we should be alone, and there she would tell me. She took me up-stairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which, from that time, I as distinctly remember as though I now saw everything in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question:—that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve everything I should hereafter feel, or think, or do; that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy. She then spoke to me of God; of His omnipotence; of His omnipresence; of His great wisdom shown in all He made; of His great love to all His creatures, whether human beings or animals. She told me that God had given to every person a voice in the interior of their hearts, and that this voice was called conscience; that it had spoken to me the other day, when I had been obstinate in spelling my lesson, and had made me feel that I had done wrong. She then said, that God had invited all His creatures to speak to Him, and to tell Him their wants, and that this was called prayer; and to thank Him for all His goodness, and that this was called thanksgiving; and that we should never begin nor end the day without both the one and the other... From that time, on Sundays, she always taught me one of the Commandments, a clause of the Lord's Prayer, or one of the texts from the Sermon on the Mount, and explained it to me; as also a question or two in Dr. Priestley's Scripture Catechism. She made me read to

her one of Mrs. Barbauld's Prose Hymns for Children ; and, sometimes, she would make me sit still with her after the manner of Friends. I was going to say, this instruction struck deeply into my heart ; but it would be more correct were I to say, that though at times it returned with power, there were long seasons when it was not the least influential.'—Vol. i., p. 4.

We have quoted this passage at length, because it comprises the whole of Mrs. Galton's religious teaching. Her daughter distinctly assures us that, 'excellent and highminded as she was, she had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now call the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of inquiry was open to all, and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God.' She impressed her child with a sense of accountability and duty, and taught her to aim at perfection ; but she left her utterly ignorant of her own natural sinfulness, of the need of an atoning sacrifice, and of faith in that atonement as the means of securing pardon and holiness. One can hardly imagine an intelligent, educated English child, of eleven years old, so much at a loss as was this poor little girl, to understand the meaning of the commonest Christian symbols. Visiting Miss Berrington, sister of the well-known Roman Catholic historian, at Oscott, and seeing on the table of her boudoir books bearing on their bindings a cross, and emblematic devices of faith, hope, and charity, her interest and curiosity were greatly excited. She was sure that some sacred meaning attached to them, but what that meaning was she could not discover. On one occasion, in this same room, a visitor, looking at a picture of Joan of Arc, remarked, '*Voilà la femme forte* ;' and Miss Berrington, pointing to the cross in a picture above, said, 'And there was the source from which she drew.' A reverent change passed over the face of the first speaker, and Mary Anne earnestly wished that she could understand why ; but she was of a shrinkingly timid nature, and she dared not inquire. About that time, an old copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was put into her hands by her mother. She enjoyed the allegory, but the cross and the burden were a mystery that she could not solve. On the whole, her education fostered pride and self-sufficiency on the one hand, and on the other left her, should her conscience once be aroused, a prey to guilty terror and miserable depression.

It is a popular fallacy, and one deserving of exposure, that the season of childhood is, all but universally, the happiest season of life. Allowing this to be the common experience, yet the exceptions are so many as to form a large and distinct class. Take a child of delicate health, of a nervous and sensitive organ-

ization, of an active and somewhat precocious intellect ; having the tenderest love for his mother, coupled with the deepest filial awe ; with an acute consciousness of wrong-doing, and a painful sense of his own impotency to do right ; harassed by doubts on the highest of all subjects, which he cannot solve and dare not divulge ; and pursued by fears which, if he cannot conquer, he will not own ;—and say whether such a child can be happy. He may have moments of enjoyable forgetfulness ; but the tenor of his life is sorrowful and anxious.

Mary Anne Galton's childhood and early youth were marked by such disquiet, restlessness, and doubt. Little helps, slight hints, were given to her in her search after truth, especially when she visited her grandfather Galton at Dudson. She felt that the atmosphere around him differed greatly from that of her home. All the members of his household seemed to breathe the spirit of kindness and love, and to aim at constant usefulness. Such simplicity and peace formed a sweet rest after the brilliance and mental stimulus of Barr. But what was the cause of so great a difference she did not know, till in after years she found the clue to the meaning of facts and sayings that her memory recalled. A kind aunt Polly, who had often told her Scripture stories, was taken ill. 'I am going,' she said, 'never to come back.' The child replied, 'O, let me go with you !' to which her aunt answered, solemnly looking up, 'If thou would be where I hope to be, thou must trust where I desire to trust.' These Dudson friends took Mary Anne with them to their place of religious meeting ; and there she often felt, as she sat in silence watching the peace-illuminated countenances of the worshippers, how gladly she would welcome any ray of light that might lead her to the knowledge of God. How many a heart-ache might this dear child have been spared if the really good people with whom she now mingled had been a little more expansive in their views,—if, in owning the Holy Spirit's prerogative, they had not wholly overlooked man's instrumentality !

When Mary Anne was about nine years old, she was seized with a violent spasmodic asthma. The complaint left her weak in health, timid, and nervous. Her mother, to cure her foolish fears, often sent her in the dark to fetch something she might want, and she tells how she would rush through the passages and lobbies of the old house, half expecting to see 'some ghastly face peep out from behind one of the many doors.'

On Christmas Day, 1788, as Mary Anne was dressing, it was announced to her that her mother, who had long been indisposed, was so much worse, that her father had taken her to consult a doctor a long way off ; and that the carriage had just driven from

the door. A letter neatly sealed and beautifully written was then put into her hand, in which her mother took leave, as if expecting to see her no more. Mrs. Galton urged her to be an obedient and dutiful child, and to do all that she had been taught by herself. This sudden departure of her much-loved mother, and the dreadful calamity that it seemed to foreshadow, filled the child's tender spirit with the keenest anguish. She leaned her hot forehead against the frosted window pane, and watched the fast-falling snow as it covered the traces left by the departing carriage-wheels, till she was bid to come to her lessons, — a summons that seemed to her excited heart to be dictated by the extremest cruelty. The story of her school-room trials under a young governess of sixteen, and a certain Miss P., wholly devoid of educational tact, as also of her journey to Bath, when permitted to rejoin her still delicate mother, are full of interest and pathos; but we must pass on. At Bath, she was introduced to many persons of note, and of very varied religious opinions. One anecdote of this period we transcribe.

‘Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with Gregorius Leti's *Life of Pope Sixtus V.*, which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to see us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, (one being a Unitarian, and the other a Roman Catholic,) when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, “Well, my dear Madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you a Unitarian,”—my mother, interrupting him, said, “Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing to you my friend, Mrs. Priestley;”—“or,” Dr. Hastings then resumed, “what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic.” My mother replied, “This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition.” Dr. Hastings courteously answered, “Nay, Madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies,—the true medium between those who hold too much, and those who hold too little.”’—Vol. i., p. 92.

Mrs. Galton's illness increasing, her husband again took her to consult Dr. Darwin, leaving the children at Bath, under the *surveillance* of their relations, Sir William and Lady Watson.

Destitute of the slight religious comfort that her mother's Sunday lessons, now suspended for more than a year, used to give, Mary Anne was 'without a word of heavenly hope or duty,' and she fell into deep melancholy. She says, 'In vain I watched day after day for tidings of my mother. Sometimes a horrible fear came over me that she was no longer living, and it was with little less than anguish that I listened to the Bath Abbey clock, as it struck the well-known hour at which I used to go and sit with her, or heard its chimes which day by day pealed forth the Easter Hymn, the *carillon* which she had explained to me. Sometimes I heard the bell toll, and then a sudden fear seized me lest it should be for her funeral; and I could not bear to quit the house, fearing I might meet it. What intense suffering do some children go through, unsuspected by others!' All that a gay, energetic, and kind-hearted woman of the world could do to amuse a child under her care, was done by Lady Watson; including a pleasant visit to Dawlish, not then a watering-place, but a rural village, which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck thus prettily describes:—

'It consisted of a straggling line of small houses, mostly thatched, and many whitewashed cottages, interspersed with little gardens, extending irregularly from the sides of a shallow brook, that wound through a plashy green full of rushes and the yellow-horned poppy, till, creeping through sands, it reached the sea. This little stream was crossed by a crazy wooden foot-bridge, where the children of the village often delighted to angle, while we were occupied, in the marshy sward beneath, in gathering the water cresses growing in the brook in great abundance, and daily laying up for ourselves rebukes for wet shoes and dirtied frocks.'—Vol. i., p. 111.

But natural scenery and the kind offices of friendship failed to bring peace to Mary Anne's mind. Indeed, from this period may be dated the commencement of a conflict between principle and feeling which continued through many wretched years. She was not under the strict rule of her home. Her aunt allowed her to find her own occupations and amusements. Sir William Watson's library was open to her; and though not more exceptionable than other gentlemen's libraries of that day, yet it contained, among books of a higher class, large collections of French plays and novels, and the works of Fielding, Smollett, and kindred writers. To the effect of such reading upon her susceptible mind, she ever reverted with sorrow. At this time too, she formed an ardent and romantic attachment to her cousin, Christiana Gurney, the daughter of Lady Watson by a former husband,—a fascinating young woman of six-and-twenty; and the desire to please involved her in new difficulties. She could

not but perceive the difference between the standard of right, and the motive for action, here, and at her own home. Her mother's praise had ever been, 'It is noble;' 'It does not seem, but is;' her father, and her friends at Dudson, were wont to say, 'It is useful;' 'It is suitable;' 'It is wise.' But her aunt Watson's word of praise was, 'It is brilliant;' her cousin's, 'It is captivating, engaging, refined.' She found herself in a new world, and, by degrees, her shrinking nature that could not contend, and her strong affections that must be satisfied, led her to sacrifice her sense of right, and to conform herself to the views of those around her. For love's sake, she let truth go; and the result was self-reproach and unhappiness.

Her return to Barr, towards the close of the year 1788, was followed by renewed mental activity. She gives us a curious picture of her training and her progress at ten years of age. Latin was her favourite lesson; for she had left the weary grammar behind, and was eagerly reading Virgil and Tacitus. Hume's *History of England* was a daily study; and, borrowing Anglo-Saxon histories from the libraries of Lichfield Cathedral, she set herself to decipher them by means of Lye and Manning's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*. Then, for her amusements, Rollin's *Arts and Sciences of the Ancients* attracted her to architecture, and, with Dr. Priestley's son William for a companion, she helped to form models of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, of the Parthenon and the monument of Thrasyllus. She saved her money to buy Mezerai's *Tactics*, and according to the plans of the book, with hazel-nuts and holly-berries, fought again the battles of Thymbra, Issus, and Arbela. Pleasant hours were spent by her mother's side in reading the Bible, and Madame La Fitte's *Translation of Lavater's Physiognomy*. But her health, delicate from infancy, caused anxiety to her parents. Believing that the evil originated in the spine, and hearing of an instrument contrived by a certain Dr. Jones, an infallible support and remedy, one was procured, which she wore from the age of eleven to eighteen. This caused much suffering. It was only taken off at night, and during an hour and a half, when she was allowed to lie down, in the day. She frequently remonstrated; but her mother had good hope of a cure, and did not see how hurtful to a growing girl was this preclusion from the use of active bodily exercise, and consequent increased occupation with purely intellectual pursuits. Her father, with the kindest intentions, undertook to teach her arithmetic and algebra; but for these studies she had no natural bent, and the result was disappointing to him, and very mortifying to herself. All this time the old struggle was going on. She says,—

'I wondered why, if pleasing others were a duty of benevolence, dissatisfaction should always follow, even when my attempts had succeeded. I wondered also how it was, if I had really acted from benevolence, that failure always put me out of sorts, and I found nothing in my mind corresponding with that ancient philosopher who, having lost his election, declared that he could only rejoice that Athens possessed fifty men more worthy than himself. Another difficulty was, that I was constantly taught to bring every thing to the test of reason, and to do nothing of which my reason was not convinced, while at the same time I was instructed that it was my bounden duty to obey my teachers. But when their commands and my own reason disagreed, how was the point to be settled, and where was to be the appeal? I often thought these things over, but there were none whom I could question, or ask to unravel my perplexities. I often said, "O that I were like Theseus, and could find some Ariadne to give me a clue, whereby I might extricate myself from this labyrinth!" but, alas! no Ariadne came.'—Vol. i., p. 205.

So far from it, those who should have helped her, led her into new mazes. Her father would amuse himself, unthinking of the danger of his already bewildered daughter, by proposing intricate questions, or cases of casuistry on various moral truths, weaving a web around her from the meshes of which she struggled vainly to emerge. The father took this to be a wholesome exercise of mental strength; the child proved it to be deadening to faith and perplexing to conscience.

We have said how many men of genius and of letters were in habits of friendly intercourse with the circle at Barr. Among this brilliant galaxy, there were three conspicuous stars to whom Mary Anne's dazzled eyes were ever turning in wonder or inquiry. Very diversely does she describe the impressions produced by Mr. Berrington, Dr. Darwin, and Dr. Priestley.

'It was at the house of Dr. Priestley that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. Never shall I forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His

countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the Church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity, either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince among his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul.....He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome.'.....'How I delighted in his anecdotes of Cowper the poet, of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Lady Hesketh! all of whom he met continually at Sir John Throckmorton's. He read the whole of *The Task* aloud to us.'—Vol. i., pp. 43, 147.

To Dr. Darwin, the well known author of the *Botanic Garden*, Mary Anne felt no pleasant attraction. His open infidelity, his sensual philosophy, and his personal appearance and manners, were alike repellent to her feelings; yet his wit and anecdotes won her to listen; and, listening, many a word lightly spoken gave her cause for lasting sorrow. She thus describes him, on his first visit to Barr to see her sick mother:—

'The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon: on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage; on the other, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr. What was my astonishment at beholding him as he slowly got out of the carriage! His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch-wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary, in order to understand what he said. Meanwhile, the doctor's eye was deeply sagacious, the most so I think of any eye I ever remember to have seen; and I can conceive that no patient consulted Dr. Darwin who, so far as intelligence was concerned, was not inspired with confidence in beholding him: his observation was most keen; he constantly detected disease from his sagacious observation of symptoms apparently so slight as to be unobserved by other doctors. His horror of fermented

liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely, and eating an almost immeasurable abundance of sweet things, was well known to all his friends; and we had on this occasion, as indeed was the custom whenever he came, a luncheon-table set out with hot-house fruit, and West India sweetmeats, clotted cream, Stilton cheese, &c. When the whole party were settled at table, and I had lost the fear that the doctor would speak to me, and when, by dint of attention, I could manage to understand what he said, I was astonished at his wit, his anecdotes, and most entertaining conversation. Thus did he beguile the time whilst the dishes in his vicinity were rapidly emptied; but what was my amazement when, at the end of the three hours during which the meal had lasted, he expressed his joy at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would soon be announced.... It was in the beginning of 1789, that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. His whole conversation on that occasion was characterized by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves..... Never shall I forget the contrast between his figure and the fragile form of my cousin, (Priscilla Gurney,) who, as his patient, sat next him: fragile, indeed, she appeared, as though a breath might annihilate her; and yet there was that about her which seemed as a panoply of Divine strength, and before which the shafts of Dr. Darwin's wit against Divine truth, aimed cautiously at first, but afterwards more openly, recoiled innocuous. "My dear Madam," said he, "you have but one complaint: it is one ladies are very subject to, and it is the worst of all complaints; and that is, having a conscience. Do get rid of it with all speed. Few people have health or strength enough to keep such a luxury, for utility I cannot call it." One of the party having expressed the hope that one day he would receive Christianity, he replied, "Before I do that, you Christians must all be agreed. The other morning I received two parcels; one containing a work of Dr. Priestley's, proving there is no spirit; the other, a work by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, proving there is no matter. What am I to believe amongst you all?" I never shall forget the look with which this was said..... Dr. Darwin often used to say, "Man is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal, and one placed in a material world, which alone furnishes all the human mind can desire. He is gifted besides with knowing faculties, practically to explore and to apply the resources of this world to his use. These are realities. All else is nothing; conscience and sentiment are mere figments of the imagination. Man has but five gates of knowledge, the five senses; he can know nothing but through them; all else is a vain fancy; and as for the being of a God, the existence of a soul, or a world to come, who can know anything about them? Depend upon it, my dear

Madam, these are only the bugbears by which men of sense govern fools. Nothing is real that is not an object of sense."—Vol. i., pp. 151, 177, 238, 241.

Alas! what must have been the state of society when words like these were tolerated in Christian homes, and in the hearing of young children? Well was it for England that prior to this era of the French Revolution, when, under the specious names of right reason, equality, and liberty, atheism and materialism abounded, and threatened to sap the foundations of all social morality, there had been a wide-spread revival of true religion. Through God's providence, such philosophy was not likely to become the belief of the common people.

When compared with Dr. Darwin, Dr. Priestley stands on vantage ground. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck thus recalls him to mind:—

'Amongst Sir William Watson's visitors at Dawlish, was also Dr. Priestley. I shall never forget the innocent and childlike delight which Dr. Priestley seemed to feel in the natural objects which here surrounded us; the waves of the ocean, the lights and shadows on the rocks, the sea-weeds, and shells, and marine plants, all seemed to furnish him with inexhaustible subjects for recreation. He delighted in explaining them; and spoke of everything around as if his abiding feeling were not merely, "Supreme wisdom created this, or that," but, "My heavenly Father's love has given it to us richly to enjoy." Dr. Priestley was eminent for his social talents. He sometimes, I believe, has been thought sharp in his expressions in controversy; but those who knew him well fully understood him in this respect. A sharp and acute intellectual perception, often a pointed, perhaps a playful, expression, was combined in him with a most loving heart.....Dr. Priestley always spent part of the day in devotional exercise and contemplation; and, unless the railroad has spoilt it, there yet remains at Dawlish a deep and beautiful cavern, since known by the name of "Dr. Priestley's cavern," where he was wont to pass an hour every day in solitary retirement. When I consider how much of religious light and how many branches of religious truth Dr. Priestley wanted, I am more and more struck with his great fidelity in carrying out that which he had received, and impressed with the deep vitality of that Tree of Life, any portion of which is so distinguished in its immortal fruits from the products of the earthly nature.'—Vol. i., pp. 138–140.

On the favourite theory of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, hinted at in these last few words, and reproduced in varied phraseology many times throughout her Autobiography, we feel called upon to make a remark. Her meaning is not very plain. If she intends to say that a sincere belief in any revealed truth raises him who holds it above the heathen and the sceptic, and that in proportion to the firmness of his grasp of such truth is its

practical influence, each new discovery and attainment lifting him higher in the scale of intellectual and moral being, we agree with her : but it seems unlikely that she would dwell with so much frequency and earnestness upon a matter so obvious. If she means that any truth of revelation, separately held, acts like leaven, changing the nature and properties of the soul that receives it, we must demur. All Divine truth is vital, in the sense of being itself abiding and eternal : but it does not follow that it is assimilating and life-giving. It is not the belief of any truth in the abstract, even though that truth be Divine, that can originate a new spiritual and eternal life. This life is essentially a life in Christ. 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' There is still only one way of access to the guarded Tree of Life.

It is not our present design to look more closely into the theories of any of the speculatists among whom Mary Anne's early life was spent ; but simply to observe the practical influence of those theories upon the mind of one young seeker after truth. To us it is clear that the only spiritual help she ever found was among her Roman Catholic friends at Oscott, in a Church which, however fallen and corrupt, still holds up Christ, and Him crucified, before the eyes of its worshippers. That help was not at all proportionate to her soul's needs, neither was it permanent ; but she did enjoy short and sweet glimpses of Divine truth when, escaped from the society of literary unbelievers, she took a quiet Sunday walk through pleasant lanes to the little Roman Catholic chapel ; or joined in worship with those who seemed to her to be sincere and earnest in their faith and devotion. It was not that she gained definite instruction ; but her devotional nature was stirred, and, as she took her solitary way home, she would muse on the possibility of finding the secret of true happiness, and resolve at least to seek to know it. Her excessive fondness for symbolism in later years may be traced, perhaps, to impressions made at Oscott in her youth ; and certainly her love for the members and services of this Church prepared the way for the snare that was craftily laid for her feet when the weakness and infirmities of old age rendered the struggle to escape difficult, and its issue long doubtful.

But the influences of Oscott were not so strong as those of home. The respect with which Dr. Darwin's *dicta* were listened to, and the high opinion of his talents that was constantly expressed, helped to shake Mary Anne's faith in the little that she had hitherto held as true. The conduct of some who professed Christianity tended to the same end. It seemed to be

their wish to agree as far as possible with its enemies; and while speaking of it as generally true, they refused to be bound by its practical teaching, and ridiculed its true disciples. The Scriptures were often spoken of, in her hearing, as worthy of study and high consideration; but it was said that the Apocalypse was a spurious invention, and St. Paul a bad reasoner. Her own reading of this period included Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, and the works of Molière, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and Swift.

Filled with doubt, and consequent restlessness, she at last determined that she would satisfy her mind as to the truth or falsehood of Christianity, never doubting her own competency, child though she was, to examine and decide on this highest of all questions. The only person in the circle at Barr who was esteemed a man of high talent, and yet religious, was Dr. Priestley; and to his works she resolved to appeal. She was familiar with his *Institutes*, his *History of the Early Corruptions of Christianity*, and some other works, on Materialism, and on Philosophical Necessity. We shall give the result in her own words:—

‘I recollect with perfect distinctness both the room and the hour in which I made this, to me, most important research. Well do I remember, too, the earnest spirit with which I entered the solitary study..... My thoughts were conflicting, compounded partly of prayer to God—if, indeed, there were such a being—that He would guide me; partly of an indomitable reliance upon self, and the power of my own spirit to weigh the evidence brought before me. I determined not to let anything pass which did not bear the strictest scrutiny of my reason..... Let it be remembered that it was Dr. Priestley's standard of Christianity to which I was about to appeal. If he succeeded in proving it to be true, I was fully resolved to receive it; if false, to cast it off: yet, in deep agony of heart, and under a strong desire to find it true, I read with riveted attention; and the books seemed to prove indeed that Jesus of Nazareth had lived, and that He was a good man; but as I went on, they declared Him to be no more than man, and that the Gospel histories were written long after the events recorded had occurred, and that though there was sufficient truth in them to entitle them to be called a Divine revelation, yet there were so many interpolations, so much expressed after the manner of the time, that in truth every person must make the best use he could of his own reason, and exercise free inquiry respecting them..... I entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and its sanctions. Dr. Priestley's writings produced on me an evil effect which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I found it wholly unsuitable to

my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation.....O, what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given His life for His sheep! '—Vol. i., pp. 300–304.

From that day Christianity ceased to be attractive to her; she lost sight of the fatherly relation of God to the spirit of man; prayer seemed a vain mockery; and her 'blood curdled' as she thought of the many martyrs who had exchanged a joyful hope of glory for an eternal sleep. She rebelled against the providence of God in permitting her to suffer from ill health, and from the unkindness of some around her; and, as she says,—

'Thus was I left a stricken, desolate waif upon the stream of circumstances: and hoping for no love from God or man, my heart became changed within me, and the dark and bitter waters, of which it was full, soon overflowed on all around. I became careless and heedless of all my duties. I was turbulent, contradictory, and disputatious against the authority of all placed about me, constantly supposing that I knew better than they. I well remember telling Mademoiselle that it was a mere popular prejudice that years confer sense, and that she had taught me to despise popular prejudices!'

We will not dwell longer on this dark and dreary season, which lasted about two years. When fifteen years of age, she was sent to Margate for the benefit of her health, and was there thrown among 'cold and argumentative unbelievers,' and 'profane and immoral persons of genius.' But it pleased God, who, through all the years of her imperilled youth, had wonderfully suggested, by His Spirit, thoughts of heavenly birth, to lay her low with typhus fever. On her recovery, a voice from above seemed to speak to her soul, and to promise that if she would seek the Lord with her whole heart, He would be found of her. Now, she knew and answered to the voice that hitherto she had failed to recognise; and though, for some years, the light towards which she was ever pressing shone afar off, yet she had a hope within that it would be one day reached. When she was about twenty years of age, she was again staying at Bath with her family. She had no heart to enter into the gaieties around her; for her soul was hungering for the bread of life. One morning she excused herself from going into the Pump-room with her mother, and agreed to wait for her in the bookseller's shop close by. Looking at the books that lined the well-filled

shelves, she wondered whether any of them contained a word to satisfy her soul's great need. A sense of unhappiness overwhelmed her, and she wept bitterly. By and by she saw that she was not alone. A pleasing young woman, sitting opposite, looked at her earnestly, and said in a kind, sweet voice, 'I am afraid you are much afflicted: is there anything I can do to assuage your grief?' Mary Anne's proud spirit had been thoroughly humbled, and her distress was too true and too deep to admit of her casting away the remotest chance of comfort; so she said, 'O, can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where or how to obtain peace?' The stranger paused for a moment, and then said, 'There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ;' and then she invited her, weary and heavy-laden, to come to the Saviour. This interview was the turning-point in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's life. Her unknown friend proved to be Miss Tucker, a 'Labouress' of the Moravian Church. An unexpected providence directed her to the very house where this lady resided, when her parents decided on leaving her at Bath for a time; and there, among simple-hearted Christians, she found that rest for her soul which she had so long sought in vain.

It would be interesting to trace the development of her new life, and to mark how she adapted herself, on her return to Barr, to the peculiar circumstances of her home and its associations; but for this materials are scanty. We must refer our readers to the second volume of the *Life*. Her Autobiography does not extend beyond the years of early youth; but such papers and remembrances as Miss Hankin could collect, are arranged by a faithful and loving hand.

At the age of twenty-eight, Mary Anne became the wife of Mr. Schimmelpenninck, a member of a good family of Dutch extraction, engaged in business, and living in Bristol. Some speak of her marriage as 'respectable and insipid.' It does not seem to us to deserve this covert sneer. We confess to a prejudice in favour of Mr. Schimmelpenninck from the simple fact that he had

'Sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win'

so gifted a woman as Mary Anne Galton.' Then we are told that he had good sense, a large fund of information, a taste for literature and the arts, and much kindness and amiability of disposition. It is certain that from the date of her marriage, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was free to follow her own religious

convictions. Thenceforward her life was happier than it had been in her more brilliant early home; perhaps, happier than it would have been had her husband possessed distinguishing talents; for, little as ladies are disposed to believe it, those who gain the world's homage and set its many tongues astir, are not always the best domestic associates. When they prove so, it is because their genius and acquirements are held in combination with simplicity, kindness, and lowliness of heart.

Mary Anne's training had not prepared her for every-day married life. Mrs. Galton, one of the most ideal and least practical of educators, to avoid vulgar contact, and to give time for higher pursuits, had left cooking and needlework out of the list of her daughter's accomplishments. Perhaps she did not contemplate the probability of her marriage without a train of dependents such as did the work at Barr; we may thus find some excuse for the omission of kitchen lessons. But for any lady, married or single, needlework seems to us an essential branch of knowledge. Its mechanical progress, stitch steadily following stitch, helps to calm woman's often restless or ruffled heart; its small exigencies bring home vagrant thought, and demand contriving skill; and, pleasantly as well as usefully, does it fill up interstices of time. Men choose to laugh at needlework, except as a means of livelihood; and they often ignorantly urge those for whom their own hands love to toil, to lay it down; but, women know its moral worth.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck grieved over her own deficiency in purely feminine accomplishments, and set herself to learn what she now felt she ought to know. Superiority shows itself not so much in the choice of things to be done, as in the way of doing them. Circumstances guide to action, but, duty once seen, a woman of cultivated mind and refined taste will make a pudding or hem a dish-cloth better than another; and, in spite of her mother's somewhat unfair insinuation, we will not believe that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck treated her friends to roasted turbot and boiled hare.

Shortly after her marriage, painfully feeling her own 'incomplete views,' and the lack of Church communion, and being permitted, through her husband's kindness, to make her own choice of the society she should join, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck took some steps towards uniting herself with the Moravians, they having been God's first messengers of good to her soul. But 'the lot,' about which she stood in doubt, proved, at that time, an insuperable bar to her entrance into their Church. Her thoughts then turned to the Wesleyan Methodists, and she sought and found a place among their members. She

was baptized by a Methodist minister on the 5th of December, 1805, and a fortnight afterwards she partook of the Lord's Supper. Although her union with the Wesleyan Methodists was not of many years' continuance, yet it was effectual in giving a new direction to her mental energies. Thenceforth she had clearer views of Christian privilege, and trod with more joyful feet the path of Christian duty. Mingling in free and friendly intercourse with Christian disciples, she found that there was a work for each to do; and she set about her own work zealously. For a course of years she took an active part in many charitable institutions in Bristol. She was ever willing to impart knowledge to young people, gathering them around her in classes for this purpose; and she met frequently with Christian friends for reading the Scriptures, and other strictly religious exercises. And well was it for her that she had the supports of a true faith, and the employments of an active charity. Soon after her marriage she was called to go through the great trial of her life. A difference of opinion between her parents and herself as to the disposal of certain property occurred. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck acted as mediators, and their claims were conceded in 1811; but Mrs. Galton's high spirit took offence, and from that day to the day of her death she neither saw nor took any notice of her daughter. With one exception, her whole family pursued the same line of conduct. Miss Hankin says, that this difference 'was made the ground of a withdrawal of all intercourse.' We may surmise that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's parents were previously dissatisfied with the change in her religious opinions, and especially with her strangely vulgar choice of a Church. As far as it appears from the narrative, Mr. and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck had right on their side; and it is but just to say, that deeply as Mrs. Schimmelpenninck grieved over this alienation from her own family, she never doubted the propriety of the steps that she had taken, demanded, as she believed them to have been, by justice to her husband. As long as a reconciliation could be looked for, she prayed for it, and sought it both directly and indirectly; and when at last it seemed certain that nothing could change the feelings of her relatives, she continued to receive any tidings of them, through the public prints, and other indifferent channels, with the keenest interest. In her case, love long outlived hope. Her mother's death, in 1817, filled her with grief; and those who watched her as she passed through the deep waters, scarcely thought it possible that she should be brought through safely. Ever after she put on a mourning dress when the month of November came round; only exchanging it for bright colours

on Christmas Day, 'in sympathy with the glad tidings that day commemorated to the vast family of God's children.'

Not many years after her marriage, her husband's business affairs became embarrassed. It is strengthening to note with what Christian cheerfulness, with what quick adaptation, she met this change of outward fortune. Pressing sorrow is often best alleviated by entering diligently on some new and interesting branch of study. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck sought relief and found it in acquiring a knowledge of the Hebrew language, and in making acquaintance with the writings of the Port Royalists. Mrs. Hannah More was the first to introduce these to her notice. In the year 1814, she visited her husband's friends in Holland. There she became acquainted with a Jansenist bishop, Count Grégoire. With him she visited the tomb of Jansenius, and, through his help, she obtained many valuable Port Royal works little known in England. Literature had always been her delight; now it became an occupation, and, possibly, a temporal aid. By her *Select Memoirs of Port Royal*, which passed through many editions, her name was soon extensively known. Other works succeeded this; among them her *Theory of Beauty and Deformity: an Essay on the comparative Value of Grecian and Gothic Architecture; Biblical Fragments; Voices of the Cross to the Hearts of young Disciples*; and many small tracts. The theories that she advocates are open to objection and discussion; but these writings manifest the genius, attainments, and extensive research of their author. In the year 1838, she and her husband removed to Harley Place, Clifton, where he died in June, 1840. Her own health had long been in a precarious state; and from this time she led a life of comparative seclusion. But her retirement was cheered by the visits of her most intimate friend, Mrs. Richard Smith, and by the frequent society of other favoured companions. She was in the habit of reading most of the publications of the day, and always had two or three books of different kinds on hand. She was skilled in music and drawing, and had a particular aptitude for making charts, plans, and maps. Her mornings were spent in some branch of study, and her evenings in happy discourses, with illustrations by her ever-ready pencil. A description of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's appearance and conversation in old age is thus given by her biographer:—

'Her deportment was alike dignified and simple; her countenance betokened strength, delicacy, and high mental culture; and there was an ethereality in its expression which told of more converse with heaven than earth. Her eyes, of dark hazel, were beautiful, full of sensibility and softened brightness; her finely-chiselled features, her

grey hair waving across her noble forehead, her clear, yet pale complexion, all were in harmony. No eye could look upon her countenance without being attracted by so remarkable a blending of majesty and beauty, of intelligence and sweetness. No ears could listen to her voice without being riveted by its clear, melodious, and flexible tones, until the sense of eloquence was lost in the great and noble thoughts of which it was the utterance. With some few, though very rarely among women, might be found her almost universal knowledge; fewer still possess the fulness and variety of thought which characterized the flow of her mind in social intercourse; and rarest of all would be the entire simplicity and humility which were her crowning ornaments. I will venture to say, not only that her conversation was unlike that of others, but that, as a whole, it was unrivalled. Sometimes heavenly wisdom flowed from her lips; sometimes the sparkling of her wit, her fund of anecdote, her vivid imagination, were the life of all; her speaking countenance, and her musical voice, ever varying with her subject. Sometimes it was deepest pathos, sometimes it was merri-ment itself; while her ringing, silvery laugh seemed the very echo of joyousness and glee.'—Vol. ii., p. 177.

Having overcome her scruple about the lot, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck joined the Church of her early preference, in 1818; and she remained in its communion to the day of her death, blessed in its ordinances and succoured by its members. On Good Friday, 1850, she joined the services of the Moravian Church in Bristol for the last time. Just before setting out, she heard that an old friend was in dying circumstances. She took a scrap of paper, and wrote as follows:—

'MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—May all the blessings of Him who, at this hour, hung upon the cross for us, be with you on this day. May He give you the full, deep, double blessing of the rich atoning blood, and the purifying stream of water. O! may He make your bed in your sickness; and as the heavens open to you, may you, like Stephen, see Him in glory at His Father's and your Father's right hand. Remember me still before Him.....Thank you, thank you, for the many blessed hours of sweet communion we have taken together before Him, in the land of our pilgrimage. O! may we once rest together in His holy presence, and rejoice before Him together!.....My dear and very honoured friend, to Him whom your soul best loves, I commend you. I know His angel encamps around your bed, encamps with a double purpose,—to watch over you under the eye of Him whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, and because even the holy angels, by seeing His works in His living temple, the hearts of His children, learn more of the manifold wisdom and love of God in Christ. And thus both the angel in glory and the disciple in dust are privileged to minister to each other out of the rich abundance that alike replenishes both. Farewell! Pray for me in

finishing my pilgrimage, as I give thanks for you on the threshold of His glory.'

Throughout her own prolonged illness, in hours of extreme pain, and in months of depressing languor, she proved the sustaining power of Divine grace, and was often filled with holy joy. After one sleepless night, her first words were, 'I am so comfortable, so happy.' 'What makes thee so?' asked Miss Hankin. 'The presence of God,' she replied: 'I awake, and feel He is waiting to be gracious. His mercies are new every morning,—numberless. And then I speak to my dear Lord, and He speaks to me. Can more be desired?' She departed this life on the evening of the 29th of August, 1856.

We feel that we have scarcely done justice to this interesting book. It is full of charming episodes. We would gladly have given, had our space permitted, Squire Hoo's hunting; Sampson Lloyd's courtship; and the life-like word-pictures that make us see and love Christiana Gurney in her young fascinations and her mature excellence; and Priscilla Gurney, so beautiful, so exquisite, so heavenly-minded.

As for Mrs. Schimmelpenninck herself, she wins our admiration by her native talents and her abundantly amassed treasures of intellectual wealth, and our love by her rare qualities of heart. But she is too impulsive and too imaginative to be a safe teacher. If any would explore with her some region of truth, we would bid him look well at the ground on which he treads, and not follow with incautious haste in the steps of his swift-footed guide.

ART. V.—*Poems and Ballads of Goethe.* Translated by W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN and THEODORE MARTIN. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

It is not easy for ordinary English readers to place themselves in the point of view from whence to judge fairly of the minor poems of Goethe. To do anything like justice to the genius of the great German, we must accept, for the time at least, his own fundamental theory of art. This is precisely what English readers will not very readily do. In this country we are for the most part essentially practical even in our poetic criticism; and we cannot, without much difficulty, be induced to turn a favouring eye upon anything which does not show a definite object and purpose written upon it. We are apt to begin by demanding that the direct end and practical aim of

anything offered to our judgment shall be explained in the first instance. For this reason, in great measure, the minor poems of Goethe have not been read in this country even in the same proportion as his greater works ; although, in an artistic point of view, it may be doubted whether in any phase of his genius it shone more brightly than in some of the ballads and lyrics. Readers in these countries cannot always be brought to see what purpose such writings fulfilled, or why so much labour and care should have been given to the production of such bright, airy trifles. Is a man, people are inclined to ask, who devotes his life to the production of elaborately cut crystals, or curiosities in amber, fulfilling the proper end and object of his being ? We can perhaps more readily overlook the graver defects of such of his larger works as war most directly with English tastes, than we can pardon or understand the apparent waste of life and genius in scattering abroad scraps of song fashioned with the most exquisite symmetry and polish, but apparently without cause or purpose ; stray fragments of crystal, clouds of diamond dust, which can by no possibility be united again to serve any useful end, or even to range in any harmonious system of ornament. There seems a want of earnestness in such work which Englishmen do not readily forgive. The more obtrusive errors of a Burns, possibly even the extravagant wantonness of a Byron, find more extenuation and allowance, because of the frequent earnestness and energy poets like these evinced in any cause which stirred their feelings. But the cool, placid self-devotion with which Goethe gave himself up to the art-business of his life ; the calm manner in which, to the anger even of so many among his own countrymen, he kept on studying among dry bones, polishing stones, and elaborating verses ; while serious, and very serious, business was stirring all around him : all this tries the toleration of English readers too far to allow them an entire critical impartiality when entering upon a consideration of the works of such a man.

In this temper, however, it is not possible to appreciate or to do the barest justice to the writings, and more especially to the minor works, of Goethe. We must be content to lay aside, for the time at least, all English idiosyncrasies upon the subject of a poet's calling, and to take calmly up with the views of the German poet himself, or we lose our labour in opening his volumes at all. These ballads and lyrics must be considered strictly and merely as works of art ; and we must be content to admit, for the while, that the sole business and the highest aim of every art is to pursue its own special development within its own limits. In-

deed, in other branches of art, no one cares to question this proposition. We do not ask that the marble Apollo shall fulfil any end but that of mere beauty ; we do not demand that it shall even support an arch or hold a taper. We believe that the man has not unworthily spent his business part of life who has only engaged himself in the production of such images, though they serve no definitely useful purpose. All we ask of the lapidary is to bring out every beam of the diamond, every flashing tint of the opal. The painter who has done nothing but produce fine landscapes or beautiful faces, we admit to have, on the whole, led no useless or ignoble existence ; and no one feels disposed to arraign the public decree which sets him in a higher rank among the labourers of earth than his practical brother who combines painting with glazing. It is in this spirit we must consider the lyrics and ballads of Goethe, if we desire to consider them at all upon their own merits. Has the artist in this instance worked out his art to its highest development, so far as his strength allowed ? Has he given to his statue its fullest symmetry, roundness, and beauty ? Has he polished his gem until it irradiated from all sides its full lustre ? Has he covered his canvas, not with conventionalities to hit the passing fashion and to tempt the corrupted taste of purchasers, but with images conceived in a pure imagination, and realized upon the true principles of his art ? Try the minor poems, nay, the whole works of Goethe, by any other test than this, and his life must be pronounced a failure. Test him in this manner, and he becomes, on the whole, one of the most remarkable, self-devoted, and consummate artists the world has known. We do not mean to say that all his writings will bear to be measured even by this standard. It would be idle to deny that a great proportion of them must be pronounced false to his own artistic principles, as well as to all teaching of religion and the universal rules of morality. But enough remain to form a collection well deserving of literary and even of psychological study ; and it is worth while to leave aside for the present all consideration of the efforts in which the artist has failed, in order that we may, with unprejudiced eyes, survey those in which, at least, upon his own conditions, he must be admitted to have succeeded. Such a survey will be suggested to many minds at the present moment, by the publication of a little volume, entitled, *The Poems and Ballads of Goethe* ; and bearing the names of two literary men so well known as Mr. Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun.

In one respect, at least, the minor poems are, considered as a whole, the most important relic which Goethe has left behind.

No other section of his works affords us so comprehensive an idea of the genius of the man. *Faust* may reveal the stretch of that genius in one direction, but it gives no perception of its reach in another, or of its general scope. *Götz* bears no kindred resemblance to *Iphigenia*, and the *Wahlverwandtschaften* does not hint of the hand which produced the sunny brightness and refreshing cheerfulness of *Hermann and Dorothea*. But the ballads, taken as a whole, give us a picture in little of the phases which that wonderfully comprehensive intellect enclosed. They give it as, in Richter's simile, a dewdrop, a mirror, or a sea, all give back alike a perfect image of the sun, not in its greatness, but in its shape, proportions, and radiancy. Every change through which the intellect and the character of Goethe passed chronicled itself, and left an enduring record behind it, in various of his ballads and lyrics. It would be a curious, and by no means uninteresting, psychological study, to arrange and group these little clusters of poetry so as to present a metrical *tableau* or diagram of the growth, the changes, and the developments of that intellect, and of the vagaries, the passions, the gradually strengthening composure and artistic self-containment of that character. We are told by Goethe himself, that he composed one of his ballads, *The Wanderer's Storm Song*, by roaring it out, half sense, half nonsense, as he justly calls it, to meet the roaring of a storm, in one of his wilder, youthful moods. Poetry was in youth his anodyne, his 'balm of hurt minds,' his draught of nepenthe, his consolation: later in life it became his intellectual practice, his exercise, his stimulant, his cold bath, his artistic relaxation. Goethe sought healthy stimulus, as well as luxurious pleasure, in vigorous and hard-working hours of poetic composition. Everything which affected him he changed into a poem. Everything which touched his intellect or his feelings appeared to pass through a transmuting process, and came out in verse. Not that he was ever, after the *Werther* era had passed away, a poet who approached in the least to what we must call, for want of any plain English word which expresses the idea, the 'subjective' class. He was intensely 'objective,'—not, indeed, by natural bias, or with the spontaneous ease of Shakspeare, but by determination and by art. When he embodied his own life, it was in a statuesque and formal manner. Yet he was not by temperament a man of strong nerves, or even great self-composure. Constitutional tendency, maternal example, and, later in life, deliberate purpose, made him, if not actually shrink from, yet as much as possible decline, participation in any emotion of a painful kind, where no benefit could arise to him.

self or to others. He had recourse therefore to the strength of his intellect, to counterbalance the weakness of his character, and the sensitiveness of his nerves. He dramatized his emotions; made them stand out objectively from him; and thus removed them away from himself. When grief became painful, he worked it off into a poem; and, contemplating it artistically, no longer felt it as belonging to his own being. He bore up against Schiller's loss by absorbing his mind in the determination to complete Schiller's unfinished work. When passion grew too strong, he found a safety-valve in poetry; when aspiration drew his heart upwards—as it sometimes did—with a painful tension, he occupied it with the realities of verse, until the strain relaxed. Every emotion is crystallized into a stanza; every passing change is registered in some symbolic lines, meaningless to all appearance, until you have found the key which gives the hieroglyph a solution and a purpose. To no poet more truly than to himself may that comparison be applied in which Goethe likens poetry to the painted windows of a church, which, seen from the outside, look confused and meaningless, but, gazed at from within, display beauty, harmony, and design, in every hue and outline.

Viewed, therefore, even apart from their great literary merit, Goethe's ballads and lyrics form perhaps the most curious portion of his works,—using this expression by no means slightly. The character of the poet may be read behind them better than in any of his published *Conversations*, or in Mr. Lewes's elaborate biography. When in his matured and famous years Goethe entered into conversation with one of his admirers, he must have frequently known that he was talking for the world at large, and could no more allow his real nature and feelings unaffectedly to put themselves forward, than a man who sits for a portrait which he knows is to be hung in the Art Union Exhibition, can avoid a certain degree of constraint and pomposity of expression. Like many other men of genius who know that people are hanging on their words, Goethe liked now and then to play with and bewilder his hearers. When at a dinner-table he obstinately refused to say a word about the progress of the French armies through Germany, and perseveringly turned the conversation to one of Boccaccio's tales, or some curious cameo specimen, we cannot help believing that genuine indifference to the fate of his country, or politic resolution to commit himself to nothing, had far less share in his perversely frivolous conversation than a desire to torment his wonder-wounded hearers, and drop into their opened mouths anything rather than just

what they would fain have had. But his songs came from his very self. He had no living confidant, and could only express his soul through his genius fully to himself. These written words, therefore, not only remain, but they remain the only faithful record we have left,—the portrait which the rays of the sun itself have wrought, and which may be deficient from the imperfections of the material, but cannot be false; and whose outlines suggest to the gazer how to fill up the fainter portions for himself.

This important and peculiar element in the value of the minor poems of Goethe, we must not hope to see reproduced fully in any English version. The reader must neither lay the whole blame upon Messrs. Martin and Aytoun, nor believe that we have over-rated the importance of the poems, if, after the most careful perusal of the present translation, he fails to perceive in it the full meaning of which we speak. The translators could not, in deference to English tastes, include various of Goethe's ballads in their collection, some because of their over-warmth of imagination, and over-coolness of description; not a few because they intrude a deliberately rationalistic criticism into subjects which English convictions and English feelings require us to speak, and to hear spoken of, with reverence and with faith. English readers are not fond of seeing certain emotions anatomized as it were by a cool hand upon a poetic dissecting-table; or of hearing the most mysterious and solemn questions of religion passed through a process of rhythmical criticism, somewhat in the manner of a chemical analysis. Nevertheless, without these very ballads, lyrics, and epigrams, we can have no correct idea as to the genius and ways of thought which belonged to Goethe. We are likely upon the faith of such a translation as that now before us to believe the poet a man much more of the English stamp than he really was: or we may have heard vague talk of his infidelity and immorality, and thus do Goethe the great injustice of ranking him as a self-exposing Rousseau or a wilfully irreverent Voltaire. Another cause, too, renders an English translation almost necessarily imperfect. There must inevitably be found, as the authors of the volume before us observe in their Preface, a considerable amount of 'chaff' in the works of one of the most laborious and long-lived of authors. But many of the poems and epigrams which, when considered separately, may well deserve that name, and which may therefore be reasonably omitted by a translator, whose limits compel him to selection and rejection, become of no small value when viewed in the light in which we would now regard them. They fit into the portrait which the whole collection furnishes, and leave when removed a

decided blank behind. They show us a mood of the poet which was not the least important in its issues to his own character. They show us Goethe as he was when the reckless fit was on him, —wayward, unbelieving, fantastic, often even frivolous. The perfection of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* does not by any means consist in the intrinsic value of all the conversations, sayings, and dogmas he has collected, but in the fact that all these taken together form so complete a portrait, that the omission even of the most trifling would leave the picture imperfect in some detail. What the *Life* by Boswell would become, if condensed and pruned down to one octavo volume, even by the most intelligent and reasonable editor, a selection from the poems of Goethe is even under the hands of the most appreciative and liberal-minded translator. Therefore it cannot be expected that general readers can attain any full and precise comprehension of the intellectual character of Goethe from a translated collection of his poems. The peculiarities of an English public will hardly allow of a complete translation; and that thorough and accurate appreciation, which, even with the best and fullest rendering, it would be extremely difficult to attain, must with any mere selection, however carefully and intelligently made, be pronounced wholly impossible.

If the translation of Messrs. Aytoun and Martin fail to help English readers to a thorough appreciation of the genius of Goethe, it must be added that the translators appear to have had no such aim in coming before the public. Their object seems to have been to render certain of his ballads and lyrics popular among Englishmen. To make the songs of a great poet popular in any other language than his own, is, whatever the poet's range, not an easy task, and is one which, successfully achieved, would deserve very high commendation. But it must fatally mar the value of a translation if the effect be pushed too far, and removed into a totally different sphere from that of its original. The translators could in this instance scarcely have hoped that any felicity of adaptation could render the songs of Goethe popular in that sense in which the word applies to the songs of Burns. No magic of transfiguration could work out this effect. The ballads of Burns are intelligible in their whole meaning to every mind. No feeling or sentiment which any one of them embodies is above the appreciation of the humblest order of intellect. The most refined thought, the most philosophic scrap of moral teaching in Burns is not more difficult to appreciate than the most home-spun maxim of Franklin's *Poor Richard*. Subtlety of thought is not one of the elements which made Burns the most popular song-writer of the world. The

sentiment of *Auld Lang Syne* appeals neither to the culture nor to the ignorance of its hearer ; so he have but a heart, he can feel it as warmly as the most refined artist, or the most profound scholar. *A Man's a Man for a' that* thrills through the roughest coat into the homeliest bosom. *To Mary in Heaven*, *The Lament of Glencairn*, and others, require an intellectual development higher only by a very little than that of the most uncultured cottager. But that simplicity which is a main characteristic of Goethe's style by no means belongs to his turn of thought. Scarcely a single ballad in all his voluminous collection is thoroughly to be appreciated without some degree of intellectual culture. Goethe is not a poet of universal humanity. It is hopeless to attempt to render his ballads and lyrics popular, in the common meaning of the phrase, in this country. There is, beyond all doubt, a large body of English readers perfectly capable of appreciating any refinement of thought, or subtlety of meaning, and who, nevertheless, being unfamiliar with German, may be said, however frequently they quote the name of Goethe, to be all but unacquainted with his minor works at least. For that class of readers Messrs. Martin and Aytoun have apparently laboured to make the ballads and lyrics of their poet acceptable. That they have not succeeded better, and rendered a valuable service to literature in general, arises in a great measure from their having altogether mistaken the limits to which translators may go in seeking after popularity, and ventured to alter and disguise their author in respect of objectionable or uncongenial points.

The first question which must be asked in such a case surely is, how far it is possible to make the poems popular, while presenting them just as they are, or at least with the utmost fidelity of likeness which can be retained. Where the essential characteristic of a poem is that it is unsuited for popularity, it is scarcely a merit on the part of a translator, that he has laboured at converting it into a popular shape. The question is not which shall be the most readable translation, but which shall be at the same time the most readable and the most faithful. There are, as Goethe himself somewhere observes, two ways of translating an author. One is to make him as much as possible an adopted child of the country into whose language his works are rendered,—to make Goethe, let us say, in the present instance, an English poet. The other, and far more difficult mode, is to endeavour successfully to bring the reader to the author, to lead the former to comprehend and appreciate the nature of the latter, to master the foreign peculiarities of thought and structure,—to make him understand

Goethe the German, instead of converting Goethe for the time into a popular Briton. To take a very familiar instance; Pope succeeded in producing, as a translation of the *Iliad*, a poem essentially popular. For adaptability to its readers no translation we have in English can possibly compare with it. But, when a reader has got his mind and memory thoroughly filled with it, can he be said to have mastered and appreciated Homer? Except that he has learned the story and known the personages of the epic, he is quite as far from being able to judge of the character of the poet as he was before he had read a line of the translation. Pope did not make his readers for the moment Greek, but he made his poet English. Such a translation Messrs. Martin and Aytoun seem to have laboured to produce. It is bad enough that Goethe has been converted into an English poet, but this is not by any means the worst part of the transformation. Now he appears a poet of the days of Chaucer and Gower; now of the Shakspearean and Spenserian age. Anon, he is a Scottish minstrel of the school of the Ettrick Shepherd; a little farther, and he is a downright cockney in his gait and phrase.

Even in the least objectionable renderings we are sometimes amazed to find a monotonous and empty inflation made the leading characteristic of ballads we had always believed to be eminent for their noble simplicity of style and language. The translators appear to us to have scarcely ever for a moment sunk their own identity into that of the poet. The hand of an Englishman or Scotchman of the present day, labouring for an English or Scotch public of the present day, is perceptible in every page. Messrs. Martin and Aytoun seem to have forgotten that a translator is not an editor, who may alter and amend the contributions sent to him, in order that he may fulfil a definite and consistent purpose. The duty of a translator is the plain one of producing a version as like as can possibly be wrought, in spirit, structure, and words, to the original which lies before him. If a poet is designedly subtle in thought, you are not to present him as the utterer of mere commonplaces and platitudes, in order that every reader may understand him without difficulty. If he chooses to adopt a style which is simple to bareness, you are not to hang him over with flowers, and pieces of tinsel, and purple rags, to make a popular audience admire him. If it pleases him to wanton in over-sensuous and irreverent images and words, you are not to substitute spiritualized sentiment and the language of pious worship, in order that pure minds may not turn away with repugnance. When a translator believes that he cannot allow the sentiment or the words of a poem to go with the

sanction of his name before English readers, his obvious duty is to leave the poem untranslated. He cannot feel himself justified in conscience, when he presents to us something altogether different, the very opposite in meaning to that which the original contained; and then appeals to the public on such evidence to lend their sanction and their approval to that which conscientiously rendered must be met with avoidance and condemnation. If it be heinously culpable to falsify the language of a foreign author in order that home readers may think evil where none existed, it is, although in a lesser degree, still culpable to falsify it in order that readers may suspect no evil where evil actually does exist. What a touching piece of pious sentiment, for instance, is that which we find under the name of *Holy Family* in that collection of peculiarly modern rhymes and sonnets which Messrs. Aytoun and Martin offer to the public as specimens after the manner of the antique!

‘O child of beauty rare!

O mother chaste and fair!

How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare,

She in her infant blest,

And he in conscious rest

Nestling within the soft, warm cradle of her breast!

What joy that sight might bear

To him who sees them there,

If with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye

He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by!’

The translator who ventures upon such a rendering surely trusts too much to the ignorance of his readers—or at least to their benevolence, to excuse him because of his good intentions. We grant that the original lines cannot, or at least ought not to, be translated into English so as to preserve any sufficient hint of their real meaning. But although this would indeed be a very excellent reason for leaving them untranslated altogether, it affords no excuse for metamorphosing implied scepticism and plainly expressed sensuousness into a moral and devotional hymn.

The original runs thus:—

‘*Oh des süßen Kindes, und oh der glücklichen Mutter!*

Wie sie einzig in ihm, wie es in ihr sich ergetzt!

Welche Wonne gewährte der Blick auf dies herrliche Bild mir,

Stünd’ ich Armer nicht so heilig wie Joseph dabei!’

All that we can say of the meaning of the last line to readers not acquainted with German is, that the one thing needful to the poet to complete his enjoyment of the beautiful vision he gazes upon, is as nearly as possible diametrically the opposite to that with which the translators’ pious fraud adorns his words.

Artistically, the translation is as false to the style as to the meaning of the original. For bare and simple gracefulness of language it substitutes ten lines of pompous, empty inflation.

In the *Wreaths*, a somewhat similar instance will be found. Why not give, if the poem is to be given at all, the true meaning of the line?—

‘*Hin auf Golgotha’s Gipfel ausländische Götter zu ehren.*’

There is not much in the subject or the lines to render the poem indispensable to English readers; but if we are to have a translation at all, it should be such as will allow us to judge of what the poet really wrote, and the poet himself to bear the full responsibility of it in the minds of all to whom his verses make their way. Why the translators who ventured upon the *Bride of Corinth* should have feared to give the true meaning of this line, or to leave the poem untranslated, it is not very easy to explain. The latter course would have surely best avoided any chance of objection.

It does not need the evidence of the *Bride of Corinth* to convince us of what the translators refer to as the pagan tendencies of the mind of Goethe. Indeed, we believe, that poem would be very insufficient evidence of the fact, if it stood alone; and should at least be qualified and counterbalanced by the emphatically anti-pagan sentiments of the *Prometheus* fragment. But Goethe’s mind was in fact a singular combination of the Greek and the German. A phase of the French seemed to pass across it for a time, but was soon shaken off. It had little either of the Roman or the Anglo-Saxon cast. From the Greek source came the clearness, the crystalline brightness, the intense polish, the sparkling coldness. From the German came the analytic Rationalism, the introverted inquiry, the anatomized emotion, the laborious culture, the immense concentration upon single points, and abstraction from everything around. In almost the slightest of the ballads can be traced the mingling of these qualities. Some of them appear as airy, light, and brilliant poetic trifles as the songs of Anacreon. But they are not so. Looked into more closely, they have not the careless enjoyment, the spontaneity of sensuousness, which produced the Greek minstrel’s honey-laden hummings. They are not the joyous, irrepressible outbursts of sensuous genius abandoning itself to its own unchastened expression. They are poetic exercises, carefully elaborated products of an intellect which is conscious of its own power of varied development, and which labours in this path only for a new species of practice. Clear as Goethe’s maturity was from the early Wertherian morbidness, it is almost impos-

sible to peruse any of his poems without a feeling of melancholy. The man who wrote thus, was all his life through a lonely man. His destiny he must have believed to be to cultivate his intellect upon all sides; and this he fulfilled thoroughly, untiringly, with lonely labour. It is preposterous to convict him of pagan tendencies upon the evidence of the *Roman Elegies* and the *Bride of Corinth*. He worked at his little pagan gems because he thought it good practice. He saw that there was artistically what we may perhaps call an 'opening' for a poem which should present the early introduction of Christianity in a point of view wholly different from that which any other modern writer had adopted, and accordingly he seized upon the ghastly legend which he has so fearfully and powerfully poetized in the *Bride of Corinth*. It was a labour in which Goethe took an especial delight, and for which his peculiar mind eminently fitted him, to endeavour to realize objects in a dramatic sense; to throw himself into another's position of sight; to feel as others felt. In this peculiarity he was precisely opposite to Byron. Our English poet never contrived to lose sight of his own personality. He saw everything only in relation to himself. The sea was glorious while he sailed over it or swam in it: the woods, because they afforded retiring places when he chose to be lonely: the lake abroad, because it reminded him of his own dear lake at home; and the dear lake at home, no doubt, because it reminded him of the lake abroad. Through the green and yellow spectacle-glasses of his own moods he looked at everything. Goethe, on the contrary, endeavoured continually to vary the point of sight from which he looked upon nature and life. He spoke with just contempt of the weakness of Kotzebue, who, wherever he travelled, saw nothing in the seas or mountains which surrounded him, but looked only inward upon his own moody personality in all his wanderings. Goethe threw his whole being for the time into the mediæval freebooter heart of Götz, into the generous carelessness of *Egmont*, into the restless, gasping intellect of *Faust*, and the pagan yearnings of the *Bride of Corinth*. A critic may therefore draw any theory he pleases as to the mental tendencies of the poet, if he only looks at one poem, or set of poems. The author of the *Bride of Corinth* is a heathen: the author of *Faust* an infidel in the first part, and a Roman Catholic at the close. *Iphigenia* suggests a Greek, and the *West-Eastern Divan* an Oriental. But take them together, and it becomes evident that the author tried his strength in all these several directions, because he would have intellectual and varied exercise. The freakishness of Goethe's youth was not wholly shaken off in his maturer

years, and he loved to exhibit his genius in fantastic and varying postures. As Rousseau's strength lay in rejection, so Goethe's was exhibited in selection and appropriation. Rousseau's genius was rendered fruitless, and his works powerless for any permanent result, even in evil, by his eternal craving to seek back to the very essences of society, and to begin the whole scheme of the world over again. Goethe's main power lay in the fact, that he was able to take everything precisely as it stood, and, wasting no time in vain projects or regrets, incorporate it and transform it by the force of his own genius into something at least artistically valuable and real. Indeed, this was not only his strength, but his weakness as well. Delighted to find that in everything, good or bad, there was something which his own genius could take hold of and turn to account, he had none whatever of that earnest, 'holy hatred,' which a mind less dramatic and more simply pious would have felt for evil in all its phases. A poet, indeed, is not to be supposed a sympathizer with wrong, because he makes it a theme for his constructive genius to work upon; but the tone and spirit of his production will evince the soundness of his moral judgment, or betray the contrary; and it must be owned that a hearty distaste for evil is not the animating soul of Goethe's compositions. The luxurious atmosphere of his genius is too calm and stagnant to be wholly pure.

We cannot help saying that this little volume is a disappointment to us; nor do we think it will meet with the popular reception for which it was unquestionably designed. If the competent German scholar must at once declare that the poems it contains are none of Goethe's, so an ordinary English reader of taste must think Goethe, if these be fair specimens of his poems, a marvellously over-rated man. Every page is disfigured by vulgarisms. In almost every poem the translators have endeavoured to improve upon their original; where he is simple, they will have him eloquent and ornate; where he is laconic, they prefer diffuseness; where he is purposely plain and unadorned, they insist that he shall speak in the language of metaphor and hyperbole worthy of the *précieuses ridicules*. It is a curious study to observe how often in the translation of that celebrated poem which Goethe appropriately terms the 'Dedication,' but which Messrs. Martin and Aytoun very inappropriately term the 'Introduction,' the simplicity of the poet is abandoned in favour of some inflated commonplace, some exhausted metaphor. 'Fresh flowers, which hung full of drops,' become

'The sweet young flowers! How fresh they were, and tender,
Brimful of dew upon the sparkling lea!'

Ein Nebel—‘a cloud’—is ‘a white and filmy essence!’ ‘All appeared to burn and to glow,’ says Goethe. ‘All was burning like a molten ocean,’ declare his more eloquent translators. ‘Passion’ in the original, blazes up into ‘Passion’s lava-tide’ in the translation. Goethe says,—

‘And as I spake, on me the lofty being
Looked with a glance of sympathetic grace.’

The translators amend this, ‘marry, how? Tropically:’—

‘And as I spake, upon her radiant face
Passed a sweet smile, like a breath across a mirror!’

Does a smile of sympathy remind any one but these translators of breath passing across a looking-glass? It certainly did not present any such association of ideas to Goethe; for we have no hint of anything looking like a mirror in the whole of the poem. ‘I could now,’ says the poet a little further on, ‘approach her nearly, and look upon her closely.’ ‘Then,’ say the translators,—

‘Then durst I pass *within her zone of brightness*,
And gaze upon her with unquailing eye!’

In the last verse but one, the poet describes his imaginary instructress as declaring, that ‘the grave shall change into a cloud-bed.’ The translators thus render the line, somewhat in the Bulwerian style:—

‘Where gloomed the grave, a starry couch be seen!’

Only in the famous circle which assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet could some of the expressions with which the translation of the poem is enriched find a favouring and appreciative audience.

The *Poems in the Manner of the Antique* follow the *Dedication* in this translation. In the original German, these are composed in the ancient hexameter and pentameter verse, which, the translators somewhat naïvely remark, ‘no doubt enhances the resemblance.’ Of these poems only a selection has been given: and we need scarcely add, that on extracting from the *Roman Elegies* the translators have not ventured at all. No admirer of Goethe, however enthusiastic, could wish to see these latter poems rendered into English. They are valuable as curiosities to those who read the original; but all that is calculated to redeem them, of language or of verse, they must infallibly lose in the process of translation.

It is not easy to pronounce a decided opinion upon the question, whether the translators have exercised a judicious resolution in presenting such poems as those which Goethe

calls, *Approaching to the Antique Form*, in a popular English metre. At first sight there appears something almost ludicrously incongruous in transforming poems which bear such a name into peculiarly modern English verse. Without, however, raising that technical point against the translators, and allowing that rather amusing objection to be considered as put aside in their favour, we still think the objections must be great indeed which justify such a metamorphosis of such poems. It cannot be doubted that English readers do not warm to the hexameters and pentameters, and that our language is not of itself adapted to such a measure. It is obvious that we cannot produce hexameter verse endurable to British ears under the same laws of prosody which govern the rhythm of the classic poets. English lines, modelled under such conditions, might indeed look like hexameters in print; but, when recited, the effect would be something like that of those amusing verses, arranged to ridicule the discrepancies of our pronunciation, in which 'plough' is printed as a rhyme for 'cough,' 'through' for 'enough,' and so on; having all the appearance of the smoothest rhyme to the eye, but producing the most ludicrous jangle when tested by the ear. The rules which govern the quantities of English words are so unlike those of Latin prosody, that no possibility exists of the adoption of classic metre under the classic conditions. But that we cannot produce flowing and musical hexameter verse upon our own conditions is by no means equally certain. Many of Southey's efforts have freedom, force, and sonorous harmony; and this difficult and foreign metre may almost be said to have become fully naturalized since the appearance of that popular and charming production, Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*. We feel satisfied that it may be made acceptable even to the least practised ears, and that no cause can possibly render the attempt so justifiable as the translation of such poems as these very *Antiques* of Goethe. The translator has but to make a choice of disadvantages. He must encounter the risk of offering to his readers an unpopular measure, or he must present the poem in such a form as to deprive it of all the outward characteristics of its original. The very distinction of poetry from the highest form of prose, suggests of itself that a poet's rhymé involves so much of his minstrel character that any departure from it must render a translation only a compromise. What possible conception could a Frenchman form of the lyric greatness of Dryden who had read *Alexander's Feast* rendered with no matter what verbal accuracy into French verse after the fashion of Crébillon? Could a German appreciate Gray's *Elegy*, or one of Burns's songs, done into the measure of *Hermann and Dorothea*? If a trans-

lation is worth reading at all, it is surely worth the encountering of a little additional difficulty in order to arrive at the closest possible approximation to the author's style and structure. The object is not merely to produce pieces of easy reading, in order that languid *dilettanti* may be induced to swallow down a few hundred lines of a great foreign poet, and then believe they know all about him. We are easily apt to forget what a hold the mere verse of a poet takes upon the mind; how we identify it with him; how its sound at once recalls him to our memory; how we grow to love it for his sake as well as for its own melody. The metre, for example, of *Hermann and Dorothea* is so completely harmonized with and made part of the poem; every sentence, and every glimpse of description, or touch of feeling, are so wrought to fall in and flow with the melody of the lines, that we do not believe any just idea could possibly be given to an English reader of such a poem by a translation cast in a different rhythmic mould.

We would, then, almost at all risks, keep to a poet's own rhythm. There need be no risk whatever of his meaning or spirit suffering in the process; and any other consideration merely suggests a balance of imperfections, a choice between doubtful substitutes. If we cannot possibly have the original measure, then let us have plain prose, which will leave the translator unfettered as to the thoughts and language of the original; and which, if it allow us no association connected with his rhythm, will save us from getting jarring and false associations into our ears and our memory.

Difficult, however, as it is to recognise the '*Poems after the antique Form*' in the specimens of modern versification before us, the translators have added other difficulties in some instances, which belong not merely to the metre. For instance, we find in the original two simple and graceful lines entitled *Exculpation*, and which literally rendered are thus:—

'Thou accusest the woman of changing from one to another:
O do not blame her,—she seeks an unwavering man.'

These lines present no astonishing subtlety of meaning, no impenetrable obscurity arising from their brevity. Mr. Aytoun, however, seems to have thought the sentiment required to be spread out, that it might become the more transparent.

'Wilt thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming sudden changes,
Swaying east and swaying westward, as the breezes shake the tree?
Fool, thy selfish thought misguides thee: find the man that never
ranges;
Woman wavers but to seek him: is not then the fault in thee?'

The translators are sometimes anxious to add metaphors and comparisons of their own where the poet found no place for any. In recompense, they at other times omit, for no very apparent reason, some comparison which the poet has thought fit to introduce. In the poem called *The Swiss Alp*, the two opening lines may be thus almost literally rendered :—

'Only last evening thy head was as brown as the locks of the loved one,
Whose bright image seems silently bending to me from afar.'

Is there any impropriety in this reference to some absent fair creature? The translator will not allow of such a personality. He says :—

'Yesterday thy head was brown as are the flowing locks of love;
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering giant-like above.'

We must own a decided preference for the original, and think the addition of the line about the mountain, and the bright blue sky, an ornament of a very common-place and cheap character, which by no means improves the poem.

We have already referred to the manner in which the sentiments of the poet have been forced through a process of Christian conversion in *The Holy Family*, and *The Wreaths*. Except for the altered meaning of the words we referred to in the latter poem, and for one line of pompous funeral oration magniloquence, *The Wreaths* is well translated. The line we refer to is,—

'Dying as greatly as he greatly lived;'

which, it is almost needless to say, has no parallel in the original. Through the whole volume it strikes the reader incessantly that the translators were convinced Goethe's style was capable of much improvement, and that they were the men qualified to supply its defects and adorn its barren places. Nothing short of a conjecture of this kind can explain the determination which seems evident upon every page, to leave no verse of the original appear unaltered in its own simplicity.

The value of a majority of the smaller poems of Goethe consists more in the execution than in subject or sentiment. Many of them embody some simple thought of no great importance in itself, but which is crystallized into a perfect gem by the workmanship bestowed upon it. Perhaps no poet ever drew so much harmony and variety of expression from a language not naturally musical, as Goethe did from the German. He had a magician's power over words; they would do anything and everything at his bidding. In many of his songs every image, every expression, has an echoing and corresponding tone in the words which contain it, as if

they formed a piece of accompanying music. Some of the songs in the second part of *Faust* are master-pieces, marvels of this peculiar skill. Not in the mellifluous and sonorous accents of that glorious old Greek tongue, whose sounds Goethe so loved, can more exquisite and thrilling specimens of the perfect harmony of thought and of tone be found. We cannot expect translators to reproduce this beautiful feature in any other language. The present translators seem, indeed, to have made no attempt in such a direction. In some instances, where a peculiar metre was selected by the poet as corresponding exactly to the character of a song, they have introduced an altered measure for no perceptible reason, hexameters and pentameters having no concern in it. The rippling, bubbling measure of *The Youth and the Millstream*, for instance, gives half the beauty to the poem, and is loved by all readers of Goethe.

*‘Wo willst du, klares Bächlein, hin
So munter?
Du eilet mit frohem lichten Sinn
Hinunter?
Was suchst du eilig in dem Thal?
So höre doch und sprich einmal.’*

Is it an improvement to alter the measure in this fashion?

*‘Pretty brooklet, gaily glancing
In the morning sun;
Why so joyous in thy dancing?
Whither dost thou run?
What is ’t lures thee to the vale?
Tell me, if thou hast a tale.’*

All we need to say of the manner in which the translation is executed, is, that it displays quite as decided a departure from the language of Goethe, as the measure does from his rhythm.

The Erl-King is a ballad familiar to thousands who have scarcely ever heard the name of Goethe. It has been rendered into English by all manner of translators. Sir Walter Scott’s verse is at least good enough for all purposes, and might have spared us a translation beginning thus:—

*‘Who rides so late through the grisly night?
Tis a father and child, and he grasps him tight.’*

Who grasps whom tight? Again, we have—

*‘O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark,
Erlie King’s daughters move by in the dark?
“I see it, my child, but it is not they;
”Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray!’’*

Surely such peculiarities are easily avoided, inartistic, and

vulgar. The translators seem to believe that an additional touch of simplicity is thus given to the poems; but the simplicity which consists in the use of vulgar colloquial phrases is not precisely that which forms a principal charm in the ballads of Goethe. We have already spoken of the constant introduction of old English phrases, and of modern Scotticisms. In almost every page we have such words as 'rede,' 'feres,' 'Dan Cupid,' 'An' if he might,' 'mickle,' 'bonny,' &c., &c. In some instances we have such Cockney expletives as 'seedy.' Throughout the whole volume the translators seem to have gone off upon a wrong notion of the meaning of rendering a foreign author popular in this country. Popularity they confound with vulgarity; simplicity they translate into imbecility. The first verse of the celebrated *Shepherd's Lament*, (*Da droben auf jenem Berge*.) a ballad full of the most exquisite simplicity, of the most touching sense of solitude and sadness, comes thus out of the transmuting process, which, reversing the wonders of the philosopher's stone, turns pure gold into dull lumps of clay:—

'Up yonder on the mountain,
I dwelt for days together;
Looked down into the valley,
This pleasant summer weather.'

Leaving the question of harmonious sound altogether aside, can these lines be called a translation of—

'*Da droben auf jenem Berge,
Da steh' ich tausendmal
Auf meinem Stabe gebogen,
Und schaue hinab in das Thal?*'

Any objection, however, to this verse of the translation is thrown completely into shadow by the inanity and vulgarity of the following:—

'The meadow *it is* pretty,
With flowers so fair to see:
I gather them, *but no one*
Will take the flowers from me!'

Would not this verse seem meant to parody the original, as the authors of *Rejected Addresses* burlesqued some of Wordsworth's lines? Here is Goethe's verse:—

'*Da stehet von schönen Blumen
Die ganze Wiese so voll—
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,
Wem ich sie geben soll.*'

The richness of the German tongue in dissyllabic rhymes unquestionably renders any effort at the production of a corresponding metre in English extremely difficult. Still we think some better attempt might have been made than the following inharmonious jangles in *The Minstrel*:—

'The golden chain give not to me,
For noble's breast its glance is;
Who meets and beats thy enemy,
Amid the shock of lances.'

* * * *

'I sing as sings the bird whose note
The leafy bough *is heard on* :
The song that falters from my throat
For me *is ample guerdon*.'

The Fisher is, upon the whole, a much better rendering of a very difficult poem,—difficult at least in its simplicity, sweetness, and melody. Considering their affection for colloquial expressions, we think the translators must have resisted a great temptation, since they have not Anglicized

'*Da war's um ihn geschehn*'

by

'It was all up with him!'

Goethe, like Burns or Béranger, is frequently peculiarly happy in a certain picturesqueness of phrase, which at once flashes the whole image or idea he desired to convey upon the mind of his reader. In the famous *King in Thule*, we have examples of this peculiarity:—

'*Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus ;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank heraus.*'

Those who remember Ary Scheffer's painting, will perceive how well the painter appreciated the touching and simple force of these lines. How thoroughly the translators entered into their picturesque value will be seen from the following lines, which evince an elaborate care to remove everything which had colour or expression:—

'And ever set before him
At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
Whene'er he took it up.'

In similar spirit, for the words '*Die Augen thaten ihm sinken*,' in the closing verse, is substituted the line, 'Heard Death unto

him calling,—an inelegant and uncouth introversion, no word of which is to be found in the original. '*Dort stand der alte Zecher*' is rendered, 'Then rose the grand old Rover.' We cannot imagine why the dying king, who does not appear to have been given to wandering, is called a 'rover,' except it be as Mr. Pecksniff used to address his youngest daughter as 'playful warbler.'

The exquisite phrase '*schauerlicht*,' in the lines 'to Belinda,' is impoverished down to 'silver radiance streaming.' We cannot understand why, in the same poem, which has somewhat of a personal and biographical character, the translators should have substituted 'treading the dances of this bright hall' for '*spieltisch*,' which is simply the 'card-table;' and 'whispering tongues and jealous glances' for '*unerträglichen Gesichtern*,' which merely means 'insupportable faces;' insupportable, we presume, because the young poet did not like them, or thought them dull or inane, or was not in love with them as he was with Belinda, whom he would fain have had all to himself. Goethe does not insinuate that the people around him whispered, or glanced, or winked, or were guilty of any rudeness whatsoever. They were there, and he wanted them away, and that alone made them quite insupportable to him, without any effort of their own to that end.

A very pretty sentimental little ballad, which has found hundreds of imitators both in German and English, is that which Goethe calls, '*Nähe des Geliebten*,' but which the translators prefer to designate 'Separation.' It contains, among other graceful verses, the following:—

'*Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt :
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der wanderer bebt.*

'*Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfer Rauschen
Die Welle steigt :
Im stillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauschen
Wenn alles schweigt.*'

The picturesque phrases, the melodious sound of the verses, redeem the poem from any weakness or insipidity. Not so, however, in the translation:—

'I see thee, when the wanton wind is busy,
And dust clouds rise;
In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy
The wanderer hies.

'I hear thee, when the waves with hollow roaring
 Gush forth *their fill*;
 Often along the heath *I go exploring*,
 When all is still.'

Welcome and Departure, one of the finest of Goethe's love-ballads, is also one of the best specimens of translation this volume contains. But for one astonishing instance of purposeless exaggeration, we should say this little poem could scarcely be more fairly and elegantly done into English. 'I saw thee,' says Goethe, 'and the mild delight floated from thy sweet glance to me.' 'We met,' says Martin,

'and from thy glance *a tide*
Of stifling joy flowed into me!'

'Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man!'

Perhaps all the faults of the translation cannot be better exemplified than in the beautiful, genial, simple poem called *The Happy Pair*. Scarce a verse of it which has not in Mr. Aytoun's version some awkward phrase, some vulgar colloquialism, some imbecile common-place, some tawdry ornamentation. If space would permit us to quote the original and the translation side by side, no word need be said to indicate the character of the latter. It has even blunders of verbal rendering, such as,—

'Yes, Love for us hath carried
 His torch across the sea;'

thus presenting the happy German country pair as emigrants or explorers, because Mr. Aytoun thought *am See* meant 'across the sea!' We need not tell anybody who has learned the elements of the language, that *See* masculine (indicated in this line by the abbreviation of *an dem*) means 'lake;'; *See* in the feminine does, indeed, mean 'sea;'; and in this instance the carelessness or ignorance of the translator converted the rambling of the wedded pair by the reedy shore of the lake, into wide wanderings across the ocean! This is not, indeed, the only instance in which the belief has involuntarily come upon us, that, along with many other requisites to qualify him to translate Goethe, one, at least, of the authors of this volume needed, in the first instance, a slight knowledge of German.

Some better specimens the book does, however, contain. *The Bride of Corinth* is, upon the whole, a spirited as well as faithful translation. It has defects, beyond doubt, and some careless inaccuracies. *Angekleidet sich auf's Bette legt*, does not mean,

‘On the couch he laid him still *undressed*,’ but exactly the contrary.

‘*Morgen bist du grau,
Und nur braun erscheinst du wieder dort,*

is very inaccurately rendered by,—

‘Soon must thou decay,
Soon wilt thou be grey,
Dark although to-night thy tresses be.

Nevertheless, on the whole, it is an effective and forcible version, and, in the closing passages especially, glows up into something like the vividness and fire of the original. *The God and the Bayadere* is also a correct and an impressive translation without exaggeration, although not without one or two awkward and inelegant phrases. *The Visit* is freely and gracefully transformed into English. Throughout the volume the translators have approached success only in those poems whose sentiments or story involved in themselves so much of their character and value, that any reasonable degree of correctness and eloquence must secure the interest, at least, if not the admiration, of the reader.

We cannot, then, upon the whole, pronounce this a satisfactory essay at the introduction of Goethe’s minor poems to English homes. The defects we have pointed out are not singular or rare. They were taken but at random, and it is not exaggeration to say, that almost every page would offer similar examples. Even those we have glanced at are, however, quite sufficient to mar the value of a volume so very limited in its contents. No one can lay the book down with anything but a feeling of disappointment and of surprise. It does not sustain the reputation which its authors previously enjoyed as scholars and versifiers; and it cannot be suffered to go to the public as an adequate, or even a tolerable, effort to present English readers with an idea of Goethe’s minstrel genius. The translators have foolishly attempted to gild the refined gold of the poet’s language, and to paint the exquisite lily of his thoughts.

As to the selections made by any translators who only profess to give random specimens, there must, of course, be wide differences of opinion. In this volume there seem to us to be at least two or three poems which might with great propriety have been omitted. Probably, however, the number which the translators have included comprehends about as many of Goethe’s minor poems as can ever be made welcome to English readers. A few which they have introduced appear intended to afford a glimpse or two of Goethe’s humour, which was certainly not the brightest phase

of the great poet's genius. It is cold humour at the best; there is nothing spontaneous, genial, or warming in it. Freakishness was the most mirthful characteristic of Goethe's younger days, and not the hearty ebullience of genuine boyish spirits. His very freaks were most often fantastic intellectual flights: wild extravaganzas of verse-making; absurd improvisation; frantic metrical jumbles of nonsense and satirical sense; keen-cutting caricatures of the ways and weaknesses of those around him. A few humorous specimens, which this volume contains, are feebly translated, and are in themselves quite unexhilarating. Humour of the true kind has never been a characteristic of German genius. Even in the flighty conceits and fantastic digressions of the warm-hearted and genial Richter, there is little mirth for the reader; and Schiller is coldest and least winning when he attempts to make us laugh. Such a vein of humour as that of Shakspeare, or that of Molière, no German we know of can discover; to that of Sterne or Swift alone is any approach made. That Goethe, in his maturer years, essayed such a kind of poem at all, was but a part of his intellectual system, which strove to stretch itself out upon every side, and become equal upon all; to be mentally the *teres atque rotundus*, — 'the smooth and round,' — which it was the philosophy of the Latin poet morally to strive for. They who would appreciate Goethe in his strength must know him in his dramatic power, in his interpretation of the manifold strivings of the intellect, and in his pathos. The highest examples of these capabilities, even so far as the minor poems display them, will not be found in this volume; and it would, indeed, scarcely have suited the purpose of the translators to include them. The finest specimens of depth, clearness, and at the same time condensation of thought, will be found in his epigrams and scattered scraps of poetic wisdom, none of which can reasonably be held to come within the compass of such an undertaking. The poems in which Goethe delights to lift his intellect beyond the atmosphere of ordinary intelligence, and to amuse himself with easy poetizing in regions which others cannot reach without difficulty, or breathe in without pain, would be as much out of place in a volume destined for popularity, as a selection from the *Critique of Pure Reason*, or the letters of Reinhold. Almost as a matter of necessity, all translators are limited to that range of songs containing least of the peculiar elements by which Goethe is distinguished from other poets. Even the pieces in this little volume which most adequately represent his genius, and are best rendered, are just those which will be least widely appreciated. What chance is there of making, by

any skill of translation, the *Bride of Corinth* an English favourite? The point of view to which it compels us is one whose temporary assumption even is repugnant, and seems to many minds to involve almost an outrage upon Christianity; the subject is horrifying and ghastly; the details suggestive of flesh-creeping associations. The translation of this poem is, as we have said, one of the best in the volume; but we feel confident that other poems, not comparable in the power of genius, and translated with far greater defects of execution, might find a dozen admirers for every one who can tolerate the spectral pagan *Bride*. Even where no objections of so decided a character stand between the great German and an English popularity, others arise which, if they involve no moral considerations, are for intellectual reasons not less difficult to surmount. Simplicity of thought is a key to popularity, but not simplicity of style combined with subtlety of thought; and this combination is the characteristic of all, save the most trivial, of Goethe's poems. With all his universality of genius, and his many high qualities of heart, he was, as we have already said, no poet of humanity. He is the aristocrat or the *savant* of poetry. You must come within a certain sphere before you can know what of good there is in him; you must have mastered a certain degree of knowledge before you can understand him. He set before himself a task, and he fulfilled that alone; he believed that he had discovered the right scope of his influence, and he did not seek to deepen or widen it. He fills, indeed, a high place in literature, and breathes in an elevated and rarefied atmosphere of intellect; but to those who cannot reach towards him, he will not descend with helpful, uplifting hand. No peasant's cottage will ring with the refrain of his songs; no popular gathering will be stirred to enthusiasm by the inspiration of his sentiments; no untutored eye will be opened to a sense of art by his images of beauty; no poor and lowly heart will find riches of consolation or object of noble faith in the maxims of his cold and sceptical philosophy.

ART. VI.—*The Sinlessness of Jesus : an Evidence for Christianity.*

By DR. C. ULLMANN. Edinburgh : Clark. 1858.

It is the hard necessity of modern German theology to be in every department apologetic. Whether unfolding the faith, explaining the Scripture, contending for individual points of doctrine, or discussing ecclesiastical ordinances and ceremonies, it must never forget, and can never lay aside, a certain tone of

pleading for Christianity itself, which the Rationalism of a century has compelled it to assume. Calm, uncontested Christian doctrine there is none, save in quiet corners; the German Protestant faith is not tranquil and fixed enough for that. Honest polemics, fierce in assault and defence of this or that doctrine, but holding fast by common consent the sure foundation of all doctrine,—and which on that account has given birth to a very large portion of the most precious divinity of all ages and all Churches,—may be said to be only beginning to find its place. Not yet are these good men enabled to stand in confident possession of their central vantage-ground, and establish their lines from that secure position. Those who argue for particular points of the faith once delivered to the saints, constantly betray their anxiety about the question whether that faith was *ever delivered at all*. They teach, expound, and argue like men who are always in the presence of the infidel; as if under the necessity of preparing every moment for the possibility of the enemy's explosion of the whole matter by a ruthless questioning of the very first principles of Christianity. With one trembling hand they strive to build up the Church of God, but a dread of interruption and assault obliges them to hold a defensive weapon in the other.

This is indeed a dreary obligation, the distress and perplexity of the orthodox divines of modern Germany. It pleads loudly for the tolerance and sympathy of those upon whom such a stern probation is not laid; a tolerance, however, which is perhaps not so generally felt, or so frankly accorded, as it ought to be. For, this everlasting strife for fundamentals is not their fault, but their vocation and duty,—the burden imposed upon them by their fidelity to Christ. Whatever errors may be in their tactics, and whatever failures in individual skirmishes, the war on the whole is a holy war. The Holy Spirit, the Captain of the Lord's host, is conducting it; and conducting it in such a glorious manner as to give augury of a successful issue, sure, if not speedy. To those who look at German theology with eyes of wise charity, it is evident that it is gradually assuming a more steady and assured consistency of tone. There is less of the doubtful Apology; more of the vigorous Polemics; and much more of the tranquil Doctrine, with its attendant practical and experimental divinity.

Meanwhile, those who sympathize most cordially with the severity of its late probation, and who most heartily wish it success in its militant development of the truth, cannot but be conscious of the unhappy influence which this tone of unintermitting apology has exerted upon German theology, even of the soundest kind. Many exemplifications might readily be found, were it our purpose to exhibit them; but we would now refer briefly to

one, viz., the exaggerated estimate of the province and ability of reason in conducting the warfare with Rationalists. This is precisely the error which might be expected naturally to mislead the defender of the Christian cause against such adversaries; indeed, so naturally to be expected as to be almost venial. It could scarcely be otherwise than that reasoning should be relied upon to undo the work of reasoning; and that, in their zealous determination to foil the gainsayers at their own weapons, the champions of revelation should be tempted to conduct the warfare too exclusively within the bounds of the pure understanding. The logical process seems to those who construct it irrefragably sound, and they draw their conclusions with most unsuspecting confidence. But they forget that a higher light in themselves has been unconsciously conducting the argument; and that their adversaries, not having *that light in them*, cannot thus be made to share their convictions. Too much, in short, has been expected from the pure apology of human reason; it has been pressed beyond its legitimate domain; and, in most instances, whatever triumphs it has won have been won from those whose latent convictions were already on its side. It has done service; but not in the way which it over-ambitiously prescribed to itself.

These observations will fairly introduce the few remarks we have to make upon the present volume,—*The Sinlessness of Jesus: an Evidence for Christianity*. Thirty years ago, when every writer in Germany who would do God service, was obliged to fight the battle of the Foundation, Ullmann published the germ of this work as an essay. It excited great attention, as a bold, yet reverent, attempt to argue from the historical postulates of the character of Jesus, and the influence of that character upon the world, to the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity, and the supreme claims of His Revelation. The treatise has slowly expanded under the author's hands; but although the doctrinal bearings of the question have been more fully developed, it has adhered closely to its original scope,—the purely apologetic. The work is well worthy of an attentive reading. Apart from its value as an argument, of which more anon, it is rich in evangelical truth, exceedingly beautiful in its literary form, devout and earnest in its tone, and altogether a fair example of the reviving orthodoxy of the Fatherland of Rationalism. Moreover, it is to a grateful extent free from those characteristics which are wont to repel Englishmen from German theology; and it is singularly fortunate in having found a translator who has done his part to make it acceptable to the English public.

The author's undertaking in this work is a very bold one. It is to make the sinless character of the Founder of Christianity

the basis of an argument with the unbeliever: the doctrine, therefore, of Scripture and the Church, on this transcendent subject, is necessarily left out of view; the phenomena of Christ and Christianity are assumed; reason conducts reason from these premises through a subtle chain of deduction, which issues at length in the demonstration of the sublimest mysteries of Christianity, or, at least, in the removal of every objection to them which human speculation can oppose. The dogmatic view, therefore, of the sinlessness of Jesus, though it is utterly excluded at the outset, comes out in full at the close; but still 'within the limits of the pure reason.'

Now, in all this we perceive the two faults which might have been expected to infect such an undertaking: first, the apologetic force of the argument is greatly over-estimated; and, secondly, the doctrinal result to which it leads savours too much of the spirit of concession. In other words, the apology is too high in its strain, the doctrine too low. In fact, the *doctrine* of the sinlessness of Jesus is anticipated in the argument which should lead to it. It is throughout an unconscious pre-supposition, inevitably necessary to so ambitious a process of reasoning. The true, real, doctrinal sinlessness of the Redeemer is a conception which cannot be apprehended, realized, and understood without a cordial acceptance of the entire Christian scheme. But the pleader here has this inexpressible advantage over the mind which he would convince. His argumentation is sublimely conclusive to one who already holds the faith; it would be so even to one who should be supposed thoroughly open to the demonstration of the Spirit, the sole Interpreter of the mystery of God and of Christ; but its latent, unexpressed, unconscious assumptions must ever be fatal obstacles to its entire success with the mind bent only on reasoning its way to conviction.

Hence, it has been found that the course of reasoning here pursued with loyal and reverent zeal has achieved its triumphs, not among the Rationalists themselves, who have readily found, as this book bears witness, their defensive armour; but among those who have been partially prepared for its effect by a certain amount of faith in the historical New Testament, by a certain acceptance of Christian doctrine, and by a certain simplicity of disposition which at least does not repel the Divine guidance of the Spirit. Its failure in its higher and, as we think, impracticable object, is no bar to its success in this lower sphere. It cannot do much with those who are totally blind; but among those who see men as trees walking, it may be exceedingly useful. Doubtless, the Holy Ghost has blessed this, and many other such honest *à priori* defences of Christianity, with success.

among the large class of waverers, in compensation for their lack of success among those with whom they are not competent to deal. They help to remove a thousand objections. They give unity and consistency to views previously undefined and vague. They prepare the way for a higher pleader and better arguments; with a certain class of minds they are the very best forerunners of that higher conviction. This kind of service may not satisfy their ambition; but it is good service, nevertheless. We believe that this present work has been of the greatest use to a very large class of thinkers in Germany; and that there are not a few unsettled minds in England to whom it will be of equal use. But we question if ever one of the class for whom it was ambitiously designed, has owed his faith to its instrumentality.

No one can read this treatise without being deeply convinced of the central importance of the Sinlessness of Jesus in Christian theology,—apologetical, doctrinal, and practical. There is no word in the Christian vocabulary more absolutely fundamental than this. But, on that very account, it requires and demands to be studied in all its universality. As it expresses the greatest and most sacred mystery which the mind of man can contemplate, it conveys not its full meaning save to those who understand the speech of the Holy Ghost, and who are by Him led into the inner sanctuary where God in Christ tabernacles with men. It has its earthly and its heavenly sense. The former belongs to the apologist; the latter to the teacher of Christianity: the former may be explained, enforced, and argued from by man; the latter is in the keeping of the Divine Spirit. This distinction, the omission of which, though doubtless an intentional omission, is the fault of the present treatise, we shall occupy a few pages with establishing.

‘The sinlessness of Jesus’ is a phrase which, in all its full meaning, can only be understood doctrinally. All that the apologist for Christianity can mean by it, all that he can expect his enemy to concede to him in its use, is the perfect faultlessness of Jesus of Nazareth, as judged by every standard which man’s idea of excellence can apply to it. He may so skilfully deal with the historical representation of Christ’s character as to lead the adversary step by step to the very confines of the great mystery beyond. But at that point apology ceases, and doctrine begins. Nor can any man form any apprehension of the *absolute sinlessness* of the Redeemer until he deduces it from the great fact upon which it rests.

Undoubtedly, the character of Jesus may be employed in defence of His revelation. Nay, in its own domain the argument from that character is the strongest and best external evidence

for the Gospel; external, viz., to the mind of the believer; though, as it regards the Gospel revelation itself, it may be regarded as internal evidence. It is in fact the fundamental ground of all other evidence; of itself most mighty, and giving strength and validity to all the rest. Its power in the argument with the world without is, 1. Negative. That is, the glory of the character of Jesus may be represented in such a manner as to silence all objections to this revelation which might derive their strength from anything incompatible with His claims in Himself; and this is the strictly defensive and apologetic use of the Redeemer's sanctity. It is, 2. Positive. That is, its exhibition may enforce attention, exert an attractive power, and most mightily recommend the claims of Him who professes to reveal the Father's will; and this is the offensive and apologetic use of the Redeemer's sanctity. The sinlessness of Jesus—whatever the word may mean—is such as, on the one hand, to silence every preliminary objection to the Gospel; and, on the other, to demand, with authority irresistible, a hearing for His claims. There apology ends; and when there is superadded a third element of argumentative power, and it is assumed that the honest reason of man must admit, after the thoughtful contemplation of the Redeemer's character, merely as such, and without any further teaching, the conviction of His supreme and essential sinlessness, and therefore the whole fulness of the Christian faith, we are constrained to demur. The author would have done well to pause where we pause; and, having brought the inquirer to the threshold, with all opposition removed and deep interest excited, to recommend to him the Person of Christ as revealed by the Divine Spirit within the sanctuary.

There does not exist a more masterly vindication of the Lord's sinlessness, as it has been impugned by the enemies of Christianity, than this volume contains. Our reverence would almost recoil sometimes from so elaborate a vindication of the Holy One, were it not that He Himself has set us the example of patience in disarming the resentments of His slanderers, and in obviating the misconceptions of ignorant inquirers. Every one whose unhappy lot it is to find himself external to Christianity, has a perfect right to demand that the recorded and traditional character of One who makes such awful pretensions should be above human impeachment, at least, and, as far as man can judge, above Divine.

Let it not be supposed that we refer to those attacks upon the Redeemer's character which call in question or asperse its purity and sincerity. The reader of this book will not find a sentence

which recognises the existence of any such enemies of the Christian faith as would impute to the soul of Jesus conscious deceit and hypocrisy. Such enemies there have been; for the depths of Satan in the spirit of man are unfathomable; but, to the credit of Germany be it spoken, very few of them have been found there. Into this lowest and vilest sink of infidelity the French and the English infidels have sunk, to their eternal infamy; but the unbelief of German Rationalism has almost always respected the ideal image of our Lord as impressed upon the Gospels. The men who could read the New Testament, and find in any page of it the slightest vestige of aught that malice might torture into a charge against the integrity of the moral character of Jesus of Nazareth, are beneath the notice of the Christian apologist. This writer does not allude to their existence, and his tranquil contempt is just. But there are forms of honest objection—so far honest, that is, as any doubt about Christ's word can be honest—which a fair consideration of the Life in the Gospels will obviate. The worse than Jewish aspersions upon the motives and character of our Lord which have been from the Apostate's time—not Judas; that infamy at least lay not upon him, but Julian—more or less current, should be answered only by pointing to the Gospel narrative. His Lord will forgive him if the loyal spirit of His servant declines to defend the integrity of One about whose character his mind is incapable of *thinking* any evil. As to those two or three instances of overt human infirmity which seem to disturb here and there the serene image of Christ with the semblance of passion, and those instances of apparent deception which seem to question His sincerity, they suggest their own reply to all those who are not beyond all perception of what is pure. A few notes are all that is spent upon them in this volume, and even they are more than enough.

In fact, this simply defensive apology scarcely enters into the design of our treatise. It sets out with exhibiting the transcendent perfection of our Lord, as displayed in His life, as attested by His disciples, as never contradicted by His foes, and above all as avowed by Himself. The objections here dealt with are those which infidelity may urge against the possibility of such a sinlessness in human nature as Jesus asserts for Himself. This is what we have termed the offensive apology, that scarcely pauses to ask with Christ, *Which of you convinceth Me of sin?* but proceeds at once to urge the all-commanding claims to hearing and consideration of Christ's own assertion of His character and mission. Now, here there is a distinction, according to the object which the apologist has in view. He may take the lower

ground, and so plead the excellence of the Redeemer's character as to remove every honest objection, and make it morally binding upon every man to hear His words; trusting to the assurance of the Lord Himself, that he who, with unprejudiced mind, and a heart drawn by the attraction of goodness in Christ, cometh to Him, shall be taught from above. The sinless character of Jesus is simply set forth as an attraction, which ought to be irresistible, to hear His words; being the certain introduction to a Divine Interpreter of the mysteries of the Redeeming person and work of Christ. The other plan is at once to assume and establish the perfect sinlessness of Jesus, defending it against all the arguments which philosophy or exposition may urge, and then to deduce all the inferences concerning human salvation which follow. This is the plan adopted in our treatise; and it is one to which we have already demurred, as over-estimating the power of argument, and under-estimating the office of the Holy Spirit.

We will suppose the author to have established that the New Testament claims for Jesus—that He claims Himself, and His disciples claim for Him—an absolute freedom from sin, and a perfect oneness with God in all things. What then should be his course but to urge upon one that is already so far prepared as to receive the testimony of the Gospels concerning Christ, the necessity of seeking the higher revelation which is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost? This is the method of argument and conviction which the Lord Himself has prescribed. He has sanctioned no other. He permits His human advocates to plead the spotlessness of His life, the perfect self-renunciation of His spirit, the sublimity of His moral teaching, the consistency of the great whole of His work upon earth,—to silence all preliminary objections to His claims, and to establish a mighty inducement to consider those claims. But the Divinity upon which those claims are based, the eternal reason of that spotlessness of life, the heavenly mystery of His sacred Being, He has not left to the pleading of any mortal advocate.

Throughout the whole course of His own warfare with the unbelief of His generation, our Saviour never based His condemnation upon the wilful refusal of His enemies to follow the conclusions of their own reason, but upon their conscious resistance of a direct Divine demonstration which accompanied His word and works. That which they refused, He constantly tells the Jews, in St. John's Gospel, was the testimony of the Father, which might have been heard in every word He spake, and seen in every act He performed. Every time He presented Himself before them, there was an immediate and specific Divine influence—a virtue going out of Himself—which imparted a Divine

power of demonstration, irresistible to all who were not in their inmost spirit resisting the will of God. This we may reverently term the demonstration of the Incarnate Person and work of the Redeemer, which was peculiar to Himself and His own earthly ministry, and which passed away with Him when He departed from this world; but only to be reproduced in the still higher demonstration of the Holy Ghost; who not merely reveals the deeper mysteries of the Son of God made flesh, but must be appealed to as the direct Mediator in every transaction between the reason of man and the eternal Word. As no man knew the Son in the days of His flesh but he to whom the Father revealed Him, so no man can know the Son now in the days of His glorification but he to whom the Holy Spirit reveleth Him. The Redeemer would not have left His own generation under such a terrible sentence of condemnation, if He had not enforced the claims of His works and words with a much higher demonstration than mere human reason would have found in them; and if the men of our generation are to be convinced, it will not be by reasoning which is independent of the Holy Ghost.

The reasoning with which we have to deal is essentially independent of the Holy Ghost. His name, His offices, His relation to the person of the Redeemer and the letter of His words, are never once alluded to throughout this volume. But the very entireness of this suppression—for suppression it must be in the case of one so evangelical as the writer—shows that the author intends no dishonour to the Divine Spirit, but that the line of argument adopted requires that special Divine demonstration to be omitted. The omission, however, is as unphilosophical as it is repugnant to the simplicity of faith. The process of this argument *must* include the Divine Spirit as the Interpreter of Christ's person. The Gospels are taken for granted; but those Gospels present to us the Holy Ghost as distinctly as Christ Himself, and precisely in the capacity and function of Revealer of Christ's character. His person is as well defined as that of the Son and that of the Father. If it be said that the enemies believe not as yet on the Holy Ghost, then they cannot be made to believe in the personal, in opposition to the mythical, Christ. If it be said that they believe only in a Divine influence so named, then that influence—to which such a sublime function in the explanation of the Gospel is assigned—should not be excluded; though we should prefer to say that, in such a case, the miserable result of all the argument would only be a Socinian sinlessness of a Socinian Christ,—not worth the pains. If it be said that the revelation of the Holy Ghost must be reserved for

the further and future enlightenment of the inquirer, that we deny. *I and the Spirit are one*: from the mystery of the moment of the incarnation to the final offering up of the sacrifice, all was by the eternal Spirit; and so from the first right perception of Jesus in the mind of man to His final glorification in man's triple nature, all is by the eternal Spirit. If, finally, it be said that the Holy Ghost can be summoned only into the *doctrinal* statement of Christ's sinlessness, that we readily admit, and argue from it that there can be no apprehension of Christ's sinlessness which is not doctrinal in its grounds, definition, and consequences.

There is a sin against the Holy Ghost which is not the unpardonable sin. One form of that sin is the practical forgetfulness of His supreme function as the Inspirer, Keeper, Defender, and Expositor of the Revelation of God, and everything that it includes. *If I be the Master, where is Mine honour?* is the Divine protest of the Holy Spirit in these later times. Rationalism, in all its dreary processes and phases, is the direct result of that dishonour. It might have been hoped that the reaction from Rationalism in modern Germany would have secured a very marked place in its theology to the Person and Offices of the only true Mediator between man and his Redeemer; but it has been otherwise. There are indeed refreshing signs that He is gradually assuming his proper place in the 'consciousness' of German divinity, especially in the department of exposition; but there are long arrears of neglect to be atoned for, before His smile will brighten the face of German Protestantism. He who once pleaded for His own co-equal honour, in the unity of the Father, now pleads for the co-equal honour of His Spirit, in the unity of the Father and the Son. It is high time that the inexhaustible learning and zeal which have been spent of late upon the *development of the doctrine of the person* of Christ should be, not diverted, but extended, to the person of the Holy Ghost. Till then, Rationalism will be a baffled and humbled, but not a vanquished, foe.

We will now quote the beautiful summary in which the author gives us the conclusion of his argument as such:—

'Let us now glance at the results arrived at. It has been seen that all that is recorded in the Gospels of the relation in which men the most differently constituted stood to Jesus, the hatred of foes, the bearing of the indifferent, the confession of the traitor, the undying love and reverence of His friends, all furnish a testimony to the moral greatness of Jesus. This testimony is corroborated by the general moral impression which Jesus produced upon those with whom He came in contact, an impression which is moreover expressed in a full,

minute, and uniform life-picture, and thus becomes for us a guarantee of a life not only morally sublime, but also perfectly pure and holy. This testimony receives, further, its full force from what Jesus says of Himself, from those clear expressions of His own self-consciousness which intimate a purity and dignity of moral character, and, in closest connexion therewith, an assurance of perfect oneness with God, such as can only be accounted for on the supposition of the actual existence of perfect holiness of character. But this is not the whole. The impression which the life of Jesus called forth, and the expression which He gave to His own consciousness of inward purity, do not stand isolated and alone, but are borne up and attested by the world-embracing effects which He has produced. These effects have influenced the moral and religious life of humanity in the individual and in the mass; and they are of such a character as can be comprehended only by admitting the holy purity of His person; for only by an individual of sinless holiness could they have been caused. For what are these effects? They are the complete renovation of the moral life, the assured consciousness of redemption from sin, and the implantation of the element of holiness in man, which rests upon the conviction that this holiness has in truth appeared among men as perfect love and as close and unbroken fellowship with God.

‘In these testimonies and these facts we have every evidence that can reasonably be demanded of the truth of His sinless purity. Neither sensible, nor mathematical, nor logically-incontrovertible certainty can be reached at all in this province: and the effect of the evidence we have adduced concerning Christ, has in all ages depended upon the degree in which the mind is susceptible to it, and the heart capable of being religiously and morally affected, and willing to believe in the reality of what is noble and true. Hence, as in the reception of all super-sensible truths there is an element of faith required, and therefore doubt is not absolutely excluded, so is it in this case too. Consequently, in spite of all evidence, objections it will now be our task to examine.’—Page 138.

This passage does not exaggerate the result of the preceding induction of evidence. We repeat that up to this point the present volume is without a flaw: it exhibits the form and character to which the reverence in human nature turns with perfect adoring love, with a completeness and beauty not surpassed, if equalled, anywhere else. What justice may be done to the lustre of that light which shines in its own sole glory, and darkens all other light, has been done in these pages. Nothing that may be said against the style and conclusiveness of the argument should be perverted into a disparagement of the treatise itself as a whole. The reader must be strangely blinded by prejudice who would not feel his devotion to the Redeemer quickened by these loyal, reverent, and glowing pages.

But we cannot help perceiving the conscious infirmity of the

argument, as confessed in the latter part of this quotation. Before considering the objections which the author anticipates, and his manner of dealing with them, we cannot refrain from suggesting that at this point he should have called in the assistance of a higher advocate, and challenged the attention of reason to what this pure and holy Person says concerning the necessity of being taught from above in order to a right understanding of His kingdom and person. It seems an humbler method of argument, but it is the only sure one, to say, 'This is all that reason can do with reason; the rest must be taught of God.' And it is a course which commends itself to reason; for if the sincere inquirer has been brought so far as to perceive and admit the unexampled majesty and purity of the character of Christ, he will be prepared and willing to ask for enlightenment from above. Nay, he will resent mere human reasoning from that moment as unsatisfying. He will feel constrained to suspend all further objections, and go at once, as Nicodemus did, impelled by the same conviction of the superhuman excellence of Christ, to the Redeemer Himself; by Him to be taught, as Nicodemus was, that though reason may guide the soul by night to One who is felt to be a *Teacher come from God*, it requires a regenerating faith to apprehend *the Son of God who came down from heaven, and is in heaven*.

But the question arises, Does reason indeed find its way in the night to Jesus? In other words, Can any man be brought to the conclusion which the above extract assumes as admitted, without the influence of the Holy Ghost? The author does not say *Yes* in words, but the whole argument seems to pre-suppose it. But we say most absolutely, *No*. No man can take the Gospels in his hands, for the purpose of examining the character of Christ, without a third presence. The Divine Spirit is the Keeper of the record concerning the Redeemer; and He makes the character of Christ, both as exhibited in His own person, and as dimly reflected in His saints, a probation to every man who beholds it. The process of conviction concerning the Holy One, which is conducted with such tranquil eloquence in this volume, is conducted by the Holy Ghost, and not by Dr. Ullmann. That *he* can exhibit it so well proves that he has been himself taught from above; and the imaginary person whom he conducts with so much clearness, and who is led with so much docility, is most certainly under that teaching too. No man can accept this preamble of Christ's charter of Lordship without the influence of the same Spirit who alone can enable him to *call Him Lord*. Then why not say at once?—'Thou art under the influence which He of whom thou readest, predicted. He promised that He

would draw all men; He is drawing thee. The Spirit is now the Forerunner of Christ to thy soul; He will be His Revealer, and finally His Glorifier within thee. Own the attraction from above, and follow on to know the Lord.'

Instead of this, our apology is diverted to a hundred pages of reply to the objections of the speculative reason, which stumbles at the idea of an absolutely sinless being within the limits of mortality. Let us consider these objections well, and we shall be obliged to own that they cannot be fairly met except on the assumption of a faith in the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Were these objections introduced as reasons for not accepting the doctrine of the Incarnation, the answer made to them in this volume would be sufficient. Regarded as the last efforts of unbelief in its recoil from the great mystery which the Spirit would teach, these scruples are perfectly natural; they require to be met by argument, and may be successfully argued away. But, regarded as the rebellion of reason against a conviction which reason would enforce by argument alone, these objections cannot be satisfactorily met.

The inquirer is supposed to know nothing more than what the New Testament has said concerning the supreme holiness of Jesus, and is left to draw his own conclusions:—

'We do not say, Because Christ was the Son of God, He could not be subject to sin; or, Because He was the Redeemer, He must have been free from sin. What we say is, Because He was free from sin, and showed Himself in all respects perfectly pure and holy, we are warranted in believing that He was the Son of God, the Deliverer from all sin, the Author of true redemption, and the Revealer of redeeming truth. Our way lies, if the expression be rightly understood, not outwards from within, but inwards from without. Our method is simply this: from the impression which Jesus made, from the way in which He expressed His consciousness concerning Himself, and from the effects which have gone forth from Him, we argue to what His moral personality must have been: and only when we have discovered the peculiar nature of that, do we proceed to draw our conclusion as to the Divine origin of such a personality. In a word, His sinlessness is the point to be first proved, not that we may rest there, but that we may thence recognise the true dignity of Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer of the world. Doctrinally to maintain the sinlessness of Christ were to believe an empty form, if that doctrine had no basis of historical reality; and the historical reality would lie on something fragmentary and detached, were it not organically united with the sum total of the Christian system: in the last instance, the two fall into one. But while, on that very account, the two methods mutually presuppose and require one another, still, in their practical treatment, they must be carefully distinguished and kept separate; and we enter

our protest against any one applying to our discussion a measure by which he would be justified in determining upon a dogmatical treatment of the subject.—Page 21.

Is it not certain that the human mind will resort to every possible device before *suggesting to itself* the one only solution of the new phenomenon of the excellence of Jesus?

These devices are exhibited with luminous comprehensiveness and force; they are met with very great acuteness; and, if we regard this whole section of the book only as a defence of the *doctrine* of the sinlessness, we may speak of it in terms of almost the same unqualified praise which we used with reference to the first part. The pleader asserts that Jesus is absolutely sinless, by the evidence of historical testimony. The opponent first denies the fact, on the same evidence; and then denies the possibility of the fact. In denying the fact of the sinlessness of Jesus, he appeals to three arguments: First, sinlessness is inconsistent with a progressive development of the *person*, and of the *plan*, of the Messiah: Secondly, sinlessness and the idea of temptation are incompatible: Thirdly, certain facts are opposed to the idea of the absolute sinlessness of Jesus. Supposing all these arguments overcome, the objector then denies the possibility of sinlessness generally in the sphere of human life: in urging his argument he appeals to universal experience, and then to certain transcendental conditions connected with the idea of sinlessness in the abstract. However subtle may be the defence set up, we maintain that the objector cannot be dislodged from these intréenchments by merely combating his arguments. Until he receives the Atonement, there is a lurking, indestructible conviction in his mind which no reasoning can affect. Christ, till then, can be known only after the flesh. But, if the question be asked, Are any or all of these objections sufficient to justify an obstinate resistance to the Spirit's testimony concerning the Divine sinlessness of Jesus? we answer, No. But the only arguments which are used in this book will scarcely sustain the negative.

The full and satisfactory reply to these arguments must necessarily involve all the questions which have been raised in connexion with the doctrine of the Redeemer's sinlessness. In fact, they are in reality objections to the doctrine. They would never have been urged, they never could have been thought of, but by men thoroughly versed in all the controversies which have vexed the subject. Let us ask what the doctrine is, and then return to these objections as arming the infidel in his refusal to accept it.

The doctrine or dogma of the sinlessness of Jesus has never

been determined of itself, either in Scripture or the Church's interpretation of Scripture. But, by necessary implication, it is in both most expressly declared. The eternal Son of God was made flesh; and He, that one Person who is the Son of God made flesh, dwelt among us. Therefore He is sinless. But, granting that, there are different ways of viewing this sinlessness, all supposed to be reconcilable with orthodoxy. First, He is sinless as to the Divine Nature, of which of course the *non posse peccare* must be predicated. But in His human nature He is not impeccable; without sin, and with the *posse non peccare* like Adam, but, like Adam, with the awful *posse peccare*. Or, secondly, the human nature in Christ being supposed capable of sin, its union with the Divine effected its sanctification; so that of the One Person after the incarnation absolute impeccability may be predicated. The two views are very distinct, and respectively give a distinct colouring to the theology in which they are held.

The apologetical spirit of this treatise, and of German theology generally, prefers the former of these views, and consistently carries it out. 'The predicate which affirms the impossibility of sinning can be applied to God alone; of Him it is true in the absolute necessity of His nature,—a necessity which is identical with the highest liberty. The idea of a God who could sin, or who could be really tempted to sin, were an absurdity: God and sin are two conceptions which absolutely exclude each other. The possibility of not sinning we must ascribe to man in the abstract,—to man, viewed as the creature fresh from the hand of the Creator. This possibility is implied in his liberty, by which he is as yet fully free to abstain from sin. Sinlessness, in the practical sense, can be predicated only of a certain individual. That individual must be one in whose case the impossibility of sinning does not follow at once from a necessity of his nature; who, in other words, is susceptible of being tempted. On the other hand, he must be one whom we may believe endowed with an integrity of moral nature, by means of which the possibility of not sinning is his. In a case where both these conditions are fulfilled, the development of a life altogether pure and holy is conceivable: a life it would be which we should have to regard as at once typically perfect,—raised far above everything which history tells us of, and, at the same time, as truly human; and this is what we hold the moral character and life of Jesus to have been.' It is found expedient, of course, to concede to the opponent that a Person, of whom it is said that He increased in wisdom, and was made perfect by sufferings, must necessarily be subject to the conditions of that

nature which is seen developing itself in Him; and, therefore, that there was in Jesus a possibility of sinning. This the apology freely concedes; but then argues that this does not imply the necessity of sinning, and that the development which issued in such a maturity as that of Jesus, must be conceived of as perfectly holy.

The objector is supposed to be answered. But we confess that he may justly remonstrate against being met by so vague a *dictum* as this, that 'the positive certainty of the development of Jesus being sinless must be sought in another direction, namely, by proving that it is an unavoidable presupposition, if the actual condition and character of Jesus, at a subsequent period, is to be satisfactorily explained, and not to seem utterly out of connexion with His earlier life.' If he were told the grounds on which the Scriptures base the *unavoidable presupposition*, it would be a different matter. He would have a real argument to meet, either admitting or refusing it. Nor is there any possibility of meeting this objection of the *development* of Jesus,—a word which has a very extensive meaning in this question, including His mental and moral nature, the unfolding of His plan, the accomplishment of all His aims,—without introducing the mystery of Christ's person itself. His development was not that of a human nature unfolding its capacities, strengthening its energies, and reaching its consummation, according to the normal idea of its Creator. That, indeed, it certainly was; but not in any such sense as we could refer it to a creature. The humanity of our Redeemer developed its glorious energies as taken into union with Divinity; not merely as watched over, directed, shielded, and saved by that Divinity,—this is only a gentle expression of the Nestorianism which, more or less diluted, has never been absent from Christian theology,—but as taken into ineffable and *indissoluble* union with the Deity. The *plan* of the Redeemer—a term of German invention, the only redeeming feature of which is, that it gives prominence to the *one Person* of Christ—is the evolution of an eternal purpose which was seen in all its perfect grandeur of accomplishment, before the first outline of its projection was visible among men. In the volume of an earlier book than the Psalms it had been *written*. In fact, the only argument which will effectually silence the otherwise inexhaustible protests against being *obliged* to admit a sinless development of Jesus in humanity, is, that it was a development which the hypostatical union made *necessarily* sinless; that, in short, humanity, as belonging to that One Person without a fellow, whatever depth of humiliation and sorrow it might render possible to that Person, could not sin.

This directly introduces the next objection, derived from the temptability of Jesus; and the fact, that resistance to temptations required the whole force of His moral nature to be roused and kept excited to its highest pitch of vigour throughout the whole of His life. This is perfectly true; and whatever doctrine of the sinlessness of our Redeemer we hold must be made consistent with it. But we cannot see how the awful phenomena of the Redeemer's struggle with evil can be accounted for, or even apprehended, without including in the consideration the great reasons which imposed upon the sinless One a continual conflict with evil. Apart from Redemption, the spectacle of the Redeemer's conflicts with the tempter is shrouded in deep and hopeless darkness. Or, if it be simple and intelligible, it is so only to those who regard it as the struggle and victory of a righteous man. In either case, His absolute *sinlessness*—as the hypothesis of an argument—has manifold presumption against it.

The temptation of our Lord receives very careful treatment in this volume; and, on the whole, it is the best statement of the question which we have seen in German literature. But we take exception to the fundamental position,—though guarded here with exquisite skill,—that the temptation of Christ was a trial whether He would continue sinless or not. Thus boldly stated, perhaps the advocates of this position would recoil from it; but it is simply their position, and they must take all its consequences. 'To be tempted, means to *receive an impression which may move to evil*. Every being is liable to temptation whose nature is, on the one hand, susceptible to good, and, on the other, does not necessarily shut out the possibility of evil. God cannot be tempted, because the holiness of His nature exalts Him above all temptation. Irrational creatures cannot be tempted, because, being incapable of true good, they are also below temptation. Man alone, free to choose, can be tempted, for he may be bent in both directions: he can be tempted, because he is a moral, though not yet in his inward nature a holy, personality. On the one hand, he may be drawn to actual sin by enticement; and, on the other hand, he may be turned aside from good by threatened as well as by inflicted suffering. The former may be termed "positive," the latter negative, "temptation." This is very sound and good touching human nature; that nature, namely, which the person of Jesus exhibits to the contemplation. But let us see how it may be applied to Him who, in such essential respects, was so utterly different from human nature.

'We can understand how Jesus might be tempted, and yet remain

free from sin. He was tempted in all points,—that is, He was tempted in the only two ways, specified above. On the one hand, allurements were presented which might have moved Him to actual sin; and, on the other hand, He was beset by sufferings which might have turned Him aside from the Divine path of duty. But, in face of both kinds of temptation, His spiritual energy and His love to God remained pure and unimpaired. Temptations of the first order were concentrated in the attack made on Jesus by Satan; temptations of the second order assailed Him most severely during the struggles of Gethsemane, and when He felt Himself forsaken by God on the cross.'

The question to be settled between the pleader for Christ's sinlessness, and the sceptic, is here apparently taken for granted. One who beholds the struggles of Jesus with His invisible foe, and His agony under the pressure of His great fight of affliction, without the conviction of His Divinity, will never be persuaded of the absolute sinlessness by any special pleading whatever. As long as the great Sufferer is invested only with the attributes of humanity,—and the *argument* assumes nothing beyond,—it is impossible to force upon the reason the conviction that *this* Man was unlike all other men as to so essential a condition of our common humanity. Jesus is represented as a perfect realization of humanity, one in whom human nature has retrieved its original dignity, with the most perfect freedom of will, and, therefore, with the possibility of sinning. He is seen undergoing the intensest severity of temptation; His virtue is strained to the utmost; and the argument triumphs in Him as in One who vanquished the common evil of mankind.

But, as we have already said, the sceptic would be much more likely to accept these facts as demonstration that this wonderful type of a pure humanity achieved a victory over something which—though in an infinitesimally slight degree—partook of the nature of sin, than believe that He was tempted, conquered, and made perfect through sufferings, although there was nothing in His nature to be conquered or refined. The Divinity of the Conqueror of sin, the redeeming vicarious suffering of the atonement for it, are omitted from the argument; and the omission leaves it in confusion.

The necessity of the argument, in fact, omits the Divinity of the incarnate Redeemer; and His humanity is introduced into the question in its isolated character. For ourselves, we have the utmost aversion to all argument, and all teaching, which separates the two natures of Jesus Christ for a moment. We know of no *man*, no personal Man Christ Jesus, who is not God. The Divine Word *took flesh, was made flesh, was manifest*

in the flesh : there is no *man* in the Author of our Redemption whom we can contemplate and make real in our conception apart from His Divine personality. The Eternal Son, at the crisis of the incarnation, continued on His Divine personality in the flesh : the lower nature was blessed of the Higher ; and, not raised into, but invested for ever with an eternal, necessary immunity from sin. The same mystery of redemption which required that God the Son should suffer *for* sin in human nature, required that the human nature in which He suffered should be the *sinless* nature of God the Son.

The only sure solution of this great difficulty is the doctrine of the Incarnation : a clear apprehension of what that word means will relieve the subject of Christ's sinlessness, not indeed of its mystery, but of all its inconsistencies and contradictions ; while all arguments on the subject, based upon assumptions which exclude that doctrine, are, and must be in the nature of things, arguments without issue. Vainly does reason ask help of the understanding, and strive to bring that within the compass of evidence and ratiocination, which reason itself would never have conceived without direct revelation.

But does the clearly defined doctrine of the Incarnation solve all the difficulties surrounding this subject ? The reader who knows the history of the controversies which for two hundred years agitated every imaginable phase, concomitant, and consequence of the hypostatical union of the two natures in the incarnate Redeemer, and who has duly estimated the successive results secured and rendered permanent in the third and fourth of the ecumenical Councils, will be prepared for an answer in the affirmative. The history of these controversies cannot be contemplated by the devout mind without a profound conviction that the Holy Spirit overruled and directed them to the accomplishment of His own purposes. It is true that they evolved many and frightful errors, excited furious passions, and won their results at an enormous cost. But those results were of immeasurable importance to the history of the kingdom of Christ upon earth ; and it is no part of wisdom to decry them. All their seemingly interminable subtleties of distinction lose all pettiness when we remember that they were subtleties of defence and not of attack. He was subtle that provoked them ; and the champions of Christian truth only met subtlety by subtlety. They were *wise as serpents*, according to their Master's injunction, if they were not in all cases *harmless as doves*. The young theologian is likely never to be master of his sacred craft who does not learn to take delight in the study of every one

of those strange and seemingly repulsive words by which the flexible Greek tongue defined the infinite shades of error.

The controversies concerning the two natures of the One Person, which were the glory of early Christian divinity, were, as far as the permanent faith of the Church is concerned, definitively ended with the Council of Chalcedon, in the middle of the fifth century. Then was the Hypostatical Union committed for ever to that glorious quarternion,—*truly* God; *perfectly man*; *indivisibly* one Person in the two natures; *distinctly* two natures in the one Person,—in the keeping of which under the Divine Spirit it has been safe for ever since. But the errors which were combated and suppressed, as connected with the four notorious names of Arius, Apollinaris, Nestorius, and Eutyches, have had a more latent existence even in the orthodox theology of all subsequent ages. Satan has never ceased to infect the Church with his own original temptation, and to make Christ's disciples sharers of his own speculations and doubts in the wilderness. There he was himself baffled by a mystery too deep for his intellect, great though it was; he speculated, tested the Holy One, and learned by temptation what he could never have known by intuition. His creed, and that of all his believing hosts, has ever since been fixed. He and his have never been Docetists, Arians, Apollinarians, Nestorians, or Monothelites. But the *father of the lie* has never failed to generate his brood in the unhallowed speculations of the heretical mind; and, in this sense, all heresies have been *doctrines of devils*.

The question of the sinlessness of the Redeemer entered into every inquiry which the tempter ever raised in the Church concerning His person. That sacred idea lay at the foundation—whether expressed or unexpressed—of all Christian divinity; and therefore was involved—directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously—in all the earlier speculations of heresy as to the mysteries of that person. The tempter made it to the Church what it had been to himself,—a temptation. His first snare was artfully constructed for the oriental mind. Matter being the root and abode of all evil, or rather evil being essentially rooted in matter, and Jesus being of necessity sinless and incapable of sin,—for the first of all the heresies took for granted the Divinity of the Son of God, though striving to philosophize it by away by endless Gnostic inventions,—it followed that the union of the Being whom God had sent with humanity could not have been real, but apparent only. If real, they argued, if the Word *was made flesh*, then the essential, inseparable,

ineradicable flaw must have adhered to Him, vitiated all His life, and finally marred His atonement. The body must be a *body of sin*, refine it as we may; then let us have the Divinity, and save the Redemption, by giving up the veritable Body. So we shall have a sinless Redeemer, who in the likeness or semblance of our sinful flesh condemned the sin of our flesh, and will deliver us from the bondage of corruption as surely as He shook off the phantastic lineaments of His seemingly marred body. Thus, prompted by the tempter, reasoned the Docetists, the first perverters of the idea of Christ's sinlessness. To preserve the Redeemer, they renounced redemption. To keep Him sinless, they thrust Him out of humanity.

These heretics soon vanished out of the Church: in fact, they arose early enough, and were judged to be sufficiently important, to be put to confusion by inspiration itself. So essential was the perfect humanity of Jesus, so absolutely and for ever had He become flesh and united Himself to the human race, that this error was emphatically denounced as *Antichrist*,—the first of all the Antichrists. But all who are acquainted with the controversies of later times on this subject know that that ancient mischief has re-appeared—though in disguise, and with its worst features softened, and generally without evident traces of its identity—in a thousand mystifications of the word *flesh*. We find in this volume that the last refuge of the doubter is the supposed impossibility of sinlessness in the domain of flesh and blood. There is much refined Gnosticism lurking in the innumerable disquisitions to which the word *σάρξ* has given rise; but the plainest and least subtle views of this subject are the best. The flesh is the triple nature of man,—spirit, soul, and body. *In the likeness* of this sinful flesh the Son of God accomplished our redemption: not, as Dr. Ullmann rather uncritically says, 'in the likeness of man, who is a sinner,' but really in the likeness of *sinful flesh*. To the eye of sense there was no difference between Him and any other man. His will could be acted upon by influences from the soul as the instrument of mind, and from the soul as occupying the body. His nature was susceptible of all those solicitations, which, finding in man something responsive, lead to all sin. In Him there was no original sin, no bias to evil, no possibility of it. He struggled *against* sin, but not *with* sin. The deadly attack derived its horror of strength not from any defect or infirmity of the flesh which the Redeemer had assumed; but from other reasons which involved the unutterable mystery of His suretyship and substitution. If we can imagine such a vain thing as this Holy One passing through the world *without* the burden of

redemption upon His shoulders, we should hear nothing of His resistance to sin.

The solution of the difficulty which makes the Redeemer less than God was an after-device of Satan: its earlier Arian form was comparatively late; and as to its later Socinian form,—which effectually in its way settles the question,—it was not imagined. Even Satan was not bold enough to suggest that solution, until the Christian mind had been long inured to the deceitfulness of speculation, and rendered capable of going all lengths with the wily tempter. But there is nothing more strange and more humiliating than the shifts and inventions to which pure Unitarianism resorts in explaining the scriptural declarations concerning the freedom of Jesus Christ from sin. Of course, we refer to the older, and now almost extinct, class of Unitarians who used to hold fast the Scriptures of the New Testament. Their modern representatives—whether in Germany or England—have a much more consistent method of dealing with the subject. To them the Gospels are the productions of affectionate admirers of the greatest of all human teachers, to whose memory the form of their departed Master was idealized into consummate perfection, and whose character they made the figure around which they threw all those imaginations of excellence which He had rendered their minds capable of conceiving. The reader will find in this volume much that is deeply interesting, and well worthy of thoughtful perusal, concerning the eternal difference between the character of Jesus and that of the loftiest models of excellence which the world had seen before him.

All these inventions were not known in the earliest centuries. The speculations concerning the person of Christ, by which Satan succeeded in bewildering the simple creed of the early Churches, invariably tended to the honour of the higher nature, and the disparagement of the lower nature, of the incarnate Redeemer. The temptation clung to the original admission, *If thou be the Son of God*, and did not dare for many ages to suggest to heretics the awful conceit of making Him only a son of man. If we take a general view of the whole series of controversies which died out in the feeble and obscure wranglings of the petty Monothelite sects in the seventh century, we shall find that they all have one principle in common,—the degradation of the sinless integrity of the Redeemer's humanity. Many of the best and most orthodox of the early Fathers show in their writings a tendency—to be detected rather in the tone than in the direct expression—to save the spotlessness of the human nature by robbing that nature of some of its integral elements.

The errors which had been diffused in the mass of the Church during the second and third centuries, or fermented in the minds of many of its bolder thinkers, came to their full expression in the Arian and Apollinarian heresies of the fourth century. And this they had in common,—as we find in the writings of the great man who was their greatest common enemy,—that they both made the Logos enter a humanity which was without a rational soul, the place of which that Logos supplied. The profound ineradicable conviction of those times was, that a perfect human nature—perfect as including the rational spirit, the seat of man's will—could never be sinless.

Arius and Apollinaris started from the same point, as it respects the humanity of Jesus; but the former turned his attack especially against the honour of the Divinity; the latter gave the Divine nature its full honour, but took away the higher life of reason from the human nature, as unnecessary. In his scheme the Divinity took its place, and therefore cut off the possibility of sinning from the Redeemer. But it scarcely need be said that he at the same time—like the Docetists, his fore-runners—cut off redemption, and every benefit and blessing which was to be derived from the reunion of God with man's nature as such.

Apollinarianism was soon exposed and confounded by Athanasius and the two Gregories. The Council of Constantinople condemned it, in A. D. 381; and it soon died out, to reappear, however, under other forms in the Monothelite controversy. It was itself, though not so named, a Monothelite heresy; and a heresy which, while fatal to redemption, and therefore to be abominated, appealed more than any other to compassion, as seeking solely the honour of Christ. It was supposed impossible that a human mind with liberty of choice could belong to the same Person, the necessity of whose Divine nature was for ever to be inaccessible to sin. Therefore the Divine will of the eternal Logos took the place of the vacillating, limited, and probationary will of man. The Redeemer was *God in the flesh*,—with the strong emphasis upon the latter word, the *flesh* being erroneously limited to the mere body of Christ. All the peril of human frailty was thus carefully guarded against: every sentiment and feeling of the tempted and suffering Redeemer was irresistibly impelled towards good: nay, rather, it was God thinking, willing, and feeling by a human instrument merely. But vain and needless were all these precautions. Athanasius showed with unanswerable strength of argument, that if Christ is a Saviour to man, He must be in all respects man's example; that sinfulness was not a necessary attribute of human nature,

but that man was originally free from sin ; that Christ appeared for that very purpose, to show that God is not the author of sin, to prove that it is possible to lead a sinless life in the flesh, and thus to vindicate the original dignity of human nature as coming from the hand of the Creator.

Nothing is more marvellous than the influence which the ancient rooted idea of the essential infirmity of the human will exerted upon the heretics of these earlier ages. Rather than suppose a perfect superiority to all sin in the sanctified tabernacle of the Eternal God, they resorted to such shifts and subtleties of reasoning, and submitted to such most grotesque and absurd conclusions, as make the history of the controversy one of the strangest chapters in the records of error. So inveterate, too, was the delusion, that, though condemned and almost forgotten for centuries, it burst out again with more fury than ever ; and, long after the opposite error of Nestorianism had been extinguished, troubled the Church, and required the combined theology of the East and West for its final suppression. Finally suppressed, indeed, it has never been : the essential error which lies at the foundation of all those ancient heresies still infests much of the theology, at least, of modern times. But as its influence is mainly speculative, and as it does not so directly act upon practice and experience as some other errors concerning the person of our Lord, it meets with but little regard. But Apollinaris and Cyrus are lurking in many corners of our popular exposition, and in many of our sermons, where the Redeemer's lower human will, and capacity of struggle, and accessibility to real temptation are softened down to a mere negation, or denied altogether.

In our own day, this error is almost entirely limited to our exegetical treatment of certain passages of Scripture ; and its effect must be traced, rather in the general view of the Saviour's work, than in any practical effect of the error. But it is an error which should be pursued with the utmost vigilance through all its shiftings. The Redeemer of mankind was perfect man : it need not be added, *without sin*, for perfect man is a sinless creature :—' *Yet without sin* ' has a needless emphasis in our Epistle to the Hebrews, for there is no *yet* in the text. The ideal of humanity—and that, in some way or other, all Christians unite in terming Christ—must have the human reason, and the human will, and everything which distinguishes humanity. We may be sure that He will never be spoken of or exhibited in the New Testament in any way inconsistent with that fundamental requirement of his Mediatorship, and that we need never shrink from boldly, though reverently, declaring concerning Him what

the Scriptures, honestly interpreted, declare. The Divine Logos and the human reason co-existed in this One and Only and Inexplicable Person : nothing is gained by denying the eternal, unchangeable light of the one, concurrently with the gradual development and necessary limitation of the other. A disposition to avoid the use of dangerous language, and a jealousy for the honour of the Saviour's Divinity, is apt to give rise to a certain style of comment upon His words and works, which robs Him of His ineffable *human* relation to us. For, after all, while it is God who speaketh to us in His Son, it is the voice of a man which we hear ; and the Light of Life comes to us through the processes of a human mind, like our own, but without sin and the possibility of error.

The Eutychian heresies as to the hypostatical union, though very different in their original principle from the Apollinarian, coincided with them in this same prevalent mistake of early times ; viz., in the suppression of our Lord's perfect humanity on account of its unworthiness. It is true that this fundamental error is not generally attributed to Eutychianism ; but the attentive student will detect the same great fallacy,—something in flesh and blood which made it not merely an infinite mystery that God should become man, under the conditions of unchanged human nature, but an absolute and eternal impossibility. Therefore, if the Logos condescended to adopt human nature, it could be only through the absorption and elevation of everything human into the Divine. Every mystery of this junction—of this most inconceivable and abhorred *transubstantiation* in the hypostatic union—they would accept, provided only it were granted that God was all in all in the work of Christ. Human nature was not only assumed, but, in a manner transcending all thought, raised above itself into the Divine. The Eternal Word suffered no change ; He only continued to live under human conditions,—first of humiliation and then of glory. Thus the nature of Christ was but One, His person One ; and this system, like that of Apollinarius, though in a different manner, destroyed utterly the mediation of the Redeemer between God and men. Both strove to retain the Divinity of Jesus, and both by most unnecessary aggressions upon His humanity, and upon ours, as necessarily the dishonoured abode of sin. The one robbed the Man in Christ of His crown,—His free, self-determining reason ; the other elevated the flesh of the Man in Christ to an inconceivable identity with the Divinity. Both, from their determination that Christ Jesus should have no connexion with our poor, sinful nature, would rob man of his Redeemer.

This error was confronted by men equally faithful and acute

with those who had denounced its predecessors. But the obstinate hold which its latent fallacy had upon the minds of men, may be estimated by the difficulty with which it was dislodged from the theological opinions of the East, and by the fact that some of the soundest divines found it hard to resist the fascination of the views which so thoroughly relieved the incarnation of all the humiliation to the Redeemer which it was thought to imply *in itself* and *essentially*. Forgetting that God cannot by any act of His of itself be humbled; and that the Incarnation itself was not, apart from the *sinfulness* of the *flesh* in the likeness of which Christ was made, debasing to the Divinity;—in which sense St. Augustine's words, rightly understood, concur: 'If God willed to be born, as it is certain that He did will it, He could be born; and He did not deem it unworthy of Himself to become man for our sake, since He did not think it unworthy of Himself to create the human being by whom man must be born;'—they sought to reconcile their minds to the humiliation which the assumption of our nature involved, by using language which, logically pressed, would give to the Redeemer a lower nature,—neither that of angels nor that of men. 'The nature which Christ took weak and worthless from us, by being mingled with the Deity, became the same which Deity is; the assumption of our substance into His was like the blending of a drop of vinegar with the huge ocean, wherein, although it continues still, yet not with those properties which severed it hath, because, sithence the instant of their conjunction, all distinction of the one from the other is extinct, and whatsoever we can now conceive of the Son of God is nothing else but mere Deity,'—'which words,' saith Hooker, whose version of Gregory we have been quoting, 'are so plain and direct for Eutyches, that I stand in doubt they are not his whose name they carry. Sure I am they are far from truth, and must of necessity give place to the better-advised sentences of other men.' A few such better-advised sentences we will quote, to rectify the impression of the last; and, moreover, to show how much clearer the Roman mind was than the Greek upon all subjects connected with the *flesh* or human nature of the Redeemer. 'Keeping safe the propriety of each several nature and substance, making only one person, humility was assumed by majesty, infirmity by virtue, mortality by the Eternal. To pay the penalty of our fallen condition, an inviolable nature was united to a nature which might be hurt; the Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, could die in one nature, but not die in the other. The true God, therefore, was born in the perfect nature of true Man; complete in His own, complete also in ours. He took the form of a ser-

vant without stain of sin ; raising the human, not lowering the Divine : *humana augens, Divina non minuens*. As the God is not changed through this condescension, so the man is not swallowed up in the dignity.' These words of Leo the Great, which are but a specimen of the manner in which he exhaustively treats the whole subject, and influenced thereby the decisions of the ever-famous Council of Chalcedon, are well worthy of being carefully read by all who would have clear views of the person of Christ.

Eutychianism has its counterpart in the later doctrine of transubstantiation. Had *this* been held, when Cyril, Dioscurus, and Eutyches were pouring out their subtleties, it would have been impossible to save the Church, humanly speaking, from the universal prevalence of Monophysitism. But apart from this mere analogy, the more refined influence of the error in later times—for the father of heresy never throws away entirely any of his inventions—may be traced in various ways, as affecting the subject we are dealing with. It would perhaps be asserting more than could be satisfactorily proved, if we referred to this source the modern exaggerated *communicatio idiomatum*, by which all the actions and sufferings of the incarnate Saviour are referred, with unnecessary distinctness, to God. The many Monophysite sects which were guilty of these extravagancies in the sixth century had some sort of excuse in the errors of Nestorianism, from which they were a reaction. But the modern Moravians, and others, have no such excuse ; nor is there any necessity of devotion for the use of such language. The Saviour is not honoured by those who persist in forgetting that He is the Son of man as well as the Son of God. It pleased Him to become like unto His brethren. He took their flesh and blood ; and, provided we never forget that *now* His Spirit revealeth Him, and that He is spiritually discerned, we cannot too explicitly dwell upon the distinction between His two natures, both as on earth and as in heaven.

In the order of time the Nestorian heresy, concerning the natures and person of Christ, preceded the Eutychian ; and, indeed, prepared for it, as one extreme begets another. But we have left it to the last ; partly because it is far better understood when the others have been already considered, and partly because it has exerted a more abiding and extensive influence upon the doctrinal development of the sinlessness of Jesus. It may be regarded, indeed, as the most comprehensive, and in some sense as the most important, of all the controversies concerning the person of the Redeemer. It united in itself every question which could arise concerning that person ; it stirred again every

disputed point that had ever been agitated, and anticipated many that flourished in the full virulence of polemics several centuries afterwards. To understand this controversy is to understand all the rest; and to be thoroughly versed in all its points of subtle discrimination is to have laid a good foundation for the study of Christian theology generally.

Doubtless the heresy of Nestorius, in which a great many floating individual obliquities in teaching were finally gathered up, was a direct reaction from the opinions which impaired the integrity of Christ's human nature, and thus so frightfully undermined the whole system of redemption, the foundation of all human hope. But we are not paradoxically pressing our point when we say that the same fallacy reigned in both, and that unconsciously both heresiarchs were haunted by the same fear. Apollinaris would make the human nature a worthy shrine of the Divinity, by taking from that nature its immortal mind, that is, its very essence, and combining the Deity and the human animal soul and flesh in a manner from which every instinct of the human mind revolts. Nestorius, on the other hand, retained with fatal precision the absolute perfection of the two natures respectively; but, urged by the same oriental dread of the contact of flesh, made the connexion between the Logos and the man in the composite Christ such as would save the dignity of the Divinity, and shield it from too close affinity with man's sinful human nature. He introduced a *junction* of some kind between two natures and two persons; the Divine *inhabiting* the human,—for scriptural language must not be broken,—but yet so inhabiting it as that the union might by possibility be suspended, or gradually weakened, or gradually abolished, the God and the man being again and eternally sundered.

Thus in Jesus Christ 'there were two persons, the Son of God, and the Son of Man; the one a person begotten of God before all worlds, the other also a person born of the Virgin Mary, and in special favour chosen to be made entire to the Son of God above all men; so that whosoever will honour God must together honour Christ, with whose person God hath vouchsafed to join Himself in so great a degree of gracious respect and favour.' The doctrine which Nestorius never would admit, but which the voice of the Church established against him, was that 'Christ is a person both Divine and human, howbeit not therefore two persons in one, neither both these in one sense; but a person Divine, because He is *personally* the Son of God; human, because *He hath* really *the nature* of the children of men. In Christ, therefore, God and man, there is (saith Paschasius) a twofold substance, not a twofold person; because one person extin-

guisheth another, whereas one nature cannot in another become extinct. For the personal being which the Son of God already had, suffered not the substance to be personal which he took ; although, together with the nature which He had, the nature also which He took continueth. Whereupon it followeth against Nestorius, that no person was born of the Virgin but the Son of God, no person but the Son of God baptized, the Son of God condemned, the Son of God and no other person crucified ; which one only point of Christian belief, *the infinite worth of the Son of God*, is the very ground of all things believed concerning life and salvation by that which Christ either did or suffered as man on our behalf.*

The Nestorian heresy denied the fundamental principle that the Son of God in His eternal personality assumed, not a man's person, but man's nature,—‘the very first original element of our nature, before it was come to have any personal subsistence.’ That theory, therefore, made Christ two persons ; and a thousand consequences flowed from the doctrine, with none of which, however, have we any concern here but such as are connected with the Redeemer's sinlessness. The mysterious copula or kind of junction between God and man was such as could be abolished ; and then the eternal Son remaining in His integrity, a perfect man, another Adam, would be left without God among men, with the rest of mankind. But such a contingency need not now be introduced into the question, since the human person, supported by the Divine, passed sinless through all temptations, atoned for the sins of the world in the passion of the human nature, upon which the presence and co-operation of the Divine stamped a redeeming value, and then, as the reward of fidelity, was glorified into a union with the Divine, which should be for ever indissoluble. According to this representation the obedience and sinless sacrifice of Jesus was at the outset a fearful problem ; an experiment upon which the hopes of the human race were suspended, and which did not fail ; though, on this theory, it matters little whether it failed or not, since the Redeemer is in reality no better than ourselves, of no higher value than perfect humanity, and His redemption would not be the act of God Himself. Nestorianism gave back to Christ the entire human nature which Apollinaris pared away : but then the bond between the Divine and the human is so loose, so little different from the bond of union between God and His human sinful servant, that the irrepressible fear must arise, Is not this human person too much like ourselves to be our Redeemer?

It would be a most interesting thing to trace the influence

* Hooker.

of Nestorianism through the theology, devotional writings, and exposition of later times. A very brief glance at Thomas Aquinas, Petavius, or Suicer, will show what untold difficulty the great anti-Nestorian distinctions cost the later fathers and the schoolmen; and in later times it is undoubted that the place which the words, *redemption*, *active and passive obedience*, *imputation*, and so forth, occupy in schemes of Christian divinity, is very much affected by a greater or less influence, unconscious and unsuspected, of Nestorianism.

This subject we must leave, however, satisfied with one or two closing remarks. To us it appears that that kind of theology which treats the temptations of Christ, and the mysterious passages which refer to them, as if they inferred a struggle between obedience and disobedience, between the doing and the not doing the will of God, savours strongly of the ancient delusion which gave a distinct personality to the man in Christ Jesus. There will ever be an unfathomable mystery round the relation of the Redeemer to the sin and sorrow of the world; but that species of theology, notwithstanding its pretensions to lessen that mystery, in reality increases it.

There have been unconscious Nestorians in modern times, who have been led from step to step to the strangest vagaries of error, without thinking themselves in any error at all. Nestorius never imputed to the nature of Jesus Christ the taint of original sin: he provided against that by assuming such measures of grace, poured into the spirit of the humanity of Jesus, as made it a fit temple for the Word. 'The Spirit of God did not create God the Word; a creature did not bear Him who is higher than creation, but man the instrument of the Deity. The Holy Ghost created from the Virgin a temple for the Word, which he should inhabit.' But there has been never wanting a theory of interpretation, forming a catena not very important, but still definitely perceptible, which has ascribed to the Redeemer the full personal consciousness of the inheritance of a sinful nature; with which, in our name, and as our Representative, He struggled until its original defect was glorified into perfection. Such views have been elaborated with something like dogmatical skill upon the Continent; in England they have been known only through the rhapsodies of Irving. Many expositions, however, of the Redeemer's *τελειωσις*, that is, of the whole mystery of His mediatorial probation, border closely upon this semi-Nestorianism without seeming to know it. They represent an inferior person who submits to the ascendancy of a superior person in the One Christ; forgetting that it is not the lower will in Christ which submits to the higher, but the will of the incarnate

Person, as such, which submits in the incomprehensible agony of redemption to the will of the Father.

Those who are capable of understanding a redemption effected by a Redeemer who shares the original depravity of the race, are capable of running to every extreme of imaginable heresy. But we do not regard the current views of most orthodox divines upon this subject as very much more tolerable. We shall quote a few paragraphs from an eminent commentator on the Hebrews, whose evangelical writings are celebrated in England, and whose exposition of this Epistle is in general most deeply instructive:—

‘And, since the father of the race failed in the test, and because in that race, differently from the world of spirits, there is a connexion of persons in the community of origin, *therefore* this fallen race was to be saved only by one who had entered into the same test. It *was necessary* that He should be made *in all things like unto His brethren*. Therefore the Mediator between God and these men must be *the man* Christ Jesus, born of a woman and *made under the law*, under the law of test common to man, the law of choice and decision between obedience and disobedience, in order that as by the disobedience of one many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of one many might be made righteous. Yea, still further: It was fit that a power should be exercised over this Retriever of the Temptation beyond that which had been experienced by any other member of Adam’s race. For, the higher the incarnate Son of God stood through the indwelling Godhead, the more awful must be the proper test of this God-man. Because all that He obtained by His perseverance unto victory was to avail for all, it must be a *merit* which should overwhelm every contradiction and protest of hell. Thus it *behoved* to be, that no Satan might throughout eternity blaspheme and say, “If the Redeemer had experienced and suffered this or that, He would have fallen under my power, and lost His cause!” We rise to a very ambitious height with our poor thoughts, but not without sanction of Scripture. And if the fearful question arise, upon this dizzy height, *Could* Christ, the Son of God in the flesh, have failed and succumbed under temptation? we do not dread to answer boldly, *Yes*. For, temptation without a possibility of falling is no temptation; and the everlasting glory of the victory of Jesus Christ would be dimmed if His victory was of necessity and inevitable. Among all the dark possibilities which the abyss hides, this is the most fearful,—that the second Adam might have fallen as the first did. What then would have become of the human race—what judgment would have fallen upon the man Jesus, whose union with the eternal Son the first actual sin would have rent asunder? are thoughts which we need not entertain; they are lost in the triumphant acclaim,—*He hath overcome!*’

This is Nestorianism; refined, indeed, but still Nestorianism.

It must not be charged, however, on Dr. Ullmann, whose admissions as to the possibility of sin in Jesus are so guarded, and so evidently extorted from him by the necessity of his apologetical argument, that we should hesitate to charge them upon him as unsound. They are not unsound, as he states them. But we confess, on the whole, that we prefer to regard the Eternal Son of God as having undertaken, not to *attempt*, but to *accomplish*, the salvation of the human race; to regard the union of the Eternal Word with humanity as an act of God which nothing could ever subvert, the manner merely of the subsistence of the Word being changed, and no such personal *man* Christ Jesus being conceivable as might be separated from the Divinity; to refer the Redeemer's temptations, agony, and disciplinary perfection to the unfathomable mystery wherein *our sin*, and strife with sinfulness, and conflict with Satan, are made *His*, who knew no sin, who needed no discipline, and in whom Satan had nothing. This is not the place to pursue such a subject; it is enough to protest against error here: the truth will take care of itself. 'Jesus is sinless,' says Dr. Ullmann, showing himself to be sounder than his argument would allow him to appear, 'as a man, for the idea of sinlessness is applicable only to human nature; not, however, in the general sense of the term *man*, not in that as a "mere man," but as *the man* in whom the humanity was on the one hand endowed with extraordinary powers, and on the other hand was pervaded, animated, and energized by a Divine principle. In a word, He was sinless because He was the second Adam, and the God-man. (The second Adam is as such, according to St. Paul's designation, *ὁ Κύριος ἐξ οὐρανοῦ*, 1 Cor. xv. 47.) Only in virtue of the former condition was a development in any sense, and therefore a sinless development, at all possible to Him: only in virtue of the second could He accomplish it in face of a world full of evil, and which on all hands enticed Him to sin. Thus, although His sinless holiness was a quality of the human nature of Jesus, it had its proper roots in His character and essence as God-man. From His sinlessness, therefore, we may equally deduce the pure and perfect humanity and the true Divinity of His person: and inasmuch as we can only conceive of both as in complete union and interpenetration, we deduce, further, that He is *God-man*.'

We must, however, demur to the very end to these 'deductions.' But, viewed as exhibitions of doctrine, rather than as demonstrations urged upon the reason, 'nothing can be more beautiful than the assemblage of truths in the centre of which the sinless character of Jesus is placed in this volume. If our space allowed, we should be glad to make a few further observa-

tions upon the 'references' as to His redeeming work and sanctifying relations to men. The reader must read these without any comment of ours. He will find a certain vagueness and absence of precision which seems inalienable from German exhibitions of the Atonement. But he will find nothing to revolt him,—everything to strengthen and confirm his faith in the redeeming mission of Christ. Moreover, he will feel, if his heart is at all susceptible to the sacred influence of the theme, that he is reading the pages of one who has caught his Master's spirit, and is even more anxious to extol than to explain His blessed excellence. There is no tincture of the sentimentality which generally mars the German treatment of our Lord's humanity, nor of the semi-scepticism which solves difficult questions by doubting the rigid literality of the record concerning Him. The form of Jesus, and His character, and His words, in the New Testament, are to this writer as distinct and real as they are to ourselves; and this example of a simple return to orthodoxy—unhappily so rare in Germany—we cannot but hail with lively gratitude and hope.

ART. VII.—*The Aquarian Naturalist. A Manual for the Seaside.* By THOMAS RYMER JONES, F.R.S., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1858.

It is not the practice of wise men to inquire too nicely or too scrupulously into the origin of popular and useful movements; and for similar reasons the serious follower of science must see with pleasure the influence of fashion enlisted on behalf of his favourite pursuit. Without the aid of this extraordinary ally how little can his most learned lectures and his most costly museums accomplish in the way of making his systematic observation of nature a general and habitual practice, even among the intelligent classes of society! It is true that the tendency of fashion is not steadily forward in any given direction; and the love of science which is due to no higher impulse will fluctuate with its impelling motive, like a bark before the wind, and, 'when it sinks, subside;' but something in the mean time will have been gained, if not to the stores of natural history, yet to the amateur himself, who will never again look upon nature with the same vacant and regardless eyes, but know that every spot on which his foot may fall is enchanted ground, teeming with richer wonders than those of Aladdin's garden. We are thankful therefore that certain branches of natural history are

the prevailing rage; that young men and maidens of every degree have their fernery or aquarium, and take more delight in the habits of an insect or the structure of a flower, than in yielding to the many vanities which beset their own exalted nature. It is not well, we say, to disparage this movement as merely temporary and capricious, as arising from a pitiful motive and ending in a paltry result. That it is progress in respect to the many, and progress in the right direction, is sufficient to induce all thoughtful persons to hail its advent with pleasure, and to do their best to forward and sustain the impulse. We can scarcely be too sanguine of the results which the present zeal for the aquarium is destined to have upon the popularization of different departments of Natural History. To one of these departments, that of Marine Zoology, we now propose to direct the attention of our readers. At the same time we invite particular attention to the elegant performance of Professor Rymer Jones. That such a work should have proceeded from the pen of one of the acknowledged masters of the science, is itself one of the signs of the times upon which we dwell with hope and pleasure; for we may easily recall the period when such a condescension to popular demands would have been followed by a loss of caste among the professed followers of science. In this brief paper we propose, under the guidance of our author, and with the help of other authorities and our own experience, to put down such jottings, as to the less known, because more recently observed, phenomena of the lower forms of marine existence, as may lead to an increased interest in this delightful study.

To the many thousands who annually visit the sea-side as a relaxation from business, and are willing to avail themselves of the opportunities of entering upon the new and delightful fields of intellectual excitement thus afforded, a great variety of attractions present themselves. If they incline to geology, the most aristocratic and comprehensive of the sciences, they will find, in the sections of strata which the headlands of the coast often admirably exhibit, or in watching the thousand evidences of forces in operation which are gradually changing the relative level of our seas and coast lines, the amplest explanation of the greater operations of a former era. They will perceive, also, that changes of not inferior importance are in process of slow accumulation even now, destined to lead in future to results alike both in kind and in degree. The changes produced by drifted sand on the coasts of Suffolk, on the west coast of Lancashire, and notably in the north of Cornwall, are indeed truly remarkable. Few instances can be more interesting than one from the latter locality. At the end of the fourth century

the patron saint of the Cornish miners, St. Piranus, passed a laborious life in instructing the rude natives of that wild coast in the doctrines of Christianity and in the useful arts, particularly the working of metals. His church lay buried for ages beneath accumulations of sand, such as we have referred to above, and has within a recent period been exhumed, though surrounded by hills formed of minute fragments of sea shells, several hundred feet high, to the edification alike of the geologist and of the admirer of simple primitive Christian worship. We are told that on the coast of Suffolk the sands have accumulated, within a century, to such an extent as to submerge one thousand acres of land; while, on the coast of Sligo, the same process is still going on to a considerable extent.

If botany be the taste of the sea-side visitor, he will find such a locality well adapted for its gratification. Certain wild plants are never seen except in close proximity to the sea, and others thrive best within reach of a marine atmosphere; in addition to the fact that in such neighbourhoods he may expect to find a larger proportion of those barren, undrained, and uncultivated morasses which are the favourite habitats of many of our scarcer and not least beautiful wild flowers.

Many will place their affections upon shells, and reasonably rejoice in their beauty, their portability, and the facility of their preservation. Such will find scope for their industry on most of our coasts, but will succeed best on those of Dorsetshire and Devonshire. Should any of our sea-side friends, smitten by the charms of Dr. Johnston's classical volumes on Zoophytes, direct their eager attentions to these charming objects, or be seduced by the graceful union of form and colour in the varieties of green and red algæ, or sea-weed, in either and any case we congratulate them on their choice, and would willingly aid in carrying out their views. Our present purpose, however, is with other and lower forms of existence, and we shall thus rarely have occasion to speak of anything above the rank of a jelly-fish.

We will suppose that the enterprising naturalist who designs to study the remarkable objects about to be described has made all needful preparations for their reception. He will probably have followed the experienced Mr. Warrington in the form and details of his vivaria: if so, he will have provided a four-sided vessel, having the back gradually sloping upwards from the bottom, at an angle of from forty-five to fifty degrees, the extended top sloping slightly downward, and resting on the upper part of the back. The bottom, therefore, becomes necessarily narrow. The front, for the purposes of observation, and the top, for the admission of light, are of glass; the back, ends, and bottom being con-

structed of slate, the whole is fixed in a stout framework. By this arrangement several advantages are secured; it allows of the most extended views of the whole interior of the aquarium; it enables the occupants to resort to any depth they may desire, or even to ascend the sloping back and emerge from the water; it admits of a much larger surface being exposed to the action of light; and, finally, it allows the water which condenses on the glass to trickle off and return to the aquarium. It need hardly be suggested, that the sloping back is to be covered with light rock-work, extending to a short distance above the water-line.

A receptacle thus elaborately prepared is, of course, not absolutely required; many a careful hard-working naturalist will reach greater results with far simpler means. The common propagating glasses of the gardener, the shallow glass pans used for milk, and the finger glasses placed upon the table after dinner,—these and other vessels may be used as excellent substitutes.

Of much more importance than the shape of the receptacle, is careful attention to all the conditions required to support a healthy animal existence. Thus it is not only requisite to provide good fresh natural or artificial sea water, with a supply of healthy vigorous sea-plants sufficient to aerate the water properly: the minor details must not be overlooked, and in providing a mimic imitation of the usual conditions under which the animals are found in nature, ample scope is afforded for ingenuity on the part of the inquirer. Professor Rymer Jones has several practical remarks as to the mode of procuring the needful shelter, shade, &c., some of which we will quote. Speaking of the arrangement of the bottom of the tank, he says:—

‘The best materials for this purpose will be found to be pieces of granite or limestone of various shapes and sizes; but all of such weight and regularity of form, that, when placed one upon the other, in accordance with the taste or intention of the designer, they may rest firmly and securely in their respective places. No cement should be employed in the construction of these mimic edifices; their weight alone and steady supra-position upon each other should insure the firmness and stability of the entire fabric.

‘Rude bridges of Cyclopiian masonry—edifices somewhat after the pattern of Stonehenge and other Celtic piles—caverns of wave-worn rock and craggy terraces—should rise above each other, till the top, reaching above the level of the water, forms a little island of dry land. The next step, of course, is to lay down the bottom of our miniature sea, so as to adapt it to the comfort and well-being of its intended inhabitants. Here (and the arrangement is of considerable importance) we must study nature. The floor should be composed of smooth washed shingle, the stones resembling in size a pea, a bean, up to a

hazel-nut, as a substratum; but with, here and there, a larger piece, whose bulk, like Skiddaw or Helvellyn, so to compare great things with small, may protrude through the alluvial plain to be deposited above. Upon the top of this, a stratum of fine sand (sea-sand) should be spread to the depth of at least three quarters of an inch or more.'

It is unnecessary to describe further the details of procedure in regard to the aquarium. From this and many other works such of our readers as may desire to pursue the subject will have acquired all the requisite information. We shall therefore proceed to dip into the popular work which Professor Rymer Jones has placed before us, and, following his own example, dispense with all the forms of systematic arrangement.

Everything being complete relating to the future habitation of the marine wonders which may come into our possession,—the plants healthy and vigorous,—the spongy zoophytes clothing our mimic rocks with a living carpet, if we carefully examine the sides of the aquarium, we shall find, probably, a number of little shells, extremely minute, well calculated from the elegance of their form to arrest attention. They might, indeed, almost be mistaken for the shells of little nautili, both from their shape and from the circumstance of their being divided into chambers: in size they are little larger than small pins' heads, and hence might easily escape the notice of the unobservant. These creatures, simple in their structure and perforated all over with minute holes, are called *Foraminifera*. Their transparent camerated shell is filled with a soft and jelly-like substance, issuing 'through all the apertures that crowd the superficies, like subtle threads of molten glass spreading upon the surface of the tank,' and evidently all endowed with life and motion. A sight more wonderful than these transparent beings, creeping with their root-like legs, can scarcely be imagined.

These *Foraminifera* have an importance in the aggregate which their individual insignificance would not lead us to expect. Elegant in shape and extremely varied in form, moreover accessible almost everywhere and in illimitable quantities, they compel attention by their vast numbers and the gigantic results which they achieve. The sand of most sea-coasts is, indeed, so filled with these microscopic *Foraminifera*, that it is often composed of them to the extent of one half. Plancus counted 6,000 in an ounce of sand from the Adriatic Sea; and D'Aubigny, the great historiographer of these minute organisms, reckoned 3,840,000 in an ounce of sand from the Antilles. If we calculate the contents of larger quantities, as, for example, a cubic yard, the amount surpasses all human conception, and we have difficulty in expressing the resulting number in figures;

and yet how insignificant the sum, when we regard, in the same point of view, the enormous mass constituting the sea-coasts of the earth! Indeed, the almost invisible shells which we are contemplating, not only form banks that impede the progress of the navigator, fill up harbours, and, together with various corals, produce islands in the Pacific Ocean; but also aid largely in the construction of the surface of the earth, and constitute an important portion of large geological formations. Take, for example, as a striking case, the environs of Paris. We are told by Professor Jones that the *calcaire grossier* of that extensive basin is in certain places so filled with *Foraminifera*, that a cubic inch from the quarries of Gentilly contains something like 58,000 of their shells, and is strewn in beds of great thickness and of vast extent. This gives an average of 3,000,000,000 for the cubic yard,—a number so great as to put a stop to all further calculation. 'Now, as all Paris, and the towns and villages of the neighbouring departments, are built of stone quarried from this deposit, it is evident that, without exaggeration, the capital of France, and all the neighbouring towns, are constructed principally of the shells of *Foraminifera*.'

Interesting as these minute creatures are, their forms and varieties have not yet been accurately and systematically described; it is a pleasure, therefore, to announce that an elaborate monograph by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Williamson, under the sanction of the Ray Society, is on the eve of publication.

No one who has wandered by the sea can have failed to observe numerous ungainly-looking gelatinous masses floating in its shallow tide, or grounded on its shore. We say ungainly, because, seen melting away in the sun, or lying dirty and draggled on the sands, their appearance is anything but attractive. As in many other instances, however, a further acquaintance, under more favourable circumstances, corrects the first false impression. They are in reality amongst the most beautiful, as they are unquestionably the frailest, of the wonders of the sea. The body, composed of the clearest crystal, is adorned by fringes of brilliant colours, and diversified by appendages of varying forms. These are the *Medusæ*, popularly *Slobs*, *Stingers*, or *Jelly-fishes*. They may be seen slowly floating along on a summer's evening, alternately contracting and expanding as they go. They swim by means of repeated approximations of the margins of the disc, whereby the water contained within and beneath the umbrella-like expansion is forcibly driven away, and the body, of course, impelled in the opposite direction. They feed upon small molluscs, worms, crustaceans, and even fishes, not deterred

by the fact that their victims belong to a higher order than themselves, and are apparently endowed with greater powers, both offensive and defensive, than they possess. Their power of nettling or stinging is universally known, and has not only given rise to the popular names of 'stingers,' or 'stangers,' but is seen in the zoological name of the family under which they are ranged, *Acalephæ*. Professor Jones thinks it probable that only a small minority of the sea-jellies possess this offensive faculty: its nature will be seen by the following extract from Dr. Edward Forbes:—

'Among them, the *Cyanea capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disc, often a full foot, or even more, across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of riband-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when the creature is far away from us. Once entangled in its trailing hair, the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for, when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no combat with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons, severed from their parent body, vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack.' *

The *Turris neglecta* is an elegant little species, brilliant as a bead of brightest coral, and is frequently to be procured around the Isle of Wight. It resembles a tiny bell-glass; four transverse rays mark the sides, and a minute red body, with four white arms forming a cross, is suspended in the water. The *Stomobrachium octocostatum* presents in the water the appearance of a hazel-nut of a yellowish-brown colour, which is found, however, on a close examination, by no means to form the true outline of the animal, but only the central portion of a gelatinous disc. This is described as clearer than the finest crystal, translucent as the walls of a soap-bubble, and equally iridescent in the sunshine. Its movements are wonderfully active and vigorous: at every stroke made in swimming its brown-coloured tentacula 'are protruded like forked lightning, or like feathered serpents, darting and flashing forth till they are longer than the entire animal.' Of the very small species, called *Sarsia gemmifera*, the most remarkable circumstance is, that it pro-

* Forbes's *British Naked-eyed Medusa*.

duces its young from buds, or by a process of gemmation from the walls of its peduncle, which, at certain seasons, presents the curious spectacle of young individuals in various stages of development, sprouting like so many mushrooms from its surface. In the *Sarsia prolifera* a still more remarkable arrangement is observed. At the base of each tentacle a supplementary bulb, or a bunch of little tubercles, is suspended like a bunch of grapes, all of which in time prove themselves to be young *Sarsie*, sprouting by gemmation from the basis of the tentacula. 'Fancy an elephant,' says Professor Forbes, 'with a number of little elephants sprouting from his shoulders and legs; bunches of tusked monsters hanging epaulette-fashion from his flanks in every stage of advancement; here a young pachyderm almost shapeless, there one more advanced, but as yet all ears and eyes. On the right shoulder a youthful Chuny with head, trunk, and toes, but no legs, and a shapeless body; on the left, an infant elephant better grown, and struggling to get away, but his tail not sufficiently organized as yet to permit of liberty and free action.'

Of the various species of medusæ, we would strongly advise the owner of an aquarium to attempt the capture and preservation of the *Beroë* (*Cydidippe*) *pomiformis*. It is a pearl-like little creature, from half an inch to an inch in length, melon-shaped, and quite plentiful on our shores. In common with other cilio-grade jelly-fishes, it moves by means of eight fringes of paddle-like cilia, attached to the same number of longitudinal bands or ribs, acting under the control of the animal's will. By the combined or alternated contraction of these locomotive organs, it can move with a swift and easy motion, in any required direction. These cilia, when at work in the bright sunshine, reflect all the rays of Iris, advancing like a meteor through the water. Not less beautiful and interesting than the cilia are the graceful tentacles or fishing apparatus of the *Beroë*: they are frequently five or six times the length of the body; to the main filament are attached laterally smaller and more slender fibres, all capable of being wholly withdrawn within the body. When seen in vigorous action, the combination of charming colour with ever-varying graceful form is an object at which one is never tired of gazing. 'Like a planet around its sun, or more exactly,' says Agassiz, 'like the comet with its magic tail, the little *Cydidippe* moves in its element as those larger bodies revolve in space; but, unlike them, and to our admiration, it moves freely in all directions; and nothing can be more attractive than to watch such a little living comet, as it darts with its tail in undetermined ways and revolves upon itself,—unfolding and

bending its appendages with equal ease and elegance; at times allowing them to float for their whole length, at times shortening them in quick contractions, and causing them to disappear suddenly,—then dropping them, as it were, from its surface, so that they seem to fall entirely away, till, lengthened to the utmost, they again follow the direction of the body to which they are attached, and with which the connexion that regulates their movements seems as mysterious as the changes are sudden and unexpected. At one moment the threads, when contracted, seem nodose; next, the spiral, elongating, assumes the appearance of a straight or waving line. But it is especially in the successive appearances of the lateral fringes arising from the main thread that the most extraordinary diversity is displayed. Not only are they stretched under all possible angles from the main stem, at times seeming perpendicular to it, or bent more or less in the same direction, and again as if combed into one mass; but a moment afterwards every thread seems to be curled or waving, the main thread being straight or undulating; then the shorter threads will be stretched straight for some distance, and then suddenly bent at various angles upon themselves, perhaps repeating such zigzags several times; then they will become coiled up from the tip, and remain hanging like pearls suspended by a delicate thread to the main stem; then, like a broken whip, become bent in an acute angle, with as stiff an appearance as if the whole were made up of wires; and, to complete the wonder, a part of the length of the main thread will assume one appearance, and another part another, and, moreover, pass from one into the other in the quickest possible succession. When expanded, these threads resemble rather a delicate fabric spun with the finest spider's thread; at times brought close together, combed in one direction without entangling; then becoming stretched apart, and preserving in this evolution the most perfect parallelism among themselves, and at no time and under no circumstances confusing the fringes of the two tentacula. They may cross each other, they may be apparently entangled throughout their length; but let the animal suddenly contract, and all these innumerable interwoven fringes unfold, shrink, and disappear, as if made of the most elastic India-rubber.'

Before dipping further into the information contained in this volume, we will give an extract as a fair sample of the writer's style. The following is the introduction to his account of the *Noctiluca miliaris*; and although the phenomena described are sufficiently common, the representation is agreeable, life-like, and correct.

'Few visitors to the seaside have not, at some time or other, more especially during the summer season, had occasion to observe, while walking by night upon the shore, or else, while enjoying the breeze upon some pier-head or overhanging cliff, a phenomenon as beautiful as it is astonishing. The waves, as they come rolling in, seem fringed with fire; and, when they break upon the shore, burst into liquid flame, which glides along, still spreading as it flows, until it laves the sands with light, and then, slowly retiring, leaves a track of shining sparkles glittering on the strand. If witnessed from a boat, or from a steamer's deck, the scene is still more wonderful: the heaving waves around appear to burn like phosphorus, emitting pale and ghostly splendour; the silent oars are raised dripping with living diamonds; or if a hand should be immersed in the refulgent water and again withdrawn, the glowing sparks, like tiny stars, stick to its surface, or are shaken off in brilliant scintillations. The splashing wheels stir up a sheet of light; the wake of the vessel flames behind, as if it were the tail of some vast rocket, and the labouring ship appears to wallow in a fiery foam. In our own climate, however, this luminous appearance is seldom witnessed in such perfection; more frequently, when the water is slightly agitated by the winds and currents, it only shows itself in scattered sparkles mingled with the spray of the sea, and in the froth created by the way of the ship. These sparkles, or luminous points, vary in magnitude, and often continue to shine for some moments as they pass the sides of the vessel, or follow in its track. The kind of light thus exhibited is sometimes extremely brilliant, almost emulating that of the azure, gold, and silver of the pyrotechnist.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship,
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

'This appearance is not unfrequently accompanied by flashes of a paler light and momentary duration, which often illuminate the water to the extent of several feet: these are more or less vivid according to the distance of the observer, and the depth at which they make their appearance, resembling exceedingly the lightning so often seen in tropical regions, which presents itself in diffused flashes, now issuing from one mass of clouds, now from another, in constant succession over the whole face of the heavens. The explanation of this phenomenon was to our forefathers simple enough, as any one may convince himself by referring to some of the earlier volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, where, after elaborate theories relative to "phlegm," and

"phlogiston," and other elements unknown in modern chemistry, the sages of those times ascribe all this luminous splendour to the "saltiness of the sea : " and even in our own days, should the inquisitive passenger on board a vessel seek for information relative to the cause of the wide-spread phosphorescence, he will, in nine cases out of ten, receive a reply equally satisfactory, if not couched in precisely the same terms. A little careful examination will, however, soon convince the student of nature that such is by no means a true solution of the problem. A tumbler-glass filled from the glowing wave, and set aside for accurate inspection, will be found to swarm with little points of most translucent jelly, requiring close examination even to detect their presence, and yet so numerous that 30,000 of them have been calculated to be contained in a cubic foot of highly luminous sea-water.'

When we reflect that the *Medusæ* are little more than animated sea-water, the varied beauty of form, brilliant colours, and lively motions which we find in these humble jelly-fishes, fill us with wonder. Place one on a watch glass, allow it to evaporate in the sun, and a slight tinge of dry colour is all that remains. Take one of the larger size, weighing several pounds, treat it in the same way, and a thin membranous skin will be the sole residue. An amusing circumstance is told, bearing on this point, by the late Professor Edward Forbes. He was once lecturing in a small Scotch seaport town, and took occasion to remark upon the small amount of solid matter contained in these marine products. After the lecture, a farmer who had been present, came forward and asked the Professor if he had correctly understood him with respect to the *Medusæ* consisting of little else than salt-water. On being told that such indeed was the case, he remarked that it would have saved him many a pound if he had known that sooner ; for he had been in the habit of using his carts and horses to carry away large quantities of those jelly-fishes to manure his fields, and he now believed that he might as well have employed so much sea-water. Assuming, Dr. Forbes remarks, that so much as a ton weight of *Medusæ*, recently thrown upon the beach, had been carted away in one load, it will be found that the entire quantity of solid material would be only about four pounds avoirdupois weight, which, if compressed, the farmer might very easily have carried home in one of his coat-pockets. To what a size these jelly-fishes sometimes attain, may be judged from the fact that we have a trustworthy account of one cast ashore on the Bombay territory, which, left to melt away in the sun, took nine months to evaporate, leaving no remains behind.

Reluctantly passing by the sponges, the *Algæ*, and the other interesting objects about which Professor Jones so pleasantly, though so unsystematically, discourses, we proceed, accompanied by the reader with his pocket-lens, to glance at the zoophytes.

These beautiful objects, included by the unenlightened sea-side wanderer under the general term of 'sea-weeds,' were called 'zoophytes,' because by some physiologists they were thought to partake of the nature both of vegetables and animals; the fact being that, with the outward semblance of sea-plants, they are in reality little animals, house and tenant being organically and indissolubly connected. The history of the observations and reasonings which finally settled the status of the zoophyte is very interesting. About the year 1730, Peyssonnel, a physician of Marseilles, first ventured to maintain that what had previously been described as the 'blossoms' of the coral, were true animals, ('insects,' he called them,) analogous to the *Actinæ*, or Sea-Anemones; that the coral, in fact, was secreted by the animal, becoming subsequently hard and stony, or horny, as the case might be. A short period elapsed, during which opinion on this matter remained wavering, uncertain, and chaotic. One of the few English naturalists of the eighteenth century whose names have at present any prestige, then arose in the person of John Ellis. This individual was a London merchant, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had attained such skill in certain of the natural history sciences, as to enjoy the confidence and correspondence of some of the most celebrated naturalists of his day. His views were unfolded to the Royal Society in the year 1752; and though much has been done since in the way of classification, his general views have in the main been only confirmed by future observation and inquiry. If the reader has a further interest in the subject, let him consult the classical work of Dr. George Johnston, *A History of the British Zoophytes*, to whom Professor Jones is much indebted, as we must now pass on to some details. This author divides them into three orders, easily recognisable by the nature of their skeleton; the 1st, *Hydroida*, having polyps enclosed in horny, tubular, plant-like sheaths, forming an external covering to their trunk; the 2nd, *Asteroida*, a calcareous or horny axis, or internal skeleton, surrounded by the fleshy parts of the compound body; and the 3rd, *Heli-anthoida*, having a calcareous or coriaceous skeleton, composed of plates radiating, like the gills of a mushroom, towards a common centre.

Of the first order into which the zoophytes are divided, the *Hydroida*, it may safely be said, that none exist more beautiful in form, or more delicate and graceful in the arrangement of the details of their structure. They vary from a few lines to upwards of a foot in height, and are almost invariably found attached to rocks, shells, sea-weed, other corallines, and to various shell-fishes. Many of them appear to be indiscriminate in

their choice of the object, but others again make a decided preference. Thus *Thuiaria thuja* prefers the valves of old shells, *Thoa helicina* is more partial to the larger univalves, *Antennularia antennina* grows on rocks, *Campanularia geniculata* delights to cover the broad frond of the tangle with a fairy forest peopled with its myriads of busy polyps, while the *Sertularia pumila* rather loves the more common and coarser rocks. The polypidoms, or habitations of these zoophytes, are disposed in a variety of elegant plant-like forms, slender, horny, and jointed, bearing evidences of periodical stages of growth, and having the cup-like cells of the polyps arranged in a determinate order, either sessile or elevated on a stalk. The first family of this order consists exclusively of the *Hydra*; but of the history, changes, and strange antics of these creatures we must decline to speak, since anything like an ample description would require an article to itself. Of an animal of which we are told, and truly told, that when you cut a piece out of the body the wound speedily heals, and, as if excited by the stimulus of the knife, young polyps sprout from the wound more abundantly, and in preference to untouched parts; that when a polyp is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two unite and form one individual; that when a head is lopped off, it may safely be engrafted on the body of any other that may chance to want one; that you may slit it up, and lay it out flat like a membrane, with impunity; nay, finally, that you may turn it inside out, so that the stomachal surface shall become the epidermous, and yet it shall continue to live and enjoy itself,—of such an animal what can we say more than to advise the reader to study those books in which these and other wonders are fully and faithfully described?

The *Tubularia indivisa*, or Oaten-pipe Coralline, belonging to the second family of this order, is dwelt upon by Professor Jones at some length, and, as it is not difficult to procure on our coasts, is a convenient object of study to the young aquarist. A bunch of *Tubularia*, fresh from its native bed, is, as our author remarks, a perfect garden in itself, 'every stem being densely populated with other forms of zoophytes, growing in rich profusion from its surface, and affording a spectacle well calculated to impress us with the idea of the immense profusion of animal life that flourishes in the recesses of the ocean.' Its tubes consist of a yellow horny stem, from six to twelve inches in height, sometimes single, but in general found crowded in groups. From these stems arise heads or polyps, perfectly resembling the structure of the *Hydra*, forming, in the language of Dr. Johnston, 'a globular knob of a scarlet colour,' and

enriched by a double row of similarly coloured tentacula. Amongst the marvels of its history may be mentioned the strange vigour of its regenerative faculty, by which one head succeeds another through a prolonged series,—how long this deponent sayeth not.

If we proceed to the Sertularian Zoophytes, the third and last family of this order, specimens of which are so frequently found in the albums of fair sea-side students, the *Plumularia cristata* may be taken as an example. The feathery forms of these animals are very attractive, tempting to exhibit them in the dried state, by which process, however, much of their beauty is lost. Each plume, says Mr. Lister, in reference to a specimen of one of these zoophytes, might comprise from four to five hundred polyps; while Professor Jones remarks, repeating a statement of Dr. Johnston, that a specimen of no unusual size had twelve plumes, with certainly not fewer cells on each than the larger numbers mentioned, thus giving 6,000 polyps as the tenantry of a single polypidom! Now, many such specimens, all united too by one common fibre, and all the offshoots of one common parent, are often located on one seaweed,—the site then of a population which neither London nor Pekin can rival. But *Plumularia cristata* is a small species, and there are single specimens of *Plumularia falcata* or *Sertularia argentea* to be met with in equal abundance, of which the family may consist of 80,000 or 100,000 individuals. Such are the 'insect millions peopling every wave.'

We cannot afford space to dilate upon the Asteroid division of the zoophytes. The precious coral of commerce is the skeleton of an animal which belongs to it; the *Pennatulidæ*, or Sea-Pens, of which there are three British species, are here arranged, one of them, the *Pennatula phosphoreu*, taking rank amongst the finest of our zoophytes. Nor can we do more than allude to the Helianthoid branch of the subject. There is, indeed, the less necessity to do so, since the principal group it contains, the *Actinia*, or Sea-Anemones, have lately received at least their fair share of public attention, being most popular objects for the aquarium, and having met with many and most enthusiastic biographers.

No part of Professor Jones's volume is better worth a careful perusal than his description of the *Annelides*, or Sea-Worms. Some members of this class, such as the leech and earth-worm, live on the land, while a considerable variety inhabit the sea. All are voracious, and are remarkable both for the red colour of their own blood, and the strong propensity they have to suck the blood of other animals. The larger portion of

the marine kinds belong to the *Dorsibranchiate* family, whose breathing organs, or gills, are arranged in beautiful feathery pairs, either to every segment of the body, or to a certain number of the middle segments. The *Arenicola piscatorum*, or Dug-Worm, is a well known example, being commonly used as bait by fishermen. Among the tube-inhabiting or sedentary *Annelides*, none are more interesting (and none more easily procurable) than the *Serpula*. This is the name of the little worm which inhabits those calcareous, irregularly twisted tubes which every reader will have observed on stones, or dead shells which have been long under water. The wide extremity, or mouth of the tube, is furnished with a kind of door, through which the creature cautiously protrudes the upper part of its body, spreading out two gorgeous fan-like expansions, of a rich scarlet or purple colour, which float elegantly in the surrounding water, and serve as branchial or breathing organs. The smaller *Spirorbis* is still more common than the preceding, since almost every piece of sea-weed is studded over with specimens. We may just allude, in passing, to the *Sabella*, whose beautifully constructed tubes, formed of fine particles of sand, perfectly smooth without, and lined with a soft silky film within, are found in great numbers on our sandy shores. We can scarcely even allude to the still more beautiful members of this group, such as the *Amphitrites*, *Nereids*, *Cirratuli*, &c., whose descriptions and habits form some of the most pleasant pages of the volume now before us. For information respecting them, as well as the Crustaceans and Molluscs, we refer our readers to the work itself, which abounds in illustrations of those truths which are elicited from every department of natural history; and which, while they agreeably stimulate the intellect, raise the heart in grateful adoration of the Almighty Designer of the universe.

‘Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind, occult or known,
(Each exquisitely formed to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone,)
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil
Unconsciously their Maker’s will.’

Professor Jones has interspersed sundry personal adventures among the more serious topics upon which he discourses; and we think we cannot do better, before we conclude, than extract one, both amusing in itself, and well described:—

‘We happened some years ago to enjoy the pleasure of a visit to the late Sir John Ross, the hero of the North Pole, at that time but recently returned from his celebrated expedition. One evening, just before retiring to rest, we chanced, innocently enough, to express a

wish to procure some Razor-shells,—*muskins*, as they are there called,—and were informed that the nearest point where they were obtainable was on some sand-banks in the vicinity of Glenluce. “However,” said Sir John, “I will consult the almanack as to the state of the tides,” (the muskins being only obtainable at very low water,) “and shall be happy to drive you over.” Of course, after expressing our obligations, we went to our chamber, and were soon soundly asleep, in blissful ignorance of the fate we had so inadvertently brought upon ourselves. Our slumbers did not last long: about half-past two in the morning we were hailed by the stentorian voice of Sir John at our bedside, informing us that he found it would be low water in the bay of Luce at half-past five o’clock,—that he had ordered the pony-chaise to be at the door at three, and that there was only half-an-hour at our disposal to dress and get some breakfast. I cannot say that the morning was particularly inviting for a ride, or that I looked upon the prospect before us with very pleasurable emotions. The month of November is at the best but ill-adapted to a naturalizing excursion; and, on the present occasion, not only was it intensely dark, but a Scotch mist hung around us like a London fog, through which the snow, as it came down in broad flakes, descended in silent profusion. However, as Sir John said *that* was of no consequence, off we drove, my teeth chattering with cold, as if in a fit of the ague; but it was of no use uttering any complaint in presence of such a weather-proof companion, fresh as an iceberg from the polar seas. After a *rather* chilly drive, we arrived at length upon the shores of the bay of Luce, and at once proceeded to knock up the fishermen who were to be our guides: after some difficulty, this was accomplished, and we then set off in search of the sea-side, the scene, as I thought, of our operations. The air was now beginning to grow clearer, and the mist had become less dense, so that objects were faintly distinguishable: at last, the white line of surf proclaimed that we were on the sea-beach, and we were preparing,

“So soon as heaven’s window show’d a light,”

to set to work. “There are no muskins here, my good fellow,” exclaimed the thrice-hardy veteran; “they are over yonder.” “Where?” I inquired. “Why, there,” said Captain Ross, pointing right out to sea,—“on a sandbank half-a-mile out,—you will see it just now, when it gets a little lighter.” “O! I suppose, then, we are waiting for a boat?” “Boat! my dear fellow; here are no boats—**WE MUST WADE IT!** It won’t reach up to your arm-pits: take that gun upon your shoulder; it will help to steady you.” “But, Sir John, I shall be catching my death of cold,” I expostulated. “Cold!—nonsense; no one ever caught cold in salt water yet. Here, come along! take hold of me—mind you don’t stumble.” It was quite obvious there was no retreating; so, with desperate determination, in we went—Sir John in front, and a fisherman on each side of me—deeper and deeper still—until fairly up to our necks; and, holding the gun at arm’s length above water, we at last crossed the strait, and gained the sandbank on the other-side, where, dripping with wet, and half-frozen, I

mentally resolved never to associate myself in future with men who, like my Arctic friend, seemed to consider a bath at the temperature of 30° Fahrenheit quite warm and comfortable.'

Our opinion of the book will have been gathered from what we have already said. It is interesting, instructive, suggestive. We think it a defect that something like a scientific tabular arrangement was not prefixed to the different departments of the subject, as the author could still have chosen what individuals he thought proper for description and illustration, while the reader would have known with precision to what part of the zoological series such individuals belonged. We must state, in conclusion, that Mr. Tuffin West's illustrations are highly satisfactory, and greatly increase the value of the work.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Table Talk of John Selden*. With a Biographical Preface and Notes, by S. W. SINGER, F.S.A. London. 1856.
2. *The Table Talk of Martin Luther*. Translated and Edited by JOHN HAZLITT, Esq. Bohn. 1857.
3. *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men, collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope and other eminent Persons of his Time*. By the REV. JOSEPH SPENCE. With Notes and Life of the Author by S. W. SINGER, F.S.A. London. 1858.
4. *Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Murray. 1858.
5. *Curiosities of Literature*. By ISAAC DISRAELI. A new Edition. Edited, with Memoirs and Notes, by his Son, the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI. In Three Volumes. London: Routledge and Co. 1858.
6. *The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors: with some Inquiries respecting their moral and literary Characters, and Memoirs for our Literary History*. By ISAAC DISRAELI. New Edition. London: Routledge and Co. 1859.

THERE are some books which encourage only a taste for desultory reading,—Magazines, with their 'varieties,' 'sketches,' 'collectanea,' 'diamond dust;' and volumes of Anecdotes, moral, social, and political, personal, special, and miscellaneous. It is on literature of this kind that the majority of readers in our day satisfy their casual appetite for learning, fancying, no doubt, that

they pick out the very plums of knowledge. We have no desire to see this branch of letters more extensively cultivated than it is; and if we had, we could leave the desired result to be accomplished through the ordinary working of the law of demand and supply. But there is better or worse, higher or lower, even in the department of light and promiscuous literature; and as the most serious minds will occasionally unbend in this direction, we may profitably ask, What books of gossip are favourites with the literary student, the statesman, and the philosopher?

The anecdotal literature of England may be divided into two great classes. The first of these is of limited extent, comprising only a few memorials of moral wisdom derived from the conversation of eminent and learned men. *The Table Talk of John Selden* is a celebrated example of this class. It has received an eulogium of the very highest kind from so good a judge as Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book,' says he, 'than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.' Though we may hesitate to subscribe to this opinion, it would certainly be difficult to name a work of the same class which affords, bulk for bulk, so many shrewd and admirable judgments,—for the 'Essays' of Lord Bacon are excluded from competition by the fact of their deliberate authorship. Selden was brought up to the law, and became eminent as a jurist, most of his works being of a strictly professional character. Thus it happened that even his familiar talk was generally of a grave and learned cast. As fragmentary sayings they may properly be ranged under the head of light or miscellaneous reading; but it is only a judge or a bishop who would think of 'unbending' over such a volume. Yet every thoughtful reader will find something to his taste,—some happy definition, some discriminating judgment, or some quaint and luminous comparison. If Selden had been a mere prodigy of learning, his name alone would have survived; if he had been a mere lawyer, like Coke or Somers, his reputation would be practically limited to the Inns of Court; but all his erudition passed through a powerful understanding, mingled with shrewd observation of the world, and was digested into forms of general wisdom. Hence we are thankful even for the crumbs which fall from the wise man's table. The remarks of Selden are always pointed and suggestive, even when they do not command our full assent; and when they appear to be wholly unworthy of his genius and repute, it is to be remembered that many errors are incident to reported conversation, that the truth as well as the felicity of an

apophthegm depends frequently on the *ipsissima verba* of the speaker, and especially that eccentric or extreme opinions are more aptly seized than those which are guardedly expressed. Besides, wit has its peculiar temptations, company its undue excitements, and even wise men their weak and vulnerable side; while the momentary temper, the ironical tone, the unreported context, are qualifying features that do not appear upon the page. For these and other reasons we have no right to quote the after-dinner talk of Selden, or Johnson, as the full, deliberate, and ultimate conclusion of the speaker's mind. Instructive, brilliant, and amusing, we may read such details with profit as well as pleasure; and even approve the tenor of the whole as wise and subtle: but the verdicts themselves are not authoritative, not decisive; the judge is out of court, and mingles wit and folly at his own table.

These remarks are particularly applicable to the case of Selden, and to all whose reputation is endangered by the posthumous report of colloquial wit, given in a bold and fragmentary manner. The reader of elaborate memoirs, such as *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, is not so apt to charge every crude or trivial remark to the discredit of the sage; for the circumstances which gave rise to it are fully stated, the conversation is given in its actual and dramatic form, the state of the Doctor's mind is indicated by the bulletin of his bodily condition; and when he turns round with a hardy contradiction of the truth, we know it is only intended to confound a Whig, or disconcert a fool. But it is otherwise where conversation is reported piecemeal, without order, and without connexion. Here there is nothing to account for undue severity or partial estimates,—nothing to distinguish the word of jest from the word of sober judgment. No man can regard more than one aspect of truth at a time; yet an isolated speech has always a deliberate and oracular air, and a clumsy note-maker may aid the transformation by the dropping, or insertion, of a single word. How few wise men have a scribe like Boswell by their side, to record with careful alacrity and zeal what has just been listened to with the most reverent appreciation! On these grounds we claim additional allowance on behalf of Selden: his *Table Talk* is not only subject to the usual drawbacks, but is wanting in due authenticity and credit; and if internal evidence were not strongly in favour of its genuineness as a whole, we should be obliged to adopt the opinion of Dr. Wilkins, who treated it as spurious, and excluded it from his edition of the author's works.

A few specimens of Selden's table talk will indicate its style and flavour. The following is highly characteristic: 'Equity is a roguish thing: for Law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we should call a foot, a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: 'tis the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.' This remark is certainly ingenious, but no wise man will hastily conclude that it settles the comparative merits of Law and Equity. The reader feels that an analogy quite as plausible might be framed or chosen to illustrate the other side. Suppose, for instance, that the Chancellor should be compared to a cordwainer, fitting the shoes to his clients' feet according to a scale of sizes; how obvious then would be the remark, that although a certain stature in the man commonly implies a certain measure in the foot, yet individual cases vary by many shades, and, after all, the actual measure of the foot is more to be regarded, than the relative stature of the man; so too should the judgment of the Chancellor be adapted case by case!

Again, in speaking of the Bible, the judgment of our author is not indisputable. '*Scrutamini Scripturas*. These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to His disciples therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scriptures.....The text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves out of the authors that lived about those times.' The following under the same head, is substantially good, although the analogy is liable to misconception. 'When you meet with several readings of the text, take heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your Church; but do as if you were going over a bridge; be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various Lections.' To this a hearer may retort, 'But when the bridge gives way, what becomes of the rail and those who hung by it?' Selden, however, would doubtless have rejoined, that he spake only of the yielding of a plank, and not of the entire structure; that his remark was not addressed to the infidel who would shake all, but to the student who conscientiously tried the soundness of a part suspected.

It is sometimes easily perceived that our author is in a pleasant mood, as when we read, 'There never was a merry world since the Fairies left dancing, and the Parson left conjuring;' yet even this is not said without a spice of earnest, for he adds, 'The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a Justice of the Peace.' Sometimes he is more witty than gallant, as in the following passage: 'Tis reason, a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scres she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 't is fit that he should pay for the glasses he breaks.' It is time to part company with one who can talk in this shocking manner; but we will hear him once more, and part on better terms. The recent agitation on the subject of 'Confession' gives fresh interest to the following thoughts of Selden: 'The difference between us and the Papists is, we both allow Contrition, but the Papists make Confession a part of Contrition; they say a man is not sufficiently contrite till he confess his sins to a Priest. . . Why should I think a Priest will not reveal Confession? I am sure he will do any thing that is forbidden him, haply not so often as I. The utmost punishment is deprivation; and how can it be proved that ever any man revealed Confession, when there is no witness? And no man can be witness in his own cause. A mere gullery. There was a time when 't was public in the church, and that is much against their Auricular Confession.' The lawyer's turn of thought is often to be traced in Selden's sayings, and here it peeps out in the sentence, 'No man can be witness in his own cause.'

One of the most remarkable books in any language is the Table Talk of Martin Luther; and, thanks to the vigilance of our translators, it has long been accessible in our own. But the history of the fortunes of this volume, and the circumstances which gave rise to the English version, is hardly less remarkable than the contents of the book itself. The *Colloquia Mensalia* was originally published (in German) at Eisleben, in the year 1566, under the editorial care of Dr. John Aurifaber; and several editions followed in the course of a few years. Its popularity soon aroused the anger and hostility of the Roman see. Denounced by Pope Gregory, and proscribed by the German Emperor, its destruction rapidly proceeded, till 'not so much as one copy of the same could be found out nor heard of in any place.' At length, in the year 1626, a copy, carefully preserved in a strong linen cloth, smeared all over with bees'

wax, was discovered in the foundations of an old house; and the reigning Emperor being as hostile as his predecessor to the Protestant religion, the finder of this book feared to make his discovery known, but sent the precious volume to a friend in England. This friend was Captain Henry Bell, by whom the work was presently translated, and on whose authority we have made the above relation. The good captain adds a more extraordinary statement;—how ‘an ancient man’ appeared to him in the night, and, ‘taking him by the right ear,’ urged the translation of the book sent from Germany, and promised to provide both time and place for that purpose; how the writer was soon afterwards committed to the Gatehouse, Westminster, and kept ten years close prisoner, of which space five years were devoted to the said translation; how the undertaking came to the knowledge of my lord of Canterbury, who sent for the MS., read it with interest, praised it with discretion, and kept it without permission; how with much importunity the captain had the work restored to him, with a present of gold, and a promise that an order for its publication should be procured from his majesty; and how finally, after the death of Dr. Laud, the House of Commons ‘did give order for the printing thereof,’ first taking the precaution that the original and the copy should be duly examined and compared. All this we have assured to us under the hand of Henry Bell, ‘the third day of July, 1650.’

The authenticity of Luther’s *Table Talk* is confirmed, if it be not mainly rested, on internal evidence. All the characteristics of the great Reformer are stamped upon its pages;—his faults, his errors, and his peculiarities, are mingled with the substantial proofs of his noble and hallowed nature. There is something more than intellectual vigour in this book, and something far better. It is full of manly courage and human tenderness, of shrewd and practical and pointed sayings, of honest wholesome truths in downright homely language. The spiritual genius of Luther, if we may so express it, is something wonderful. There is nothing critical, in the strict and highest sense of the word, in all his expository thoughts. His theology is not the cool scholastic and impersonal system of the mere logician: it is made up of the daily breathings of a life of active piety, ever replenished by recourse to the lively oracles of truth. This is seen in every page of his *Table Talk*. His life is nothing but a holy warfare; he is continually engaged with Satan and his legions; and the language he employs betrays the conscious

strife to which he is committed. How vivid is his sense of Satan's personality and power! He does not combat a mere evil tendency, a vague principle of depravity and error, but a subtle, sworn, gigantic adversary; and him he tracks through every wile and stratagem, exposing his infernal devices, and showering upon him huge ridicule and scorn from behind the buckler of a triumphant faith. He never makes the sad mistake—so common in our day—of underrating the great enemy of mankind, much less that of doubting his existence. 'It is almost incredible,' he exclaims, 'how God enables us, with flesh and blood, to enter combat with the devil, and to beat and overcome so powerful a spirit as he, and with no other weapon but only His word, which by faith we take hold on;' and again: 'The devil cannot but be our enemy, since we are against him with God's word, wherewith we destroy his kingdom. He is a prince and god of the world, and has a greater power than all the kings, potentates, and princes upon earth; wherefore he would be revenged of us, and assaults us without ceasing, as we both see and feel.' In this manner does Luther frequently express himself concerning 'the devil and his works;' and many other sections of the Table Talk show how ready he was, at all times, to appreciate the malignant source of trouble and temptation, and to frustrate their design. On the other hand he sees the beneficence of God yet more widely and abundantly diffused,—sees it established in the order of nature, active in the measures of providence, and crowned by the triumphs of grace. A pleasant quaintness and simplicity is found in many of his trivial sayings. For example: 'No man can estimate the great charge God is at only in maintaining birds and such creatures, comparatively nothing worth. I am persuaded that it costs Him, yearly, more to maintain only the sparrows than the revenue of the French King amounts to. What then shall we say of all the rest of His creatures?' How slight an observation this, to survive the change and waste of more than three hundred years! Yet it seems to come fresh from the lips of the great Reformer, and we love him all the better for it.

Many of the opinions of Luther are more curious than important. He supposed that the original Paradise included all the world, that Adam before the Fall could see objects a hundred miles off better than we can see them at half a mile, and that if he had remained in a state of innocence, both he and his posterity would have been translated into the everlasting glory of heaven. Luther was certainly not of a superstitious temperament; yet he believed in witchcraft, in common with

all the people of that age, and in ghostly apparitions, in common with the great men of almost every age. 'The science of alchemy,' says he, 'I like very well, and indeed 't is the philosophy of the ancients;' but then he holds this general belief at the service of a truth more certain and profound, and proceeds to illustrate the latter by the former. 'I like it not only for the profit it brings in melting metals, in decocting, preparing, extracting, and distilling herbs, roots; I like it also for the sake of the allegory and secret signification, which is exceedingly fine, touching the resurrection of the dead at the last day. For, as in a furnace the fire extracts and separates from a substance the other portions, and carries upward the spirit, the life, the sap, the strength, while the unclean matter, the dregs, remain at the bottom, like a dead and worthless carcass; even so God, at the day of judgment, will separate all things through fire, the righteous from the ungodly. The Christians and righteous shall ascend upwards into heaven, and there live everlastingly; but the wicked and the ungodly, as the dross and filth, shall remain in hell, and there be damned.' The following is a still more curious example of Luther's superstition. 'One's thirty-eighth year is an evil and dangerous year, bringing many heavy and great sicknesses; naturally, by reason perhaps of the comets and conjunctions of Saturn and Mars, but spiritually by reason of the innumerable sins of the people.' On this we are tempted to remark, not so much the ignorance which could ascribe the evils of a certain year to astral influences,—for that is no cause for wonder,—but the oddity which could refer *them in particular* to 'the sins of the people,' always numerous enough, but surely not more so at that period of individual life. It is only fair to suppose that the reporter is here at fault.

By these examples the reader may safely judge of Martin Luther's conversation. Yet its quality and strength considerably vary; and it is not to be concealed that his violent disposition sometimes breaks out in quite unwarrantable language. Thus on one occasion he exclaims: 'Erasmus, of Rotterdam, is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth. He is a very Caiaphas.' And again: 'Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse upon Erasmus.' We should be happy to think that here also the reporter was at fault; but the style of our Reformer's letters too frequently confirms this testimony. No doubt the indignation of Luther was roused by the cold sarcastic spirit of Erasmus, and especially by his unmanly refusal to exert or

sacrifice himself in the cause of sacred truth. But while this consideration may serve to excuse the Reformer's anger, it cannot justify his language. The curse of Meroz is not to be pronounced by Christian lips.

After all, it is not men of Luther's temperament and genius who show to most advantage in the journal of familiar table-talk. All that is finest in their friendly and domestic intercourse is perishable as the bloom of table flowers. To talk well is both a science and an art; it demands a cultivated power of expression, as well as an ample basis of understanding and knowledge. We are told by Dr. Johnson that his skill in social dialectics was the result of deliberate and careful practice,—that he early set himself to weigh the value of colloquial terms, and to attain a ready and judicious use of them; and all know the nature and the amount of his success in this particular sphere. But Johnson had some personal qualifications that are hardly less important. The power of saying wise or witty things is not sufficient to make a great table-talker. He must have authority as well as wisdom who would claim the attention of a company not always capable of independent judgment; and even the sharpshooting play of wit is most successfully directed from some place of eminence, some slight advantage of position, whether social or intellectual, inherited or achieved. Of course, the reputation of great conversational powers commands attention; but how is this reputation gained? Certainly not by purely intellectual means; for the most felicitous remarks are often the most refined and delicate, marked by just discrimination rather than dogmatic boldness, and not likely to arrest the mind, even if they reach the ear, of an ordinary listener. It is *intellectual prowess* which distinguishes the great *talker*; and this gladiatorial faculty is generally associated with a strong *physique*. Even a loud voice and a brusque manner are no contemptible *additions* (of course they are nothing more) to the usual weapons of polemic warfare.

We may verify the truth of these remarks by pointing to the circle which was wont to gather around the table of Mrs. Thrale. There were kings before Agamemnon, and no doubt speakers of note even in the days of Dr. Johnson; but when the author of *Rasselas* swayed into the room, in his ponderous and ungainly fashion, it was not easy to resist the influence of his very presence. He was literally a triton among the minnows. He awed before he convinced, and you could only escape conversion by submitting to immediate martyrdom. Even the best of the

argument could not save you from being worsted in the dispute; you paid as dearly for your adversary's failures as your own; for, as Goldsmith wittily remarked, 'If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.' Of course, a few ebullitions of this kind would be sufficient to establish an almost unmolested reign; for the sensitive and proud would naturally observe a prudent silence. Yet, with all this, some of the best sayings in Boswell proceed from the lips of Goldsmith; and we reasonably infer that many others were repressed by the lowering genius of Johnson, or lost to the pre-occupied attention of his scribe. The best of table-talk often passes *sotto voce* betwixt two genial neighbours.

Many excellent sayings of the wise and good are found scattered in the page of modern literature; but there is only one publication of the century which deserves to range with the aforementioned manuals of Selden and Luther. We allude, of course, to the *Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, so ably compiled and edited by the poet's nephew. This is perhaps the most curious and valuable thesaurus of the three. It is the epitome of a magnificent but broken life of culture,—the ruin of a grand disordered intellect, in which, as in a lake ruffled by temporary breezes, a thousand images of beauty chase each other, and only in some rare moment of quiescence do we notice how large a portion, both of the upper and the nether sphere, is reflected and comprised. Coleridge has left no work behind him that is worthy of his great powers; but perhaps this little posthumous book of *Table Talk* gives a better indication of the nature, variety, and imperfection of those powers than any composition deliberately published by himself. It is Coleridge in little; it allows us to measure both his weakness and his strength. The most serious defects of his mental constitution are least apparent in a volume of colloquial and desultory sayings, while the opulence of his mind and the subtlety of his understanding are nowhere displayed to such remarkable advantage. He was, as Madame de Staël observed, a master of monologue. The ordinary restraints of conversation were not laid upon this brilliant talker. The few who gathered round him, whether drawn by curiosity or friendship, had sufficient sympathy to wonder and admire, if not to understand, while the old man eloquent folded his hands and unfolded his discourse; every interruption was made to illustrate, enforce, or otherwise subserve his argument; all that floated or glanced

upon the stream of conversation came soon within the absorbing eddy of his genius, receiving new light on every point and at every swirl, and not unfrequently disappearing in a vortex of profound philosophy. Yet, in spite of his abandonment, perhaps not so frequently indulged as some have thought, there is unusual clearness and succinctness in the reported table talk of Coleridge. He had always a peculiar skill in definition, and some of his best essays in that useful art are here set down. Many of his sayings are admirable specimens of wit and truth combined. Thus he compares Frenchmen to grains of gunpowder,—‘each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mix them together, and they are terrible indeed.’ His love of nice distinctions may be illustrated by his verdict on another nation. ‘The genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humour and so little wit in their literature. The genius of the Italians on the contrary is acute, profound, and sensual, but not subtle; hence, what they think to be humourous is merely witty.’ We hardly know if it will aid or hinder the reader in attempting to realize this distinction, if we add the author’s definition of keenness and subtlety; but here it is: ‘Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer, that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences,—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.’ If acuteness is the same as keenness, in the estimation of our author, then the latter quotation will throw some light upon the former; and we might expect the Italians to excel in logical dexterity: but is it not otherwise in point of fact? Yet subtlety is no doubt the distinctive mark of genius. It is eminently so in the case of Coleridge himself. His powers of analysis are truly wonderful; and as the infirmity of his will prevented him from exercising them on a larger scale, he has allowed them an excursive range over the field of universal criticism. No subject is too high to daunt him, and none so low as to escape his notice. From the mysteries of the Trinity and the Hypostatic Union, down to the grammatical value of particle or adverb, he is always ready to speak, if not equally prepared. What he has remarked of Seneca is strikingly descriptive of himself: ‘You may get a motto for every sect in religion, a line of thought in morals or philosophy; but nothing

is ever thought *out* by him.' Hence he is the most quotable of modern authors; and his authority is likely to be adduced in turn by men of every party. It is due to his moral weakness that we have only fragments of his intellectual wealth. The curse of Reuben was upon him: unstable as water, he could not excel, and the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power was a birthright thrown away.

Such being his character, no wonder that Coleridge was the best of talkers; and since he was destined to do so little, it is well that he was disposed to say so much. It was the only service left within his power. Like a gallant great East India-man that, with broken helm, has drifted upon the rocks, and loosened plank by plank, his noble mind suffered disastrous shipwreck; but all its treasures were dissipated rather than lost: some at least were richer from the ruin, and gathered on the spot more than they could well bear away with them; and so great and unexhausted was the spoil that still, ever and again, some wave of time comes towards us burthened with another fragment, and leaves it at our feet. Perhaps none of us may live to see thrown up the last piece of that gallant vessel or of its costly freight.

There is one reflection that is left upon the mind by all the volumes now passed under our review. It is a thought most humbling to the pride of genius, but not without encouragement to the lover of mankind at large. Luther, Selden, Coleridge,—these were all great men; yet which of them has the entire confidence of his reader? and who among us all would be justified in taking even the wisest for his guide? It would seem that human infirmity and error have been allowed to make conspicuous detraction from the example of the wise and good, that so the authority of wisdom might appear with salutary limit and abatement, and the power of goodness itself repressed within its own immediate sphere. It is only a superficial knowledge of historic worthies which leads to hero-worship and the like; a more familiar acquaintance brings them nearer to our own level, and though it is possible we may thenceforth love them more, it is almost certain we shall trust them less. Mr. Carlyle would probably tell us that only despair could result from this reflection; but we venture to think otherwise. There is hope for society in the fact that the man of simplest understanding is not required to follow in all things the example of the wisest and the best; he has a reconciling judgment of his own, and if this

be duly informed with the utmost light of conscience, he will stand in need of no mere human guidance.

The flavour of much good table-talk is that of wit. We looked for this quality in the volume published in the name of Samuel Rogers; for the 'venerable' poet had the reputation of saying smart and bitter things. But the book is very disappointing. While the reader is led to expect *bon mot* and epigram, he is treated only to a few stale anecdotes, which cannot fairly represent the conversation of that pungent wit, whose famous breakfasts were seasoned with the liveliest Attic salt.

Some of the best of our social wits are only casually represented in the world of letters. Such is the case with George Selwyn, so famous in the time of Horace Walpole, and Mr. Luttrell, a well-known diner-out in that of Samuel Rogers. Richard Sharp belonged essentially to this class; but the volume of 'Letters and Essays,' which he was induced to publish, entitles him to a superior and independent place. The verses of Mr. Sharp have an Horatian ease and elegance, and his familiar letters are distinguished by taste and judgment in a very high degree; but the volume which contains them, and which was published anonymously, is not likely to attract the notice of ordinary readers.

Almost all that we know of Selwyn is derived from the correspondence of his friend. You may hunt his sparkling epigrams through the pages of Walpole, and find them by their own light. And here a passing reference is due to the epistolary works of that prince of gossips. They form nine large volumes in the new and complete edition lately published, and extend over a period of more than sixty years. Very wonderful in its way is this huge repertory of antiquated politics and scandal—this magic mirror of society and fashion over which flit three generations of reigning beauties and fluttering, foolish beaux. The manners of the Georgian era, as prevailing in the higher classes, are here elaborately and faithfully presented; and this is the merit of a work which owes more to the vanity and weakness of its author than to his undoubted talents. It is only right, however, to say, that our estimate of the abilities of Walpole have risen with a contemplation of his collected works—for works they are, in spite of their trivial character and temporary form. Nothing less than genius could have wrought such marvellous transformations. The idlest man of fashion is also the most diligent man of letters. He mingles in the most transitory

scenes only to give them an enduring life; and preserves, for all time, the airiness of wit and *persiflage* that seemed to perish in the utterance. We may learn to laugh at the immortality of marble; to slight the boasted fame of historic heroes: this sickly beau shall do more for yon momentary beauty, as they meet and part in the changing ranks of fashion, than Phidias accomplished for the form of Pericles, or Clarendon for the memory of Falkland. No doubt the statesmen of his day despised our Horace; yet how many administrations survive only in his party-coloured pages—dismissed to their retirement with jibe and jest, or put upon his shelf of curiosities and trifles!

The great wits of our age have both a social and literary fame: we need only refer to the peculiar talent of that misguided genius, Theodore Hook; and to the quaint antitheses of word and thought which fell spark-like from the lips of Sydney Smith, and exploded on those of his companions. The last genius of this order, though moving in a different sphere, was the late Douglas Jerrold; and his memoir, which has only recently appeared, contains some of his best *bons mots*. The form of Jerrold's wit was purely verbal; but there was weight as well as point in his keen weapon. We will quote an instance to show how much experience and sound advice may be condensed into a pun. Jerrold had been a midshipman in his youth; and, though he always retained the best part of a sailor's character—breathing the salt air with peculiar relish, and delighting to launch in boat, and able even to trim a mismanaged cutter in a moment of need—yet his experience led him to speak unfavourably of a sailor's life, and he always discouraged restless youth from embarking in it. One of this class was introduced to him who had tired of his position in a silkman's establishment. 'So you are going to sea,' said Jerrold. 'To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?' 'Silk,' was the brief response. 'Well, go to sea, and it will be *worsted*.' Jerrold appears to have been brilliant in social *repartee*; and many instances of his lancinating power are given in the memorial published by his son; but the effect on the whole, like that of the author's general career, is rather melancholy than otherwise. There is nothing more tiresome after all than these intellectual fireworks, mere isolated jets of mirth and wit. The plain, honest, stammering language of strong purpose, or deep conviction, is much more grateful in the end.

So much for the few brief manuals of familiar wisdom, and

the scattered traces of colloquial wit. They form only a small portion of the miscellaneous shreds of literature. Personal detail is the staple commodity of desultory readers, and this quite independently of the graces of style. Sometimes it would appear that dulness is a positive recommendation. The true lover of literary anecdotes is not particular to a shade of literary merit; and if he has something of an antiquarian bias, he will be proof against any amount of biographical irrelevance or prolixity. You may shut such a man up for a week together, if you will only indulge him with a copy of *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*; but then he will demand both series of the work, the product of three generations of that laborious family, and now extending to seventeen large octavo volumes. It is not unlikely that he may require the *Life of Bowyer* to be thrown into the bargain: it will serve as a cheering episode to the ponderous *epopée*, and regale his fancy with the fortunes of poor scholars, printers, and divines, long buried and forgotten.

But this, we admit, is an exceptional character. The lovers of literary anecdote are mostly attracted by collections of traditional stories affecting the persons and opinions of celebrated wits and poets; such as that, the title of which stands third on the list we have given. Spence's *Anecdotes* is a very miscellaneous book indeed. It is a posthumous publication formed out of the memoranda of conversations jotted down by the Rev. Joseph Spence,—a country clergyman of considerable taste and culture, who enjoyed for some years the friendship and society of Pope. Besides the poet of Twickenham, Mr. Spence mixed with many famous contemporaries, and has not hesitated to preserve the remarks of inferior men, when they have any bearing upon the history or character of their betters, or contain notable allusion to foreign works of art. The great defect of the volume is its want of authenticity: it is full of indifferent rumour and report, gathered at second hand, and not always consistent in its parts. Here we have stories resting on the authority of old Jacob Tonson and crabbed Mr. Dennis; Dean Lockier (of Peterborough) is made responsible for many others; and a crowd of obscure worthies, foreign as well as English, contribute to the loose collection. We are told that the polished and mitred Atterbury 'did not value swearing,' but used it very freely in urging the proclamation of the Pretender immediately on the death of Queen Anne; and that Dryden's life was probably shortened by drinking much in the company of Addison, the moralist and sage. Every speaker has a kindly word for Gay,

only 'he was a great eater;' and Prior is mentioned *à propos* of Chloë. Yet scandal does not form a large proportion of the whole. Some of the most interesting pages seem to be the fruit of foreign travel, gathered from the conversation of intelligent citizens of Rome and Florence.

But the central figure in the 'Anecdotes' of Spence, is Pope. All the sayings of so fine a genius are worth preserving; yet it appears to us that the generous instincts of his friendship are sounder than his opinions. He speaks well of men, but indifferently well of books. The style of Shakspeare he pronounces coarse and stiff, and that of Milton formal and exotic; but then Congreve was '*ultimus Romanorum*,' and Cowley 'a fine poet, in spite of all his faults.' Among the worthies of English literature he includes even such small fry as Sprat, though at another time he admits that 'middling poets are no poets at all.' Yet Pope had many noble qualities, some of which biassed his literary judgments. His Life by Mr. Carruthers exhibits very strikingly both the littleness and the greatness of his character; his petty animosities and intrigues are balanced by the warmth of his friendship, if not excused by the brilliance of his satire; and we are disposed to apply to him his own description of another genius, and speak of him as the 'greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.'

With the elder Disraeli commenced a new era of literary history. For the first time in our language the fortunes of authors, artists, and scholars obtained an ample and systematic record, dictated by the congenial taste and sympathy of one who was proud to be enrolled among their number. Disraeli makes no pretension to criticism of the higher order. He had neither the learning nor the sagacity of Bayle, of whom there is yet no counterpart in British literature. His province is more limited, and his aim more popular; and he may be said to have cultivated the most interesting branch of letters with equal assiduity and success.

The works of this favourite writer are numerous and important, and we must reserve their consideration to another opportunity, when the Literary Character itself will claim a special examination and report.

- ART. IX.—1. *Hulderici Zwinglii Opera Omnia*. Completa Editio Prima, curantibus M. SCHULERO et Jo. SCHULTHESSIO. 8 vols. 8vo. Turici. 1828–42.
2. *Ulrich Zwingli et son Epoque*. Par J. F. HOTTINGER. Traduit de l'Allemand. Lausanne. 1844.
3. *Zwingli: or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland, &c.* By R. CHRISTOFFEL. Translated from the German by JOHN COCHRAN. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1858.
4. *Zwinglii Vita*. A MYCONIO. (*Vitæ quatuor Reformatorum.*) Berolini. 1841.
5. *Vita Germanorum Theologorum*. A MELCHIORE ADAMO. Haidelbergæ. 1620:
6. *Histoire de la Réformation de la Suisse, &c., &c.* Par ABRAHAM RUCHAT. 6 vols. 8vo. Genève. 1727.
7. *Précis Historique de l'Abbaye et du Pèlerinage de Notre Dame des Ermites, &c.* Einsiedeln et New York. 1856.
8. *Le Pèlerin de Notre Dame des Ermites, ou Instruction sur le Pèlerinage*. Einsiedeln.

THE first of the above series of works is an act of somewhat tardy justice to the great national Reformer of Switzerland. It was hardly to have been anticipated that three centuries should pass before the appearance of a really complete edition of Zwingli's works. However, the task has now been competently performed; and although we could have wished for a Latin translation of the two volumes of German writings, so that the entire portion might be intelligible to those who could read three quarters of the whole, we are bound to speak in favourable terms of the manner in which Messrs. Schuler and Schulthess have performed their office. The introductory notices are at once terse and full of information; and the collection, especially under the head of *Epistolæ*, has been enriched with many additions. It was in this latter most unpretending portion of the volumes that the greatest amount of research was involved; and M. Schulthess did not live to see the issue of the last volume from the press. It is a favourable sign that there should exist so great a demand for the writings of the Protestant champion as to authorize such an undertaking.

It is of no small moment to the knowledge of any important epoch, that we should be thoroughly acquainted with the lives of the principal actors on the scene. Great and energetic men give an impulse to the events of their times; and this was especially true in the case of Zwingli. Yet although he commenced preaching the Gospel at so early a period as to make it doubtful

whether he or Luther sounded the first note of war against Rome,—although his views on the sacraments, and other most important subjects, are identical with those held by a vast body amongst ourselves,—and although the town of Zurich, of which he was pastor, became united to the English Reformers by closer ties than any other city on the continent of Europe, we believe that the facts of Zwingli's life are very little known in this country, as compared with the fame of Martin Luther. It will be from no lack of interest in the mode of treatment, or in the subject-matter itself, if this reproach be not largely remedied by Messrs. Clarks' edition of Christoffel's memoir. But other lives of Zwingli are not wanting: there is one by M. Schulthess, the same (unless we are mistaken) who was joint editor of the works; another, by Hess, had been given in an English dress; Hottinger's admirable volume, perhaps even now the most popular of all in Switzerland, is a third; whilst the short sketches of Myconius, Zwingli's intimate friend, and that of Melchior Adam in the *Vita Germanorum Theologorum* are now lying before us.

Zwingli was born at Wildhaus, in the valley of Toggenburg, on the 1st of January, 1484. His father was *Ammann* or magistrate of the village; his mother, Margaritha Meili, came of an honourable family. Eight sons and two daughters sprang from this worthy pair, of whom Ulrich was the third in order of birth. The house of Zwingli was in good repute amongst its neighbours, and to their free election the Ammann owed his magisterial rank; whilst two uncles, whose kindness greatly influenced Zwingli's future career, were respectively dean of Wesen and abbot of Fischingen, in the Canton Thurgau.

The little village of Wildhaus lies high beneath the summit of the snow-clad Alps. In the summer season its inhabitants drive their cattle to the loftiest regions, and, leaving them under the charge of a few attendants, hasten to gather in their scanty harvest. In the winter, round the blazing log-fire, they recount the perils borne in defence of their freedom, or while away the long dark hours with the strains of rustic music. Such was the mode nearly three hundred years ago, such is their habit at the present day. The effects of such an early training may be traced in Zwingli's career. We are told that when he heard how their liberty had been won against the hosts of Charles the Bold, the young child eagerly seized a weapon, and vowed to fight for home and freedom: we know that he never showed any lack of boldness; that his heaviest cares in future life were soothed by his great musical skill; and we may readily believe that, as he owed these traits to his early associations, so also, (as Oswald

Myconius writes,) from those sublime mountain heights, which stretch upwards towards heaven, he took something heavenly and divine. Certain it is, that at an early age the boy showed a great aptitude for learning. He soon surpassed his fellows at the village school at Wesen, and was thence sent to Basle, where he was placed under the care of George Binzli, a man remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, and one who soon became attached to his young pupil. After a three years' residence at Basle, Zwingli was removed to Berne, to attend the lectures of Henry Lupulus.

The scholastic establishments of that period were not of a very satisfactory character. The masters roamed about as vagabonds, settling at any place where they could obtain permission from the authorities; and, for the most, were themselves grossly ignorant of the topics they professed to teach. In an inscription on a painting of such a school still preserved at Basle, the master gives the following advertisement of his powers: 'Is there any one here who wants to learn to read and write German in the most expeditious method imaginable? You need not know a single letter of the alphabet, but in less than no time you shall be able to keep your accounts: and if any one is unable to learn this, I agree to give him my lessons for nothing, and to make him a present besides of whatever he may demand. Any shopkeeper or apprentice, married woman or maiden, who needs instruction, let him knock and enter; he shall be faithfully cared for, and at a fair price. But boys and young girls must write down their names to begin their lessons at the Ember Fast-days, since it is the custom. 1516.' It was in classes formed under such instructors as these, where children and grown-up persons were intermingled, that the great mass of the people were instructed.

Above these, were the Latin colleges, such as that to which Zwingli resorted at Basle. The masters were for the most part priests, whose remuneration was provided for by some religious foundation, or from the scanty payments of the scholars. The educational curriculum embraced Latin grammar, music, and dialectics; the latter being especially valued as accustoming to a distinctive mode of expression, but which constantly degenerated into the most pompous verbiage. The most explicit instructions were laid down by the local governments for the guidance of the master, and the behaviour of his pupils. He was to use his utmost diligence to get each one forward; was to examine them at convenient intervals; was to commence work at five in summer, six in winter; to have from ten to eleven for dinner, and to continue teaching from thence to four o'clock,

except on saints' days, when there might be a half holiday; was to teach psalms, chants, canticles, intonations, hymns, and requiems; and was to see that his pupils went quietly home, and did not become quarrelers, bravadoes, or turbulent. The pupils were to speak Latin only, save in case of necessity, in and out of school; they were to behave with decency and reverence in the church, belfry, cemetery, &c., and were not to touch or climb upon any of these ecclesiastical appurtenances. To fight with their book-bags, or to tear their clothes, or to throw stones, was strictly forbidden. For disobedience they might be birched; but the master was forbidden to hit them on the head, because, since they were young, *it might injure their memory.*

In those days the rod was the essential instrument of discipline. There was no sparing it and spoiling the child. There was an annual *fête* observed even some time after the period of the Reformation, called 'the procession of the rods.' On a fine summer's day, the school children went in a body to the woods, and, having there cut plants of birch rods, they returned with their spoils, singing a song, the burden of which was, that the birch was the appointed means of directing children in the right path, and that they accordingly presented a voluntary offering of this necessary and useful implement.

But, despite this seeming severity, a frightful laxity prevailed in the management of most schools. The scholars wandered from place to place under the pretext of seeking for instruction, but really in order that they might lead a dissolute and vagabond life. In these wandering troops the eldest and strongest ruled; and often, after having induced some younger children to join them under a promise of aid in their studies, no sooner had they crossed the frontiers of their canton than the latter were compelled to become the servants of their teachers, and beg or steal provisions for them. Hottinger mentions the diary of a young Valaisan, who in his ninth year so attached himself to an older student, and was compelled to follow him through Germany and Poland, without learning even how to read; and who did not find any opportunity to teach himself for nine years. This person describes the miseries he endured, sleeping in winter on the bare boards of a school-house, and in summer in the long grass of the church-yards. When a band of scholars passed by, woe to the fowls, and eggs, and fruit trees in the neighbourhood. Sometimes the peasants let loose their dogs upon their heels; sometimes they entertained them, listened to the story of their adventures, and joined in their debaucheries; sometimes a pedagogue appeared, strongly supported by a body guard of

attendants, who drove them into the school-room : in this latter case, the rebels would load their pockets with stones, and commence such an attack upon the enemy, that the police had to interfere.

Such were many of the schools of Switzerland in the days of Zwingli's childhood ; but, by his uncle's care in the selection of a master, he was preserved from such evil influence. His mind was soon so imbued with a passion for study, that when he passed from Berne to Vienna, and at the latter place gained his first knowledge of Greek literature, (though at present only through the medium of a translation,) his enthusiasm knew no bounds. At Vienna he first met with Vadian and Florian, who were so long his intimate friends, and with Faber and John von Eck, the future bitter enemies of the Reformation : for the present, however, the young men were all cordial enough to one another. We are told, that from the excesses and immoralities of Vienna Zwingli and some of his friends were kept by their passion for music, in the study and practice of which they passed their evenings together. From Vienna, and the fruitless study of the scholastic philosophy, Zwingli returned once more to Basle, where new life and energy were beginning to spring up under the teaching of Wittenbach. From him probably Zwingli first learned to turn from the barren deserts of the scholastic wisdom to the living fountain of God's word. 'The time is not far distant,' the master used to cry, 'when the scholastic philosophy will be swept away, and the old doctrine of the Church established in its room on the foundation of holy writ. Absolution is a Romish cheat, the death of Christ is the only payment for our sins.' Such words sank deep into the heart of more than one hearer ; at any rate they had their effect on Zwingli, and on Leo Juda. True it is, that Zwingli was as yet ignorant of saving truth ; but there were not wanting fine features in his character at this period. He took the degree of Master of Arts out of deference to common prejudice, but he would never employ the title. 'One,' he was wont to say, 'is our Master, even Christ.'

In the year 1506, being then twenty-two, Zwingli quitted Basle a second time. The Independent community of Glarus claimed the right of electing their own minister, and, although Zwingli was not yet in priest's orders, they chose him to this important post ; his election being in all probability due to the influence of his uncle, the dean of Wesen, and to that of his friends at Glarus. He was accordingly ordained by the bishop of Constance ; and, after preaching his first sermon at Rapperschwyl, whose name is rendered familiar to tourists by its long

bridge across the Lake of Zurich, he entered upon the duties of his office.

It may be remarked of almost all great men in the world's history, that they have owed their renown more to their energy and untiring application to the duties of the position which they have from time to time been called upon to fill, than to any fortunate concurrence of events which has afforded an opportunity for the display of their abilities. Great men, it has been well said, do not wait for opportunities,—they make them. We are not, of course, denying that God fits His instruments for the purposes which He intends to carry out through their agency, and that He *can* effect this fitness in a brief season ; but this is not God's general mode of dealing with mankind. At the feet of Gamaliel, instructed in all the learning of the Rabbis, after the strictest sect of the Pharisees, as well as thoroughly imbued with heathen literature, such was the preparatory training that fitted the Apostle of the Gentiles for his future career. Brought up from his childhood until forty years old in the court of Pharaoh, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and then with abundant opportunity to meditate and digest his knowledge in the land of Midian,—thus it was that a legislator was provided to lead the children of Israel into the promised land. So too, the year before Zwingli's call to Glarus, Luther had entered the cell of the Augustine monastery at Erfurt, and in his long internal struggle with the sin of his own heart, in the constant study of God's revealed truth, and in the duties of pastor and vicar-general of his order, went through a noviciate of fourteen years' duration, before he came forth to defy Romish authority by burning the Pope's bull. And we may trace a like course of previous drilling for his future warfare in Zwingli's career. Although he had little taste for its barren subtleties, Zwingli had painfully and accurately mastered point by point all the *minutiae* of the schools, whilst at Vienna, so as to be a fit match for the acutest dialectician ; and now he entered on his new sphere with a like energy, determined not to be contented with a mere perfunctory performance of the duties of his office, but in all things, as far as man could, to prove himself a pastor that needed not to be ashamed. He now, therefore, applied himself intently to study, with a view to improvement in preaching,—especially to the study of Holy Writ, which as yet he only read in the Latin version : he laboured diligently to develop his powers as a public speaker, and to have an adequate knowledge of sacred things, on which those powers when developed might be exercised ; ' for he was well aware,' writes his friend Myconius, ' how much he must know to whom the flock of Christ is intrusted.' One

noble resolve filled his soul as he journeyed on: 'I will be upright and true before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me. Hypocrisy and lying are worse than stealing. Man is in nothing brought so much to resemble God as by truth. Lying is the beginning of all evil. Glorious is the truth; full of majesty; commanding even the respect of the wicked.' And his conduct accorded with this profession. It is a fine picture, this, of his young manly heart in all the bright glow of its early vigour. Full of a deep sense of responsibility, of steady application and high resolve, and yet without one tinge of affectation, without any taint of the asceticism so common in his day,—bright-hearted, high-spirited, with a flow of good humour almost to gaiety; at one time charmed with a new book or new branch of study, at another (as, indeed, his whole life long) indulging his passionate love for music,—it would be hard to find a character with more amiable natural traits than was that of the young parson of Glarus.

But the picture has its dark side,—why should we hide it? The sins of such men are beacons to us all, and, by bringing out more plainly the common weakness of humanity, lead us to see more clearly the grace by which alone we can be preserved. In Zwingli's day the relation of the sexes was most disorderly. A gross licentiousness characterized the Swiss population, and from this the clergy were not free. Bound to a life of celibacy, the priest only swore to observe chastity *so far as it was possible to human weakness*, and a very liberal interpretation was put upon this saving clause. In this regard, as in every other, Zwingli had determined, so he himself writes, to live holily; but he fell, not grossly, as the world then judged, but inexcusably in the sight of God. 'By prayer and by diligent study he succeeded in subduing this enemy too, after in faith he had laid hold on Him who is mighty to save even in the weakest.' It is characteristic of his truthfulness that we owe our knowledge of his incontinency to his own confession: he would not appear better than he really was.

Yet danger was approaching in another quarter, and in a more seductive form. The lusts of the flesh are plainly contrary to a life of faith; the pride of life, when joined to a priestly career, is a bait that is far more skilfully disguised. Among the most influential men both in Switzerland and at Rome was Cardinal Schiinner, a man of no mean powers, who had raised himself from being a herd-boy to the condition of a temporal and spiritual prince. He was at this time papal nuncio in Switzerland, and laboured, and not unsuccessfully, to induce the Swiss to enlist under the Pope's banner, and expel the French from Italy. The

rising fame of Zwingli, and his poverty, marked him out as a fitting agent to further the Papal interests, and Schinner told him that, in return for his exertions on their behalf, a pension of fifty florins would be supplied to further his studies. Zwingli at once repudiated the contract. But the temptation was intensely powerful. What a marked act of grace to a poor Swiss priest less than thirty years old! What a career seemed before him exemplified, far more strongly than words could have impressed it, in the actual success of Schinner himself. But the love of truth prevailed! He did not, indeed, at that time, think it unbecoming to receive money from the Pope, but he told his envoys in explicit terms they were not to fancy that he would for their money withhold one iota of the truth, let them give or retain it as they pleased. The truth of his avowal was soon manifested. His voice was raised loudly against the system then becoming prevalent with the Swiss, of hiring themselves out as mercenaries; as a Christian, he felt the wickedness of shedding blood for payment in another's quarrel: as a patriot, he foresaw the evils that would result from the receipt of pensions paid by foreign sovereigns, whose interests might be opposed to that of Switzerland. His opposition was unpopular; but no one can question his boldness or his judgment in adopting the side he took.

In 1513 Zwingli began to study Greek. He acquired it rapidly and unaided by a master; but such was his application, that he wrote out St. Paul's Epistles, and committed them to memory. Presently he followed the same course with the rest of the New Testament.* And now a flood of light was poured in upon his soul. The great means of regeneration was employed, and it began to tell, especially as he abandoned other commentaries to which he had been much devoted, and began to compare Scripture with Scripture. Learning from St. Peter that no Scripture is of any private interpretation, he became earnest in prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and, as he asked, it was granted him ever more and more to understand its meaning. Thus he learned how Rome's claim to unchangeableness is unfounded, and that God's word alone is eternal: other indications confirmed this conviction. He found an old Liturgy, which ordered the Eucharist to be delivered in both kinds. He fell in with the Litany of Ambrose, once used at Milan, and differing from the Roman. We have been taught these truths from our childhood, and can hardly realize their influence over one who had been educated in the belief of Rome's infallibility. As the light

* Myconius, cap. iv.

dawned, how often he must have hesitated, wondering whether it was indeed the true Sun shining out, or the glare of some destructive fire that would consume all faith in things Divine, or the false glitter of some will-o'-the-wisp emitted from the quagmires of heresy, that bugbear of Romanism! In the *Architeles* Zwingli has himself described the difficulty which at this period pressed on his mind. Persuaded as he was of the truth of Christianity, to which of its exponents should he turn? To those that at its origin were held to be taught in heavenly wisdom? or to those who, claiming to be their descendants, now exhibit folly? 'Every one who is not a fool or altogether brutish will answer to them whom the Spirit of God has enlightened.' Henceforward he applied every doctrine to the touchstone of God's word: if he found it could bear the brightness of that stone, he accepted it; if not, he cast it away. Here is the whole principle of Protestant truth admitted. All subsequent changes were but the result of its application to the different questions that from time to time arose.

It is in strange contrast with the position which he had thus taken, that Zwingli should have been soon after summoned to become preacher at the abbey of Einsiedeln. In no place throughout all Switzerland had tradition more successfully usurped the place of God's truth; in no place were the tenets of Romanism more flagrantly displayed. The Convent of Benedictines of Einsiedeln professed to owe its origin to an anchorite of the eighth century; and its image of the Black Virgin, the great object to adore which pilgrims assembled from every quarter, had been the most precious possession of its founder. Meinrad—such was the pious hermit's name—was a man of noble birth, who had retired from the world to his solitary cell, but whose reputation for sanctity and wisdom deprived him of the solitude for which he longed: driven from the borders of the Lake of Zurich by crowds of intrusive, though admiring, visitors, he had selected Einsiedeln, which was then skirted by the Black Forest, as a more inaccessible abode. Still the fame of the monk increased, until after a residence of six years at his new home, passed in austerities and the contemplation of the mysteries and of the grandeurs of Mary, he fell a victim to two robbers, who murdered him under the expectation of finding vast treasures concealed within his cell. But the death of the holy man did not deprive the spot of its reputation; it was but the commencement of a series of miracles. Unseen the murderers had been by human eye, but St. Meinrad, like the Fathers of the Desert, had friends among the birds of the air. Two ravens pursued the assassins, followed them with cries as far as Zurich, and, having even forced

their way through the windows of the *auberge* in which they had taken refuge, harassed them without cessation, until the strange sight attracted attention, and the terror-stricken men confessed their crime. To this day the monastery has two ravens on its escutcheon.

For forty years the cell remained untenanted, although an object of veneration to the surrounding people; when a canon of Strasburg, the future *Saint* Bennon, established a fraternity of anchorites upon this hallowed spot. Their leader was indeed for a time removed to the bishopric of Metz; but his holy ardour and efforts to reform the manners of his flock so inflamed them against him, that they rose in insurrection, put out his eyes, and expelled him from the city. Then the saint, now doubly venerated for his piety and misfortunes, returned to his former retreat, and was soon surrounded by numerous imitators, whose cells were scattered about the place. Another saint from Strasburg, Eberhard by name, gathered these dispersed hermits into a single body, placed them under the Benedictine rule, and built a house for their reception. To construct the chapel was a far more important work: on the very spot on which Meinrad's oratory once had stood, with the very same image of black wood before which he once had knelt, was the temple raised. The day was fixed for its consecration. On the eve preceding, the bishop of Constance arrived with a goodly body of knights, and accompanied by Ulric, prelate of Augsburg. It was September 14th, A.D. 948; all was prepared for the morrow's solemn service. At midnight the bishop and monks went down to the church, and engaged in prayer. On a sudden they saw the chapel illumined by a heavenly light. Christ Himself and the four evangelists were at the high altar, performing the service of consecration. Angels scattered a thousand perfumes on left and right; St. Peter and St. Gregory, each in his pontifical robes, assisted; and before the altar was the Virgin Mother, resplendent as the dawn; celestial choirs, led by the archangel Michael, made the arches ring to angelic strains, and St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, the proto-martyr deacons, performed the functions befitting their order. The bishop remained in prayer till eleven the next day, astonished at the unusual apparition; but those who had not been present, believed him to be under the influence of a dream, and persuaded him to proceed with the consecration. The prelate yielded most reluctantly, and had commenced the service, when lo! another prodigy,—an unutterable stupor fell on all present, as a superhuman voice filled the air with cries of, 'Brother, cease. The chapel has been divinely consecrated.'

Such is the story of the place to which the Swiss Reformer was now bending his steps. The legend had been recognised by the Papal court, and all doubt as to its authenticity removed by a Bull of Pope Leo VIII., which was confirmed by several of his successors in the apostolic chair. Indulgences, privileges, absolution from crimes and penalties, were abundantly promised to those who should visit the shrine and confess their sins. Not many months since, we were at the spot, and there purchased the two volumes which close the list at the head of this article, and which are sold there in large numbers to the thronging devotees. If the story of the abbey, taken from these authorized volumes, is so plainly promulgated in this day, how much credence must it have obtained in that more benighted time! Thousands, indeed, then, as now, came from every quarter of Europe, their long travels and painful endurance to reach the abbey showing how fully they believed in the pretentious and blasphemous inscription over its gateway: 'Here is complete absolution for the guilt and punishment of sin.'

Most valuable must, however, have been the opportunity thus afforded to the preacher of showing to his hearers a more excellent way; and of this he availed himself fully. To maintain the delusions of the place was admirably calculated to enrich the cloister; and the burden of most sermons had been the efficacy of the pilgrimage, and the miracles performed by the Black Virgin. But now a new doctrine was proclaimed.

'God,' the preacher cried, 'is everywhere present, and wherever we call upon Him in spirit and in truth, He answers us in the words, "Here I am." Those, then, who bind the grace of God to particular localities, are altogether perverse and foolish; nay, it is not only foolish and perverse to do so, but anti-Christian; for they represent the grace of God as more easily to be obtained and cheaper in one place than in another; which is nothing but to limit the grace of God, and take it captive, not letting it be known how free it is. God is in every part of the earth where He is called upon, present and ready to hear our prayers and to help us. Wherefore Paul says, "I will therefore that men pray every where, likewise also the women." That is, we are to know that God is not more gracious in one place than in another. Finally, Christ calls such people as bind God to that place false Christians; that is, Antichrist. "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets," &c. "Wherefore, if they shall say to you, Behold, He is in the desert, go not forth: behold, He is in the secret chamber, believe it not." O God, who else is a hypocritical Christian but the Pope, who exalts himself in the place of Christ, and says he has His power? So he binds God to Rome and other sanctuaries. Thus they bring money in enormous quantities to enrich holy places; which, in case of need, might well be applied to our temporal advantage. And

just in such places is more wantonness and vice perpetrated than any where else. He who ascribes to man the power to forgive sins blasphemes God ; and great evil has sprung from this source, so that some, whose eyes the Popes have blinded, have imagined they had their sins forgiven by sinful men. In this manner God Himself had been hid from them. To ascribe to man the power to forgive sins is idolatry ; for what is idolatry but the ascription of the Divine honour to men, or the giving to the creature that which is God's ? — *Christoffel*, pp. 25, 26.

Nor was Zwingli satisfied with attacking the special form of error developed in the pilgrimages to Einsiedeln : he laid axe to the root of the evil, and denounced that Virgin-worship which was then, as now, the crying abomination of Romanism. He protested in every way, and with every kind of argument, against such adoration. He urged that no creature was intended to receive it ; that Paul and Barnabas had warned the Lycians against such a practice ; that the whole tenor of the Gospels, and our Lord's mode of addressing His mother, was discordant with any such conception ; that it must be most distasteful to the Virgin herself. She would say, ' I am no goddess, nor any source of blessing ; ye think ye honour me by worship, ye do greatly dishonour me. Worship is to be paid to none but the one living and true God.'

It is difficult to estimate the effect of this preaching at such a time, and on such a spot. There were gathered there at the *fête* of the angel-consecration, and, indeed, through the whole year, great crowds of hearers from every quarter. Even now, when the principles of the Reformation are so widely spread, nearly 140,000 pilgrims visit annually this ancient shrine. On every one of the many paths intersecting the plain of Einsiedeln may be seen small bands of devotees clothed in every variety of costume, marching often painfully and wearily along to the low chant of some penitential psalm, and telling their beads as they wend on their journey. And when they were gathered at the pulpit's foot, and stood in a picturesque and motley crowd, what strange but heart-stirring doctrines would they hear, and bear away to their distant homes,—to remote villages of Normandy and Picardy, to the far-away towns of Northern Germany ! The bold Tyrolese, the swarthy, Bohemian, the free-hearted Hungarian, (for all these resorted to the place,) would tell, and did tell, that it was no longer to be believed that men needed by long travel to reach the throne of grace, but in every place, without saintly intervention or costly offering, those that sought should surely find God, and peace with Him, not through Mary, but through her blessed Son. So great was the impression made,

that many were awakened to serious inquiry. Some embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, and returned bearing away the gifts which had been intended for the image; others were arrested on their way, and turned back without completing their pilgrimage. Meanwhile the preacher's fame reached Rome; and even as he was denouncing the Papacy, Zwingli received a most courteous and flattering letter, creating him an acolyte chaplain of the Papal chair; and, with many expressions of approbation, counselling him, by his good offices to the see of Rome, to merit further testimonies of the Pope's favour.

After a residence of about two years at Einsiedeln, the office of *Leut* priest, or parish minister, of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingli was asked by one of the canons if he had any desire to succeed him. He replied in the affirmative. His friend Myconius and others worked day and night to secure his election, and their efforts were crowned with success. Zwingli entered on the duties of his new office towards the close of the year 1518.

It was no secret in the town of Zurich that a fresh mode of instruction would be commenced by the new parish priest. In reply to the address introductory to his installation, Zwingli gave his hearers plainly to understand his intention to preach the history of Jesus Christ, following the order of St. Matthew's Gospel. Nothing can enable us better to realize the state of things in Zurich than the effect produced by this announcement. One party was filled with joyous hope; the other, depressed with serious alarm. To what purpose, argued the latter, to make such innovations? This exposition of Scripture would do more harm than good. To this the other side replied, that it was not an innovation so to preach,—it was but following in the good old paths which the fathers had trod, and which the saints of the Church had commended by their example; and they cited the homilies of Chrysostom on Matthew, and Augustine on St. John. Men's minds, however, were on the alert, and felt that they were on the threshold of great events. These half-uttered expressions of disapprobation were but the mutterings of distant thunder that precede the storm.

The contest was likely to be a severe one in every sense; and the fidelity with which Zwingli attacked all kinds of existing vice was sure to raise a host of enemies. Certain elements of popularity were not wanting to the Reformer. As a preacher, he had an agreeable delivery, a well-modulated, deep-toned voice, easy action. His language was simple, popular, and dignified; clear in exposition, serious and fatherly in reproof, affectionate in warning. He spoke as one in earnest, and his sermons had all the authority derived from an ample acquaintance with the

word of God. And although he spared neither prince nor peasant, neither secret nor open sin, he had withal a tender consideration for the intellectual and spiritual deficiencies of his hearers; and he conjured more advanced Christians not to be over-hasty in proposing any change, 'if for no other reason but this,—that they might prove that they were Christians indeed, by the patience with which they bore, for the sake of the weak, that which, according to the strict law of Christ, they ought not to bear.' This union of courage with moderation and delicacy of feeling was traceable through his whole career, and especially appeared in his preaching. 'Never,' says Myconius, with a little of the exaggeration of a dear friend, 'had there been seen a priest in the pulpit with such imposing appearance and commanding power; so that you were irresistibly led to believe that a man from the apostolic times was standing before you.'

To estimate the need there was of such an union of prudence with fidelity, it may be well to pause for a moment, and consider the position of things at Zurich. The affairs of the town and canton were ruled by a Council elected by the body of the people, and greatly under the influence therefore of popular opinion in all domestic policy; whilst in matters foreign and ecclesiastic they had been wont to bend to the common voice of the Confederation, and to the acknowledged rule of the bishop of Constance. As Zwingli was without material authority, the reforms he desired could only be legally effected by the agency of the Council; and it was essential that some considerable portion of the citizens should support him, before that body could be induced to take any decisive steps. Against such action there were a host of opposing voices. The French and Italians were intriguing for support and for mercenary troops from Switzerland, and Zwingli's patriotic denunciations of their proposals roused the enmity of all who were in the pay of either party, or who expected to heap a harvest of foreign gold. With these were leagued all the idle and dissolute, whose lives he reproved; all the priests and monks who had neither piety nor learning, and felt that their livelihood was in danger; and besides, and more than all, the bishop of the diocese, whose authority was imperilled, supported, we may well believe, by some who were conscientiously fearful of the results of the new teachings, and by all the authority of the Church of Rome. It was a most unequal struggle to all outward appearance, waged by a single man against enemies, many of whom were hampered by no scruples in the mode of their opposition. At one time they employed open violence; at another, plotted for his secret assassination. Then, when these attempts failed, and the Pope's sentence of

excommunication had been pronounced against Luther, they tried to resuscitate the old prejudice against heretics, and called him Luther's imitator and scholar.

The reply to this last accusation is interesting, as deciding the question as to what Zwingli owed to Luther, and the conflicting claims of the partisans of either Reformer, as to which commenced the work of Retormation.

'Before a single individual,' said Zwingli, 'in our part of the country even heard of the name of Luther, I began to preach the Gospel; this was in the year 1516. Who called me then a Lutheran? When Luther's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer appeared, it so happened that I had shortly before preached from Matthew on the same prayer. Well, some good folks, who everywhere found my thoughts in Luther's work, would hardly believe that I had not written this book myself; they fancied that, being afraid to put my own name to it, I had set that of Luther instead. Who called me then a follower of Luther? How comes it that the Romish cardinals and legates, who were at that very time in Zurich, never reproached me with being a Lutheran, until they had declared Luther a heretic, which, however, they could never make him? When they branded him a heretic, it was then for the first time they exclaimed I was Lutheran.....Do they say "You must be a Lutheran, for you preach as Luther?" I answer, I preach, too, as Paul writes; why not call me a Paulian? Nay, I preach the word of Christ; why not much rather call me a Christian?.....I shall not bear Luther's name; for I have read but little of his doctrine, and have purposely abstained from a perusal of his books: what, however, of his writings I have seen, in so far as these concern the doctrines and thoughts of Scripture, this, in my opinion, is so well proved and established in them, that it will be no easy task for any man to overthrow it.....For my part I shall bear no other name than that of my Captain, Jesus Christ, whose soldier I am. No man can esteem Luther higher than I do. Yet I testify before God and all men that.....I have purposely abstained from all correspondence with him, not that I feared any man on this account, but because I would have it appear how uniform the Spirit of God is, in so far that we, who are far distant from each other, and have held no communication, are yet of the same mind, and this without the slightest concert.'—*Christoffel*, pp. 73–75.

Still the Romish authorities believed that they should be able to gain him over, if they only offered a bribe of sufficient value. The dictum of Sir R. Walpole was long anticipated at Rome; for, where everything was venal, it was not likely that a high estimate of the honesty of others would prevail. So late as January, 1523, the Pope addressed a brief to Zwingli, in which he expressed his especial confidence in the priest of Zurich, and his desire to advance him to the highest honours. This letter was

brought by the nuncio, who was ordered to confer with Zwingli in private, and to make the most brilliant offers to secure his adhesion to the Roman pontiff. Another emissary who was employed with the same purpose, on being asked by Myconius what the Pope would give to gain over his friend, replied, 'Everything, most assuredly, except the Papal chair itself.' Whilst such influences were brought to bear from high quarters, far baser ones were at work, endeavouring to undermine his reputation. No calumnies were too disgraceful to be vented against him by the priestly party in Zurich. He had, they said, dissuaded from payment of tithes as tyranny. He had, in the pulpit, represented adultery as lawful. He wanted to be tyrant and Pope in one. He was the father to three bastard children. He was to be seen drunk at night in the streets of Zurich. He was at once in the pay of the Pope and the French king. Of course, these stories had effect in some quarters, and alienated those at a distance who could not inquire into their truth. But at home these falsehoods only recoiled upon their authors. Then poison and murder were attempted, but God delivered him from all. Zwingli was to be deterred from his purpose neither by promises nor by assaults.

'Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat,'—these words, we imagine, often recurred to Zwingli; and his private letters at this period show to what source he turned for strength to endure the many trials of his chequered career. 'I know,' he writes to his brother, 'that my own strength is not sufficient, and I know just as well how strong they are who contend against the doctrine of God. I can, however, like Paul, do all things through Christ strengthening me. For what is my speech, how could it avail to bring any sinners back to the way of life, if the power of the Spirit of God did not work with it?' In a letter to one of whose Christian sympathy and intelligence he was more fully assured,—to his friend Myconius, he thus expressed himself:—

'If I were not convinced that the Lord guarded the town, I had long since taken my hand from the helm; but seeing as I do that He makes fast the ropes, hoists the yards, spreads the canvas, and commands the winds, I were indeed a coward, undeserving the name of a man, if I were to leave my post; and, after all, I should still, in the end, die a death of shame. I will, therefore, trust myself entirely to His goodness; He shall lead and guide me; He shall accelerate or procrastinate; He shall advance or delay the voyage; He shall send calm or tempest to overwhelm me in the sea. I will not be impatient; I am verily but a weak vessel; He can employ me to honour or to dishonour. I often, indeed, pray to Him that He would bring my flesh under His government, and

destroy its lazy, wayward contradictoriness, which is ever slow to obedience, and, like a woman, will ever have the last word, and know the reason of everything. I still hold that the Christian Church, originally purchased by the blood of Christ, can be renewed alone by the blood of the witnesses for the truth, and in no other way.'—*Christoffel*, p. 98.

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the complete resignation to God's will, and upon the noble Christian courage, which this letter displays; but it may be well to remark, in passing, that these results were produced in Zwingli from no mere apathetic fatalism, and submission to an inevitable destiny, but from the firm conviction of His love to whom Zwingli had committed his soul, and the unfailing fidelity of His promises to all them that believe.

It was now evident that affairs could not long be maintained at Zurich in their present posture,—one party must yield. The magistracy had been so far gained as to appeal to the confederate Diet of the Swiss Cantons, and to the bishop of Constance, for light upon the subjects in dispute, but had failed to gain a hearing in either quarter. Meanwhile the enemies of the Reformation began to persecute their opponents wherever they could do so with impunity, and the report of their proceedings tended to inflame the young Zurichois that were supporters of the truth. Disputes were constantly arising. Young men challenged the monks in their sermons, and proved the falseness of their teaching. With these disorders the town authorities tried in vain to grapple, and at length, at Zwingli's instigation, they determined to hold a *public conference on matters of religion*.

As the Swiss Reformation took its peculiar course from the direction given to it at this period, it may be well succinctly and plainly to enunciate the principle that guided the Reformers. When the light of Divine truth first broke upon individual men in the Romish communion, they were usually fain to content themselves with preaching the true doctrines, and with condemning the corruptions of their time, though they themselves still remained within the pale of the Papal Church. Such was the case of Savonarola and many others. But as the word of God became more fully known, and gained more numerous adherents, it was felt that the rites and ceremonies of Rome, founded as they were upon her dogmas, were no longer to be borne. But by what authority were the necessary changes to be effected? It was soon manifest that the Papacy would agree to no proposal for a General Council that should not be under its own influence and guidance. Nor could the whole nominally Christian body in each country be at present intrusted with

such a responsibility : party spirit ran too high on either side, and moderation was not to be expected at their hands. At this juncture, then, Zwingli proposed to commit the decision of *external things and of rites* to the Council of Two Hundred, the supreme authority in Zurich, the condition being that their judgment should be guided in all things *by the rule of God's word*. Before this body, then, and with this standard to appeal to, Zwingli offered to meet the priestly party, to defend his position against all comers with the sword of truth.

On the 29th of January, 1528, the great Council assembled in their hall at Zurich. Marx Roist, the burgomaster, a hoary-headed warrior, presided. On one side were the bishop's representatives, Von Anwyl, his high steward, Faber, and others ; opposed to them were deputies from Berne and Schaffhausen, and the clergy of the town. Zwingli sat alone in the centre of an otherwise vacant circle at a table, with open Bibles in the three ancient tongues : men of learning, burgesses, and country people, to the number of six hundred in all, filled the space, 'in great wonderment what would come out of this affair.' The burgomaster briefly opened the proceedings, and Zwingli followed, defending his own teaching, and declaring that it had been based upon God's word. Then Faber began in reply, and employed the usual arguments to evade acknowledging the authority of the appointed judges. They were not competent to decide upon customs which had been existing for ages, and had been established by the Pope ; they had better postpone the business for the present, as the General Council were to meet at Nurenberg within a year ; they should not interfere in matters which it was their prelate's business to adjudicate. To this Zwingli answered, 'I have lately had letters on the Nurenberg business, but they contain not a word about a General Council. It is not *custom*, but *truth*, for which we are inquiring ; this we shall find in God's word, which we are learned enough to read in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.' The disputation then began ; but the condition that the decisive authority should be the Bible, rendered the victory secure. Purgatory, invocation of saints, adoration of the Virgin, the celibacy of the clergy, came under review. In vain Faber pleaded long-established custom, in vain he argued that the Church could not have been in error fourteen hundred years, in vain he quoted fathers and councils, in vain he tried to fasten upon Zwingli the odium of heresy. Inexorably Zwingli kept him to the point, 'You must prove it to us from Holy Scripture.' The Council resolved that their parish priest should still retain his office, and that all other preachers should teach nothing

from the pulpit but that which could be proved from Holy Writ. Faber, annoyed at his defeat, declared that he spoke in his private capacity, and not as vicar-general. Then Zwingli, flushed with victory, no longer spared him. So ended the first Conference; the Reformation was established in Zurich, and the body of the people committed to its support.

A number of practical reforms followed. The abuses of the ecclesiastical establishment were rectified. The cathedral foundation maintained sixty canons and chaplains, most of whom led lives of idleness, riot, and licentiousness. These were reduced to a staff that was sufficient to perform the required offices. Exactions for various services were abolished, a wise discretion being observed in permitting those who desired certain ceremonies to have them at their demand. Public worship was placed upon a new footing, with exposition of Scripture and a sermon. The monasteries were remodelled: their inmates had their choice of leaving, or remaining under a new régime; their monastic habit was abolished; the younger monks were made to study or to learn a trade; for the aged a becoming provision was arranged. The funds of suppressed foundations were applied to the sick and poor, and charities thus established still exist in Zurich. Celibacy was no longer to be imperative upon the clergy; and Zwingli set the example of choosing a fitting spouse. By these changes a wholesome reform was effected, and great scandals were removed. But this point once reached, it was impossible to avoid further alterations. A second religious discussion was held, at which it was finally determined that the mass was inconsistent with the teaching of Scripture, that images should not be used, and that prayers for the dead were unavailing. These conclusions put a finishing hand to the work of the Reformation.

Throughout the discussion of the above questions Zwingli had taken a leading part, and his constant attention was necessary to secure a favourable issue: but although the result had been to establish the truth at Zurich, the Reformer's position was now full of peril. Many who had once 'run well' took alarm at the disregard of ecclesiastical authority which the opposition of the Papists rendered necessary, and retreated again into the bosom of Rome. Many more, who were careless about religion, but were affected by Zwingli's denunciations of foreign service, joined the force that was arrayed against him. The band was swelled by all those whose sins were obnoxious to his teaching, by all who preferred expediency to principle, the fear of man to the commands of God. Apprehension, too, for their Canton's security, was now seriously awakened; for the

Popish members of the confederacy ruthlessly punished heretics in their own precincts, and spoke openly of their intentions to march against Zurich. And now, worse than all, dissensions sprang up amidst the Reformers, some of whom ran into the most deplorable excesses, and brought great odium on the cause with which they were identified. We realize once more the full power of faith in seeing how a single man was enabled to make head against such overwhelming opposition. Zwingli's courage seems to rise to every emergency. We may not, in the light of subsequent experience, approve of all his measures for regulating the Church; we may regret that in the heat and bitterness of controversy he should have occasionally forgotten His example who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, and flung back withering scorn and contempt upon his despicable foes; but when we regard all the circumstances of his position,—when we recollect that the axe and the fire were depriving him of some he loved most dearly,—we can only admire his great calmness, his uniform adhesion to principle, and his unshaken faith. With all these troubles at home, he could find leisure to advise foreign Churches, and the care of all the Swiss Reformed body for some period came on him. There were fightings without, fears within; yet the bold heart held on its way, confiding in the security of his position in the sight of God.

We cannot enter into the particulars of the public disputation with the Anabaptists, or the arguments by which Zwingli supported infant baptism, whilst he denied all virtue to the mere outward rite. But the extravagance of his opponents imperatively demanded the intervention of the authorities, and Zwingli was blamed for an intolerant edict which he had most earnestly deprecated. In truth, the behaviour of these fanatics was an outrage upon the public peace. At the moment when negotiations were pending, with every prospect of a quiet and satisfactory arrangement, for the disuse of images and the suppression of the mass, the Anabaptist leaders excited the people to break in pieces the images, the altars, and even the baptismal font. The wildest frenzy seemed to guide their actions. Those who formed their body were re-baptized with 'the baptism of the regenerate,' as they termed it, and joined in the celebration of the communion, which they degraded into a nocturnal revel, at the houses where they 'set up the table of the Lord.' They rejected all regularly-ordained preachers, maintaining that no paid minister could preach the truth. They denied that any Christian man ought to hold any civil office, and consequently refused to recognise the authority of the State. Finally, they established a community of goods, and even

of wives, and sank into the grossest Antinomianism and immorality.

It was a matter of no small difficulty to determine how best to deal with these fanatics. Their leaders were generally designing men, who had been disappointed in their expectations of reaping a harvest from the spoils of suppressed foundations; and they led on their more ignorant followers in avowed opposition to Zwingli's authority. When the council of Zurich sent a new pastor to Zollikon, in the place of one of their number, Blaurock, a leader of their sect, stood up in the centre of the church, and cried,—

“I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall find pasture:as it is written, ‘I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,’ so I give my body and my life for my sheep; my body to the dungeon, and my life to the sword, or the fire, or the rack, wherever, like the blood of Christ on the cross, it may be drained from the flesh. I am the beginning of baptism and the bread of the Lord, along with my elect brethren in Christ, Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz. Therefore the Pope with his followers is a thief and a murderer. Zwingli and Leo Juda too, with their followers, are thieves and murderers, until they recognise this.”

Bands of them, carrying lighted torches, promenaded the streets of Zurich, shouting dark prophetic sayings, and holding nocturnal meetings. Whole crowds of deceivers and deceived clothed themselves in sackcloth, bestrewed themselves with ashes, and, girding themselves with ropes, cried in the public places, ‘Woe to thee, Zurich! Yet forty days and thou shalt be overthrown.’*

Such disorders were plainly inconsistent not only with the peace of the Church, but with all good government, and would suffice to relieve Zwingli from the charge of intolerance in any endeavours to suppress them. But the Swiss Reformer opposed the severe decree that was passed against them, and soon afterwards he prevailed on the Council to grant a safe-conduct to those who had been banished, that a second public disputation might be held to convince them of their errors. We must refer our readers to M. Christoffel's pages for the arguments used on either side. Each party was only the more obstinately confirmed in their previous opinions, and the Anabaptists became more unmanageable than ever. At length a terrible deed of blood committed at one of their feasts aroused public indignation, and the people vehemently called upon the government to interfere. Some of the ringleaders were executed, others were banished.

* *Christoffel*, p. 258.

Thus ended a contest which Zwingli declared to have cost him more sweat than his fight with the Papacy: nay, he said that the latter, in comparison with this, was but child's play.

A far more painful contest, however, was carried on with Luther regarding the Lord's Supper. The great German Reformer appears nowhere in a more disadvantageous light than in his treatment of Zwingli. At the beginning of the dispute, indeed, there is every reason to believe that Luther was ignorant of Zwingli's real sentiments, and supposed them to be identical with the views promulgated by Carlstadt and the Zwickau prophets; but his violence abated not one whit when informed of the great difference between them. Storm-tossed and weather-beaten as Luther had been, no wonder if he acquired a rough exterior: indeed, he himself admits it, but adds, 'The heart is tender and soft.' Unfortunately, he only exposed to Zwingli the hard rind: and began or ended all his disquisitions on the sacrament with some reference to the devil, who (he declared) had whispered his doctrine to his Swiss opponent. Zwingli replied, with all mildness and love,—

'You write, dear Luther, that the devil has taken possession of us; that we have indeed read that Christ has died for us, but that we have not received it into our hearts. We do not know what better to say to this, than to reply in the words of Paul, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" If we repeat to you the sum of what we are to believe and teach, you either say we have learned it from you;—and is it not strange that if we learned it from you, you do not recognise your own doctrine?—or you say we do not believe our own Confessions. What are we to do? We can do nothing but joyfully bear the reproach, and lay our case before the just Judge.'—*Christoffel*, p. 322.

It is with pain that we revert to these weaknesses in so great a man as Luther, but the life of Zwingli would be incomplete without some mention of them. Fuller evidences of the spirit in which the struggle was maintained, are to be found in M. Christoffel's pages, who enters warmly into a vindication both of the doctrine and the behaviour of his hero. Luther was, we regret to say, by no means softened by the meekness of Zwingli's replies; and he applied to his friends in power throughout Germany, to suppress by authority the writings of the Sacramentalists, as the Swiss Reformers were termed. 'Now,' he wrote to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, 'it is war to the knife with these men.' Meanwhile, thoughtful men on either side bewailed this schism in the Reformed body, whilst their enemies were plotting to take advantage of its existence to effect the ruin of both parties. It was determined, accordingly, to make an attempt at

union ; and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, exerted his influence to effect a reconciliation. Ruchat gives a full account of the arguments employed and the reasons urged on either side ; but from the very commencement success was hopeless. The Lutherans desired to impose their own terms, which were to be accepted by their opponents with an interpretation of their own. Then an endeavour was made to devise a formulary sufficiently ambiguous to include both parties. But Zwingli expressed his dissatisfaction at such a course. He suggested that it would be far better to draw up a confession of the fundamental doctrines on which they were all agreed, and to tolerate differences on the sacramental question. This, indeed, was done on the sudden breaking up of the assembly at Marburg. It is gratifying to remember, that on his death-bed Luther charged Melancthon to make further concessions, and regretted the obstinacy he had displayed in this matter.

Whilst Zwingli was at Marburg, he had held important consultations with the Landgrave on the political condition of the Reformers. Indications were not wanting of an intention to suppress at once their religious and political liberties ; for Charles the Fifth regarded with jealousy the freedom of his German subjects, and would willingly have embittered the dissensions between Papists and Protestants, that he might take advantage of their weakness to subdue them both beneath his power. *Divide et impera*, was the motto of his policy ; and a Spanish force was ready to be marched into Germany, when the native states had been exhausted in mutual conflict. Zwingli foresaw the impending danger, and had already made some provision to ward it off from Zurich. The terms upon which this latter town had entered into the Swiss Confederacy permitting it to make alliances with other towns independently of the larger body, an alliance, offensive and defensive, reserving the rights of conscience and liberty to preach the Gospel, was made with Constance. This treaty was called 'the Christian Burgher-Rights.' Berne, Basle, Mulhouse, Biel, and Schaffhausen, were subsequently admitted. It was now proposed to make 'the Burgher-Rights' the basis of a general league between Protestant states, and ambassadors were dispatched to the towns of Northern and South Germany. Strasburg had been already enrolled, and great hopes were entertained that Venice would be gained. Nor was the adhesion of France despaired of, the jealousy of Francis the First against the Emperor giving stronger grounds to hope for his accession than any proofs which he had given of regard for the Gospel. Such was the comprehensive scheme which Zwingli had devised : its execution was prevented by a variety of circum-

stances. Venice, although disposed to lend a favourable ear, had but just come to terms with the Austrians. Francis the First dared not take any decisive step whilst his sons remained as hostages in the hands of his great rival. Meanwhile no such hinderances presented themselves to the union of the different Popish states; and the Catholic Cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and Zug, called 'the Five Places,' had contracted a treaty with Austria, and with the Pope. Everything portended that a collision was inevitable. Zwingli saw this, and calmly estimated the cost and probable issue. He has been much censured for his warlike disposition; but we must make allowance for the circumstances of his birth and education, for the atmosphere in which he had constantly moved, and for the condition and prospect of affairs, which he could estimate more truly than we, after so great a lapse of time, are able to do. To his mind it was perfectly plain that 'the Five Places' were preparing for war, that they were determined not to grant liberty of conscience in the districts over which they held a joint jurisdiction with Zurich,—in fact, that nothing but an appeal to arms could settle their differences. The misunderstanding sure to arise between those whose interests were so adverse in reality, whilst they were nominally allies, was aggravated in this case by the combined authority which they exercised over certain districts, and by the intricacy of their mutual relations, the result of a close intimacy in past years. When enmity is aroused in a contracted sphere, it seems to be aggravated by its confinement. Bitter and insulting taunts were hurled by the Catholics against the new opinions. On the house of the town-clerk of Zug a huge gallows was painted, from which the arms of Berne, Basle, and Zurich were suspended. These acts inflamed the minds of the Protestants; and when, by the orders of the council of Schwyz, a Protestant pastor was waylaid near Uznach, carried off, and ruthlessly burned to death, they hesitated no longer. War was declared against 'the Five Places.' And whilst assistance was demanded from their co-religionists, the army of Zurich marched to Cappel, accompanied by Zwingli as their field-preacher. The Zurichois were in high spirits, full of confidence in themselves and the justice of their cause: and their government was acting with a promptness and resolution which was at once a security and an earnest of success. The Catholics, on the other hand, were dispirited, and, though their levies were quickly brought into the field, they were but ill prepared to cope with their foes. Allies, too, poured in, and full 30,000 men-at-arms were assembled. But the blow, though imminent, was arrested. Berne and the other allies of Zurich were anxious to prevent bloodshed; and as

the armies were drawn up in battle array, the Landammann Cebli rode up, and begged them to desist. Zwingli saw plainly that it was but crying peace whilst there was no peace, and warned Cebli of the evils that would result from his interference. 'Because the enemy are in our power, they give us fair words: afterwards they will not spare us, and then there will be none to mediate.' The result proved the truth of these predictions; but they were unheeded in the desire for an accommodation. The opposing troops, as they looked on one another's ranks, saw there comrades with whom they had stood side by side in the shock of battle; the sentiments of former friendships revived. The idea of a treaty became popular, and was carried out in terms that nominally insured a free licence to proclaim the truth.

The peace of Cappel was but a hollow truce, and the mode in which it was carried out paralysed the efforts of the party of Zwingli in Zurich. Lukewarm friends or avowed foes were chosen to the magistracy in the following elections, and 'the Five Places' soon again evinced their hostility by disregarding the terms agreed on. When a second war was inevitable, the government of Zurich had contrived by their mismanagement to make the cause of their foes popular in Switzerland, and to rouse the enemy to strain every nerve for victory; whilst at home distrust and feebleness prevailed. With very different aspect the Reformed host marched once more to the field of Cappel. Gloomy forebodings, which found their expression in strange portents, already foreshadowed the coming disaster. A comet of unusual size had appeared in the sky—a shield had been seen in the air at Zug—blood had burst from the earth in streams at Aargau—upon the Brunig standards had seemed to be flapping in the heavens; whilst ships flitted over the Lake of Lucerne, filled with ghostly warriors. We may deem all such stories idle; but they indicate that men's hearts were strung high, and were gloomily anticipating results of no common moment. It was no wonder that at such a time it should be thought of evil omen that when the great banner of Zurich was set up at the town-hall, it clung to its pole and refused to unfurl, and that when Zwingli was in the act of mounting, his horse reared and fell backwards. 'He will never come back,' said his friends mournfully. "'Whoso loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me,'" says the Lord, and it is the Lord's cause,' was his reply: but he was not unmoved, and was heard, as he marched, to be praying with great fervency, committing himself and the Church to the Lord.

It is a journey of not more than three or four hours over the Albis from Zurich to Cappel, and the banner arrived at three

o'clock, P.M. The battle had already lasted three hours, with manifest advantage to the Zurichois, and a bold charge upon the foe might possibly have gained the day. But there was treachery in the Reformed camp. Their captain, Goeldli, frustrated every useful proposal, allowed all the commanding posts to be occupied by the enemy, and refused to attack before the morrow. It was Christmas Eve. The day of our Lord's nativity dawned, and soon the strife began. In the outset of the battle Goeldli and his men deserted: yet, surrounded and betrayed, the Zurichois fought like lions against eight times their number, and the victory for a time was doubtful; but at last they were overborne. Zwingli had bent down to comfort a wounded man with the words of life, when a stone struck his helmet with such force, that he was hurled to the ground. He soon summoned strength to rise, when he was pierced by a hostile spear. 'What matters it?' he cried. 'They may kill the body, the soul they cannot kill.' The wound was mortal, but he lingered on. A party of marauders drew near, and found him. 'Will you confess? Shall we fetch a priest?' He cannot speak, but signs in the negative. 'Then call on the Virgin and saints in your heart.' Once more, with eloquent silence, he signs that he will not deny his Lord. 'Die, then, obstinate heretic,' cried Boechinger, and gave him a fatal stab.

There was bitter wailing that night in Zurich. Baron von Geroldseck, Abbot of Einsiedeln, the Comthur Schmidt, the Abbot of Cappel, and twenty-two of the Reformed clergy, lay dead with Zwingli upon the field. His own friends, Ulrich Funk, Thumseisen, Schweizer, and Tœnig, were not divided from him in death for the cause of faith and fatherland. Bitterest of all were the tears that fell around Zwingli's hearth. His widow bewailed a son, a brother, a son-in-law, and a brother-in-law, lost in that fight, as well as her noble spouse.

Our sketch would hardly be complete without some notice of Zwingli in private life. He was a fine-looking man in form and figure; and from the admirable portrait still preserved in the library at Zurich, we may trace resolution and energy in his well-compacted head, and a far-seeing, penetrating understanding in his expansive forehead and full, clear eye; but we confess that to ourselves his features have a certain contraction that we should hardly have expected in one who entertained such comprehensive views. In his home he led a simple life, enjoying the quiet of the domestic hearth, or the society of his numerous friends. He frequently supped abroad in the public guild rooms, or with the Council. He was no ascetic, and retained to the last his passion for music. His time was carefully distributed

day by day. He rose with the sun in summer, gave the early hours to prayer and study of the Bible, till summoned to preach or lecture in 'the schools.' At eleven he dined. Then he conversed with his family, received visits, or walked till two. In the afternoon, Greek and Roman literature occupied him till supper. After all this, the night was often devoted to study. He could dispense with repose; and we are told that, during the disputation at Baden, he hardly rested for six weeks together. A youth brought him, each evening, an account of the day's discussion, and he prepared his remarks and suggestions in time to be used on the morrow. He loved the society of children, and the charm of his address drew many a young man from a vicious life to follow with him 'a more excellent way.' It was an honest, simple, laborious life, guided throughout by faith alone.

It was at the close of a summer's day that we reached the spot where Zwingli fell. The place is marked by a large, rude block of native granite, having an iron plate on either side, on which is recorded, in Latin and German, the day and year on which the great Reformer died a hero's death. It was a fitting scene for a Swiss patriot's grave: and as the sun slowly went down, and tinged with its declining rays the snow-clad Alps, we realized the scene that, at a like hour, must have met the Reformer's dying eye. Dark clouds hung in the sky, casting deep shadows on the mountain side, and intercepting the sunbeams, so that none save the highest peaks were kindled to a glowing light. Soon this died out, and all was cold and dull in the calm gray of evening, and we turned away in our disappointment at not having witnessed grander sunset effects. On a sudden all was changed as if by magic. The clouds rolled away from the setting sun, and from peak to peak the pink gleam leapt, and diffused itself over the mountain forms, reflecting and being reflected back, until every part was bathed in its lovely hue. As we gazed on the scene, it seemed emblematic (may it prove so!) of the truth for which Zwingli died. In his own day that truth, amidst many a cloud, was yet received into some noble hearts, and shone in the most eminent souls in Switzerland. We have had, alas! since then the period, still surviving, of dead and dull formalism,—of every phase of neologian unbelief, with scarcely one ray of spiritual life athwart the gloom. May the glimmer of truth that has reappeared be but the harbinger of better things, when the truth which Zwingli once preached shall again prevail throughout all that region!

ART. X.—*Selections from the Charges and other detached Papers of Baron Alderson. With an Introductory Notice of his Life.* By CHARLES ALDERSON, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. London : Parker and Son. 1858.

THERE is no character which the people of this country hold in more esteem than that of a wise and upright judge ; and it is not too much to say that in indulging this homage they unconsciously applaud themselves. In the person of an English judge they see the embodiment of their own maturest sentiments, the realization of their ideal character. They recognise in him the type of English practical and common sense, and the dignified interpreter of English equity and jurisprudence. He is above them, yet of them ; their servant more than their master ; the exponent of their own wisdom, the minister of their own justice, the enemy of their own social foes. He is a monitor chosen from the common ranks, with influence to strengthen the virtue of each because he has power to adjust the differences of all ; a monitor and umpire, only one step raised above themselves, having so much sympathy as serves to make his appreciation of conflicting claims more just and wise, and so much learning and authority as unite to make his judgment valid.

The members of this noble order of men are seldom known to the community at large except in their public capacity and office. They pass from the bench into dignified retirement, or immediately from their own to a higher bar, and their memories are honoured by the reverence rather than by the vulgar curiosity of men. We stray into the court where they presided, and hear their judgments and opinions quoted for a precedent ; but this is the only way in which they survive the common lot. And we are quite disposed to acquiesce in this result. There is a peculiar propriety in that spirit of reserve which declines to obtrude on public notice the common or eccentric features, the coarse, or trite, or possibly unworthy, lives, of high judicial functionaries. This customary reticence gives an impersonal character to the administration of justice, and, therefore, an impartial and authoritative air to its decisions. But the purpose of this rule, as of many others, may sometimes be better served by its temporary relaxation ; and we gladly take the opportunity of the publication announced at the head of this article to make an exception in favour of the late Baron Alderson. Our readers will peruse with interest and profit a brief record of his honourable career, and the dignity of the law will no way suffer by a more intimate acquaintance with its representative.

Edward Hall Alderson was born at Yarmouth, September 11th, 1787. His father, Mr. Robert Alderson, was for many years Recorder of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Ipswich, and resided at St. Helen's in the town of Norwich. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Hurry, of Yarmouth, in whose house he first saw the light. Death early deprived him of a mother's care, and he returned with his brother and two sisters to the house of his maternal grandfather. Young Alderson soon showed an appetite for general knowledge, and learned to arrange it systematically in his mind. After some time spent in a school at Scarning, near Dereham, he was sent to the Charterhouse, then presided over by Dr. Matthew Raine. His health in the metropolis began to fail, and he was removed to the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds. At all these places of education he distinguished himself by a remarkably retentive memory, which was materially strengthened and assisted by a habit of careful and methodical attention. We are told that his observing faculty was never asleep, and that he lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge of any kind. Like almost every person destined to distinction, he engaged himself in literary composition. He began an English drama on the subject of *The Siege of Calais*, and wrote a variety of epigrams in Latin verse.

Before proceeding to the University, he was placed under the care of Mr. Maltby, (now ex-Bishop of Durham,) 'to have the advantage of his eminent assistance in his classical studies.' Thus fifteen months passed profitably by; and in October, 1805, he took possession of his rooms at Caius College, Cambridge. Thither his scholastic reputation had preceded him, and his career was the centre of many anxious hopes on the part of his family and friends. Yet his confidence never deserted him, and he determined on the highest honours. 'If any one,' said he, in after life, 'had offered me the place of *second* Wrangler, I would have at once refused.' His habits were regular and studious. He both laid down and observed, as the rule of his undergraduate life, to abstain entirely from the use of wine. He never could bring himself to practise the art of early rising; but his love of knowledge made acquisition easy to him, and he found abundant time for manly sports and social enjoyments. His vacations were spent with his friends at Norwich, where, 'each recurring Christmastide, his talents were invoked by general consent for the composition not of prose or verse, but of a brimming bowl of punch, in the admixture of which he was pronounced to excel.'

In the second year of his college residence Mr. Alderson acquired his first distinction, by gaining the prize medal of Sir

Thomas Browne for the best Greek and Latin epigrams. The pleasure of his triumph was sadly abated by the death of his eldest sister, with whom he had maintained an intimate and cordial friendship. Still he worked on, and 'drew an additional motive for endeavouring to distinguish himself in the thought of the pleasure his success would have given her if living.' Amid all his studies he found time to revise and criticize the verses of his remaining sister, who now engrossed his brotherly and tender care.

His examination arrived in January, 1809. 'Alderson was declared First Wrangler, and immediately after that Smith's prizeman, an honour which usually, but not always, falls into the wake of the first distinction.' This result was by no means unexpected; the prize had not fallen by chance. One of the moderators came up to him and said, 'Mr. Alderson, I congratulate you; but you must have known where you would be before you began.' Again he sets to work, and this time for the classical examination. 'Don't think to see me before Easter,' he writes to his sister a few days afterwards; and in due time he was announced as First Medallist, 'thus completing, by this last achievement, a list of honours almost unequalled in the annals of the University.' The same feat has only been accomplished once before, and never since. True to his noble instincts, the highest pleasure which this triumph afforded to the winner sprang from his filial love. Writing to his own son many years afterwards, he urged this among many motives to study. 'I often remember,' says he, 'and that with the greatest satisfaction, that in this respect God enabled me to give pleasure to my father; and now that I have children of my own, I feel how great that pleasure must have been.'

Young Alderson was at once elected to a Fellowship, but gave himself, nevertheless, some breathing time of leisure. Wearing at ease his academic laurels, he found time now to interweave with them some graceful flowers of literature. Then came his last appearance in Cambridge life, at the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of the University. On that occasion he recited, in the Senate House, a Latin essay on the comparison of ancient and modern dialogues,—and his father was a proud and delighted listener on that day.

In the course of the same year Alderson was entered of the Inner Temple, having chosen the law for his profession. Proceeding to the metropolis, he gave daily attendance at the chambers of Mr. Chitty, the special pleader, read with untiring energy, and devoted some time to the Courts themselves, 'where he took careful and copious notes of the proceedings generally.' In 1811

he was called to the bar, and joined the Northern Circuit and the Yorkshire Sessions. Of course he had plenty of time for observation; and this part of his career is illustrated by some pleasant letters. In one of them, addressed to his sister, he says: 'I have been staying, since I last wrote to you, with Mr. Brougham, at his seat in Westmoreland, where I spent a week in the pleasantest manner possible. The family is extremely amiable, seem completely to love one another, and look up to their eldest brother as to a superior man, as indeed he is... I think you had the impertinence to ask how I became acquainted with Brougham. Answer it yourself, Madam. I cannot for modesty's sake. To be serious, however, he sought my acquaintance; as, although I was from the first extremely desirous of knowing him, I scorn to court any man whom I consider my superior. Besides, my own observation, even on this circuit, has taught me that the real way to become acquainted with any one is not to be forward.' This last observation is characteristic, and has besides more general truth in it than men of the world allow. Sydney Smith never uttered a more shallow remark than when he declared, that there was no more connexion betwixt modesty and merit than that both words began with the same letter. On the contrary, their intimate connexion is the general rule, and the exceptions to it are very questionable.

Mr. Alderson's progress at the bar was necessarily slow and gradual, but some business he did get from the first, and he was satisfied with small beginnings. Writing to his sister in the summer of 1812, he congratulates himself on his success, 'having in Michaelmas Term made two guineas and a half, in Hilary Term five guineas, and in Easter Term six guineas.' He adds, cheerfully, 'I increase, you see, and hope this Trinity Term to make seven or eight.' He earned that and something more; and although at the Pontefract Sessions he amused himself by writing an 'Ode to Adversity by a vacant Lawyer,' he does not seem to have been really discouraged. It is not to be supposed, however, that he found no time for literature and social amusements. At this period of his life he frequented the theatre, and sometimes presented himself at a masqued ball. Other intervals of time were devoted to his cousin, Mrs. Opie, for whom he indited pleasant letters, seasoned with epigrams and other verses. Both he and his cousin were then mingling in the gayest society; their correspondence partook largely of its spirit, and having continued for more than thirty years, 'it is amusing,' says his biographer, 'to watch its toning down to the mellow gravity befitting the Judge and Quaker of after times.' Now it is the 'Monk of the Temple' who writes, and

'At least as good a Nun as thou art Monk,' who playfully responds.

In the year 1817, our rising barrister undertook, jointly with Mr. Barnewall, the task of reporter to the Court of King's Bench. The duties of this office are very onerous, involving close attendance in court, and much labour in chambers; and no slight amount of skill and judgment is demanded in the analysis and condensation of intricate cases. But sometimes this employment hinders the advancement of a lawyer, and, under this impression, Mr. Alderson resigned his office in 1822, after an occupation of five years. About this time he lost his youngest brother, for whom he had always evinced a parental tenderness and care, and whose eyes, before finally sealed in death, 'had been lovingly but firmly opened to the impending change.' A most touching letter addressed to the invalid on his last birth-day—for so it proved—bears ample testimony to the deep religious convictions of the writer.

The tide of business had now set fairly in, and our lawyer was justified in taking the serious step of matrimony. Accordingly, 'in the autumn of 1823, he became united to Miss Georgina Drewe,' one of a family long resident at the Grange, near Honiton, in Devonshire. Henceforth motions, briefs, and references begin to thicken upon him. At Carlisle he gets a chance, and improves it by gaining the day, *for the gentleman*, in a breach of promise case. This led to a similar engagement, and still more marked success, at Lancaster, where he carried his point against the combined ingenuity and eloquence of Scarlett, Williams, and Brougham. But an opportunity of another kind now awaited him. In the spring of 1825, he was retained on the first Railway case before a Committee of the House of Commons. It was the duty of Mr. Alderson to cross-examine the chief engineer, Mr. George Stephenson; and the practical dialectics of the learned council could not have obtained a finer field of exercise than this occasion offered. His adroitness of attack found an appropriate *foil* in the defensive position, the complete armour of proof, presented by his opponent. One hardly knows which to admire the most, the searching questions of Alderson, or the prompt and decisive answers of Stephenson. Men of practical resource, like this eminent engineer, are seldom happy in their explanations and descriptions, especially under the gaze of public incredulity or scorn; and it is a striking proof both of the confidence which he reposed in his opinions, and of the clearness in which he held them, that he was able, in so great a measure, to baffle the ingenuity of his adversary, and to make the intended instrument of his defeat contribute no

little to the moral victory of his cause. For a victory it virtually was. Although the Bill was for a time withdrawn, the impression left by Mr. Stephenson's examination was, on the whole, extremely favourable to the railway enterprise; and if the estimates with which he had provided himself had not been faulty and imperfect, his triumph would have been still more signal and complete.

Mr. Alderson was obliged to leave this important cause, and hasten to fulfil his circuit engagements in the north—much to the disappointment of Lord Sefton and other anti-railway magnates. He would not suffer a lucrative parliamentary business to tempt him, but said, 'It is the *regular* course of my profession by which I must hope to rise.' Into political strife he never entered, except as a secondary and assisting party, and refused more than one tempting proposal for a seat in the House of Commons. He seems early to have limited his ambition to a *puisné* judgeship—convinced by many observations, and especially by the premature death of his near connexion, Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, that the highest prizes of the law are seldom attainable without undue excitement and turmoil, and sometimes the sacrifice of life itself. To that coveted position on the Bench he now made rapid progress. He was chosen as one of the Royal Commissioners appointed for the Amendment of the Law. His business both at York and Lancaster exceeded that of any other member of the circuit. In the former city, at the Spring Assize of 1829, he was retained for the prosecution of Jonathan Martin, the incendiary of York Minster. Some interesting particulars of this case are given in one of Alderson's domestic letters, and may be worth transcribing. 'I have just been reading my brief, one of the most curious I ever had. The way in which the deed was done was this. He stayed behind after the afternoon service, and after the bells had been rung as is usual, being then left alone, he went up into the belfry, and with a razor cut off about eighty or ninety feet in length of the *prayer bell rope*, which being usually rung *from below* had been drawn up and coiled up to that length there. With this rope he knotted himself a sort of rope-ladder, and, throwing it over the iron gates of the choir, he climbed over by means of the knots. Being in the choir, he struck a light with a flint and his razor, lighted a candle which he had brought, collected the prayer books, and set fire to the paper close to the carved work at the archbishop's throne in two piles. He then cut away a silk curtain, gold fringe, &c., which *he stole*, and, getting back by his rope-ladder, into the body of the cathedral, escaped through a window on the north side (the most unfrequented part). He had provided him-

self with a pair of pincers by which he forced the window, and let himself out by his rope-ladder to the ground.' Mr. Alderson adds his impression that Martin was 'too mad to be convicted,' and so it proved in the event of his trial. The incendiary was ordered into confinement, and died in Bedlam some few years ago. Another famous cause, in which Mr. Alderson appeared for the plaintiff, was tried for the first time in the same city, at the following Spring Assize; but its settlement did not occur till after his elevation to the Bench, when the large property involved came by the decision of the Court into the hands of his client, Admiral Tatham.

In the summer of 1830 Mr. Alderson was heard before the House of Lords, in support of the Petition presented against the disfranchisement of the borough of East Retford. The closing speech, in which the learned counsel summed up the difficulties and dangers involved in so a rash a precedent, is given at length in the present volume, and exhibits to great advantage the speaker's power of logical forensic eloquence. This was his last important argument. In the November following he took his seat on the bench in the Court of Common Pleas, and commenced a judicial career distinguished rather by practical ability and judgment than by superior acumen or profound acquirements in the law. We must only mention the chief epochs of that career, and then with some general observations bring this brief record to a close. The new judge was promptly included in a Special Commission, appointed to try the rioters known as 'machinery smashers,' in some of the southern counties. In 1832, and again in 1834, he went the Northern Circuit, and appeared in his high capacity, not without mixed anxiety and pleasure, among the friends and rivals of other years. 'I know myself too well,' he said, 'not to be aware how much I fall short of what I ought to be as a judge, and am in constant fear that I shall be found out by others also.' In March, 1834, he was transferred to the Court of Exchequer; and his decisions as Equity Baron—an office then, and for seven years afterwards, associated with the duties of that Court—are known to have given general satisfaction, and met with special praise. Yet this double service, well and cheerfully performed, found no requital from the hands of Government.

His domestic and personal enjoyments were relished as much as ever; every vacation was heartily welcome to the judge, as similar holidays had been to the wearied schoolboy and the plodding lawyer. Among his favourite recreations was that of sailing; and with this pursuit in view he would repair, during

the Long Vacation, to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The following letter to his cousin, Mrs. Opie, was written from that spot: it will show the reader how well he knew to mingle profitable observation with the amusements of his leisure.

‘We are rustivating here, at this pretty place, for my vacation, and have been fortunate enough to take one of the most beautiful marine villas imaginable. It is very large and fitted up admirably, and with a garden touching the shore. The sea washes part of my domain, and shrubs, &c., grow to the garden edge; roses, and myrtles, magnolias, laurels, &c., &c. There is plenty of room for you if you like to come. The children will enjoy themselves much. I fortunately also met with an old acquaintance, Mr. Beaumont, late M.P. for Northumberland, who has the next villa to mine, and possesses a splendid yacht, “the last yacht of summer left sailing alone,” in which he is so good as to take me and mine, occasionally, and, as we are all excellent sailors, we enjoy it much..... Yesterday I went to see the new Boys’ Reformatory, a very pleasing sight, if I could but think it a good thing. It is only preparing at present, and nothing could be better than the arrangements for the care and improvement of the boys sent hither. There are schoolmasters to teach them, and trades to be learnt, and a farm of eighty acres out of the walls to be cultivated. All this is excellent; and the boys will thus be well clothed, well fed, and well taught at the public expense. Now I admit that those who come will probably be reformed thereby, and that is very desirable. But is this the way to prevent crime? Is it not rather to give a premium for committing it? An honest poor man would give much to be allowed to send his son to such a place. The difficulty is to reform, and yet to make a prison a place to be dreaded. Will this do it? I reluctantly confess I think not, unless something more be done in addition to this. I want to see banishment superadded to the imprisonment. If the child were thus separated, (after a previous discipline capable of making him a useful colonist,) the natural affection of the parents would make the punishment dreaded by them, and would induce them to try to prevent crime; and the children might be sent not to a penal settlement, but to Canada, or the Cape of Good Hope, where they might go as apprentices, and prosper, as well as become serviceable to the colonies.’

These remarks on the relative value of reformatories and transportation, as well as the proposal to unite their benefits, are worthy of the best consideration of statesmen and philanthropists at the present time. No one, at least, will deny that they come with the authority of much experience from the pen of this wise and indefatigable judge. The interest which Baron Alderson took in plans for the reformation of criminals is well known; for they often furnished the chief subject of remark in his charge to the Grand Jury on the opening of the Assize. On one of these occasions, he entered somewhat more fully into the results and

lessons of our reformatory system : he based his observations on the fact, that crime is a chronic disease, and confirmed his objection to brief and inadequate terms of imprisonment by reference to the valuable statistics of Mr. Combe.* The whole address (which is printed in the present volume) is excellent in spirit, and we hardly know whether the wisdom or the humanity of the judge is most to be admired. After insisting that a rigorous discipline is needed to correct the vicious habits of the juvenile criminal, he proceeds in language which we may quote as presenting the pith and substance of the whole :—

‘I have spoken hitherto of young offenders, but the same principle, *mutatis mutandis*, is true for adults also. An adult convict is but an overgrown wicked child, who has erred from inherent vicious dispositions, defective instruction, or evil example. He is only in his habits and organization a child grown larger and stronger, but the same method of reforming him must be, as for children, to change his habits,—to excite his powers, dormant as yet, of moral restraint, by firm and wholesome severity, accompanied however with kindness. Depend on it, he has a heart, though at present encrusted over and insensible, from misery, perhaps, and vice. Try to touch that heart ; let him feel that though you punish, you do it for his good ; substitute firm and gentle severity for mere unreasoning vengeance, and cultivate what still is left of moral power originally possessed by him. Quench not the smoking flax of his agonized repentance, and you will have a good chance of success even with him. But treat him firmly,—do not spare to make him suffer for his crime. What he wants is moral power to resist temptation. In this, as it seems to me, the evil of penitentiaries, which are solely dependent on the effect of separate imprisonment, consists. The defect of mere imprisonment is this, that the patient is by it too often *subdued*, but not *reformed*. He still wants the strength which *social* habits alone can give him, to fit him for a return to the world from which he has been shut out for a long period. He is perhaps convalescent, but not cured, and it ends too often in a fatal relapse. Besides, it is a discipline which does not suit all ; some require to be subdued, others to be supported ; and for this reason there should be some prison or penitentiary in the which, after separate confinement, the prisoner should carefully and gradually be accustomed to work in common with others before his ultimate discharge. For the most part he should be subjected to hard labour, skilled or otherwise ; for this is the best remedy and security against relapse. Not, as I think, to be unaccompanied with some profit arising from that labour, and given to the criminal. God governs us all by rewards as well as punishments,—why should we not, at however remote a distance, try to follow the course of His government, which is always the wisest and the best ?’

Nothing can be better than the tenor of these remarks, unless

* *Principles of Criminal Legislation.*

it be their admirable tone, both eminently worthy of the seat of British justice. If we might dwell for a moment on the subject, it would be to give more emphasis to the suggestion that convicts should be set to *skilled employment*. To put the work of an artisan into the hands of a slave is to engage his vacant mind, and recover to his despairing heart some measure of hope through the neglected avenues of self-respect. There is nothing so well calculated to raise a felon into a man.

The learned Baron gave much attention to some other points of criminal jurisprudence. He was not prepared to advocate the total abolition of capital punishment; but thought that the solemn penalty of death should not be exacted in cases of arson, unattended with loss of life, nor in any but instances of murder, strictly so-called. On this subject his views extended beyond the modifications introduced in Lord John Russell's Bill of 1841. The homicide of duelling he would treat as manslaughter: 'The party killed,' said he, 'is a voluntary agent, and there is not any reason to protect, by so high a penalty, the life of a person who declines to protect himself.' He thought also that infanticide should be punished with transportation, as juries naturally shrink from convicting while the penalty of death hangs over an unfortunate mother, herself the victim of so much treachery and wrong.

We turn once more to scenes of private life. Many summer vacations of the judge were spent at Lowestoft in Suffolk. There he was seen to advantage in that happiest of characters, the head of a prosperous and united family. His enjoyment seems to have been complete when he could leave the smoke of London, or the toils of holding Assizes in country towns, to breathe the pure air of the German Ocean, and, gathering his dear ones round him, have nothing to do but entertain them with the sallies of his wit, or profit them by the lessons of his experience. There was his garden too, as we are told, 'with its terrace-walk touching the very beach itself, where he would stand in the bright sunny mornings, and count by hundreds the colliers as they raced northwards, and match one against another, till they rounded the most easterly part of England, and disappeared from view. How readily at other times would he suggest what of all modes of recreation gave him most delight, — a sail along the coast to Southwold, or a river excursion up the Waveney, and the Broads, as they are called, into which the river widens before reaching the sea; and with what zest and eagerness on such occasions would he enter into the enjoyment of the moment, and turn even that to account, questioning the sailors with interest upon matters to which the incidents of the

day gave rise,—their habits of life, the course of the currents and channels, the position of the sand-banks, the best fishing-grounds, or the best methods of navigation!’ Such was the relaxation and reward of his severer duties; and his relish for the one was proportioned to his performance of the other. No purposeless or idle man is destined to such enjoyment.

Baron Alderson never wholly relinquished his literary habits, nor his practice in poetic composition. This volume contains many fruits of the elegant scholarship acquired in college days, in the shape of versified translations from the Greek and Latin. Some of these are really excellent, and we regret that our limits compel us to pass them by unquoted. We must, however, make room for a sonnet, beautiful for its religious sentiment and feeling.

‘LINES WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO —, ON THE
BIRTHDAY BEFORE HER CONFIRMATION.

‘DEAR child, ere yet that covenant was renewed,
Which those who loved thee dearly made for thee,
When thou wast grafted in the heavenly tree
Of Christ Himself—then first with life endued—
Thy father brings to thee a precious gift—
This little book with holy counsels fraught,
With humble prayers by saints and martyrs taught,
And hymns sublime that can the soul uplift
Heavenward from earth. O, in this sceptic age,
If aught of doubt perplex thy simple mind,
Here turn for refuge, here thy soul shall find
A safe, sure home. So midst the flood’s wild rage
The wandering dove, with flagging wings distrest,
Perched on the ark at length, and found her rest.’

We are reminded, by the subject of these lines, of the writer’s attachment to the Church, of which he was a devout and consistent member. Though leaning to a rather strict observance of its ceremonies, he ever counselled moderation and charity. ‘Such men as —,’ said he, ‘injudicious advocates, send us backward for a century. Laud’s premature ritualism condemned us to the Puritans, and was followed by the humdrumism of the Revolution. We are emerging again into light. Don’t let the Lauds of the present day send us back into darkness once more.’ That there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his devotion, appears very clearly from his private memoranda, some sentences of which we are tempted to transcribe.

‘Just back from church, where we had a capital sermon on *Set your*

affections on heaven. I quite agree that a great many very good people are not heavenly-minded. We live too much in action, and too little in contemplation, and go through the world in a bustle. I could not help turning in my mind, how this conversation in heaven was the true cure for all earthly bereavements, remembering the P——'s. Let me suppose them with their lost children to have lived, having their conversation in heaven, and, as the Collect of to-day says beautifully, "continually in heart and mind thither ascending;" and what is a separation then? It is only that one of the party is in spirit and reality gone before, and the rest are dwelling in heart and mind continually with the departed; just, so to speak, as I am now dwelling and conversing with you at St. Leonard's, being myself left behind in London.....And so the children are delighted with the *Pilgrim's Progress*? I am not surprised, for it is a most amusing book for young people, being in the nature of a religious fairy tale. But its great merit is, that it is a really pious book. Kiss them both, and bid them pray, that papa may, like Christian, be able to struggle through, and fight the good fight of faith, and that they may come after him like Christian's children. When one thinks how much is involved in this, it ought to make us pause and reflect seriously what a great deal is to be done—how much of evil thoughts as well as evil deeds to be got rid of, and in what way. There is but one; and I wonder how any one who fairly looks at himself and his own unfitness, can hesitate about that. Here the Socinians appear to me to be sadly wrong, and I am sad to be obliged to think so; for there are many whom I respect living in that error.'

It was well for this good man, engaged to the last in the exercise of his important functions, that he had not neglected preparations for a still higher sphere in the world beyond the grave. To that boundary he came with a sudden and unexpected step. For nearly thirty years he had occupied his judicial post, and now upon the verge of man's allotted term he retained his usual vigour. He presided in Court at the Winter Assizes in Liverpool, December, 1856; his charge to the grand jury contained fresh allusion to the subject of reformatory prisons, and strictures on the ticket-of-leave system; and we remember distinctly that his characteristic humour was not absent on this occasion,—for our judge was somewhat of a wag, and a dry smile would creep over all his large coarse face. Just as he was about to return home, he received news of the serious illness of his son; and though the cause of his alarm was soon removed, he appeared to have received a fatal shock. Once more was he permitted to gather round his table, as he loved to do at the season of Christmas, his children and others of his family and friends; but the summons had been served, and was soon to take effect. He fell into a deep lethargy, from which he was roused from time to time

to hear a chapter of the Bible read, and once to commemorate the Lord's dying. To an inquiry he answered, 'The worse, the better for me;' and then, with two gentle sighs, fell into that deep sleep from which no earthly call will ever wake him. He died on the 27th of January, 1857, and in the seventieth year of his age.

The volume from which we have compiled this paper may be commended to the reader's further study; for we have rather indicated than exhausted its materials. Much valuable correspondence, on which we have scarcely drawn, will be found in the Introductory Memoir; and a large amount of social practical philosophy is embodied in the documents which ensue. In the former category are two letters addressed by the judge to his son at school; both models of their kind, and especially admirable for that mixture of paternal counsel and friendly confidence which serves to lessen the distance betwixt father and son, and to promote true fellowship without weakening the claim of filial respect. Church matters are of frequent occurrence in both parts of the volume. Two Letters on the Gorham Controversy, addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, and some other fragments, give occasion to many shrewd remarks and lawyer-like distinctions; while the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and the position of the national Church in relation to the State and to her individual members, receive careful illustration and discussion. Some of the opinions of the learned judge are very disputable, and no one would place him in the front rank of his profession; but all will rise from a perusal of this memorial with a feeling of profound respect for its subject, and a prayer that the seat of judgment may long be occupied by a succession of such true and Christian men.

ART. XI.—*The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Embracing the History of the Serampore Mission.* By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. In Two Volumes. Longmans. 1859.

GREAT honour is designed for the memory of the fathers of the Serampore Mission. No Englishman of the present generation will forget, and the history of England will convey to those of future times, how the heart of the nation, when sore with repeated tidings of disaster in India, was first relieved, and then filled with exultation, by gleam after gleam of victory from the sword of a hero leading a slender band; and how good men told with delight, that Havelock was a son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, the missionary.

The same distinguished man left a son, who was long recognised as the unrivalled leader of the Indian press, and who, in the columns of the *Friend of India*, has exerted no inconsiderable influence on its history. Retired now to England, he has employed his leisure in telling the wonderful tale of Carey, Ward, and his own father, in a work which no missionary, or statesman, or student of Indian affairs, can safely dispense with or honestly ignore. It is the moral history of North India, and of the Indian Government, illustrated by and interwoven with a strange tale of enterprise, almost incredible mental prodigies, and eminent Christian graces. It is well told. The author has the advantage of perfect familiarity with the scenes and persons to which his narrative related. Yet sufficient time has elapsed to make the men already public personages. The work has the double advantage of history and biography,—the elevation and gravity of the one, with the liveliness and personal interest of the other. Mr. Marshman is a practised writer, holds his pen easily, never tries to be eloquent, but often is so; and now and then seasons with a gentle grain of salt. You feel at once that your author is outspoken and fair. He does not hesitate to set forth the faults of his heroes, or to let it be seen that missionaries are subject to infirmities like other men. He is an honest Baptist, a frank Dissenter, and perhaps a little hard on Bishops; not so much on the genus as a whole, as on that anomalous species of it, the Colonial prelate, who, being a Bishop, is always wondering why he is not a baron. But genial and manly throughout, though he deals a few knocks on names we are wont to honour, he seems to feel his reasons to be good, and does not give offence. The variety of incident, the dovetailing of events, the shifting of the scene, are all admirably managed;

and men are made to live before you, without formal descriptions of them.

We could have wished the conversions both of some of the leaders and their disciples more fully given. History is gradually getting deeper into man, from the camp and court to the arts, from them to social life, and at length will come to the root of all life, the soul. Conversion has yet to be fairly recognised in general history as an element in national life, quite as much as genius or power. It is here in the world. It has affected men who have influenced nations. The historians must deal with it, or evade the most copious source of light upon moral questions. Mr. Marshman is far from overlooking conversion; but we should have been glad had he, in one or two cases, given the inner history of a soul, as fully as D'Aubigné has done that of Luther.

The first sentence of the book contains what we take to be the most incorrect statement in it: 'William Carey, to whose energy and example the Protestant missions of the nineteenth century owe their origin.' Why, not to speak of the Germans in India, and the Moravians in various quarters, the Propagation Society had sent out missionaries long before Carey was born; and Dr. Coke, the chief planter of Methodist missions, had crossed the Atlantic, we know not how many times, before Carey ever saw the sea;—had ranged, besides America, the whole West Indies, caring for Negro, and Carrib, and white heathen alike. Carey had the honour of founding the first *society* for the heathen alone, and of leading the way to North India; and that, from all that appears, without any knowledge of what others were doing.

No historian has told us what kind of a shoemaker was Clarke Nichols of Hackleton; but he had the most wonderful apprenticeship in Northamptonshire. The son of the parish clerk and schoolmaster of Pury, William Carey, had what store of letters his father could give. To this he had added the whole of a Latin vocabulary found somehow. He was always busier with the structure of plants and insects than of soles and uppers. In Nichols's house he found a Commentary with here and there a Greek word. Of course he was puzzled, but was not to be put down. At Pury lived a learned weaver, Tom Jones; and Carey carefully copied each Greek word as best he could, and carried it for a translation.

At sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr. Old. The well-known commentator

Scott paid pastoral visits in this family. There his eye was struck by 'a sensible-looking lad in his working apron,' and he foretold that he would be 'no ordinary character.' He who thus foresaw his greatness, was a leading instrument of his conversion. Carey, chiefly through the influence of a fellow-servant, received deep religious impressions. That fruitful fear which leads to efforts after salvation, lay heavily upon his soul. Mr. Scott's preaching was a blessing to him, which he never forgot; and, by slow and dimly lighted steps, he rose out of the pit of despondency into the sunshine of Christian life. He had not long experienced the joy of true religion, before he began to tell of it to others. His neighbours relished the words of the wise journeyman. He was called to one village and another to preach. In the midst of this good work he adopted Baptist views; and Dr. Ryland of Northampton says, that 'on the 5th of October, 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel in Northampton.' Who, upon the banks of the Nen that day, imagined that the poor youth would win a name on the banks of the Ganges greater than all the celebrities of Northampton?

Mr. Old died, and Carey, at nineteen, took a business and a wife. He never was capable of managing the former, and the latter was not to be managed. Not only was she infinitely his inferior; but incapable of understanding his pursuits, or feeling proper respect for his grand character. She was a weight and a tease for him while she lived; leaving a lesson, that men whom Providence marks with gifts above their original position ought to beware how they tie themselves for life to a perpetual reproach. Nothing prospered but his garden. His congregation could not give him as much as would buy clothes. He was long beset with fever and ague. He trudged and toiled to make and sell shoes; but gave up his first 'charge,' and came to be over a little Baptist flock in the village of Moulton.

Here he hoped to do well by taking up a school, the master of which had just left the place. But his genius did not lie in the pedagogue's line any more than in the tradesman's. 'When I kept school,' was his own remark afterwards, 'it was the boys that kept me.' His gains from this source soon stood at 7s. 6d. a week. His Church raised him £11 a year, and some fund paid him £5. Well might he turn again to the last. He plodded once a fortnight to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulder, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. Mr. Marshman insinuates that he was an indifferent workman; yet his own biographer vindicates his questioned honour on that

point, and repeats a saying of his own in defence of it. Mr. Marshman, as if to meet this, has his anecdote also. Thirty years after Carey's ugly journeys under the wallet, he was dining with the Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India, and, over-hearing a general officer inquire of an aide-de-camp whether Mr. Carey had not been a shoemaker, he stepped forward and explained, 'No, Sir, only a cobbler.'

Moulton was a memorable place to Carey, and through his name that of Moulton will never be forgotten. There he went deep into biblical study. There he broke above clown companionship into the society of kindred intellect. The venerable author of *Help to Zion's Travellers*, the father of Robert Hall, became his friend. Dr. Ryland was added to his circle; and one day, on descending from a pulpit, the pinched and tried village preacher had his hand grasped, his sentiments commended, his future friendship claimed, by the noble Andrew Fuller. But, above all, here was born within the soul of William Carey that idea which has already made his name renowned, and whence will come to it increasing veneration with every age that our race is continued on earth.

It was in a poor cot, in that poor village, that, after reading Cook's Voyages, he was teaching some boys geography. Christendom was a small part of the world. The heathen were many. Was it not the duty of Christians to go to the heathen? It does not appear that he had received this idea from any one. His obscure position, and the absence of missionary spirit in his religious associates, kept him from all knowledge of what had been felt or done. God sent the thought direct from heaven into his own soul. It inflamed and filled it. It became his chief theme. With different sheets pasted together he made a kind of Map of the World, and entered all the particulars he could glean as to the people of the respective countries. Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at his last with his map on the wall before his eye, which every now and then was raised; and while the hand plied the awl, the sage and glorious mind revolved the condition of that wide world, and its claims on those to whom Christ had made known the riches of His grace. A mission to the heathen! the Bible for the heathen! were the constant thoughts that filled the soul of the never-to-be-forgotten shoemaker of Moulton.

We shall ever remember one Monday morning a few years ago, when—after a visit to the chapel of Dr. Doddridge, with its reminiscences of him and of Colonel Gardiner; and then to Weston Flavel, whence Hervey gave a voice to so many tombs—we approached Moulton, attracted by the memory of a far

greater man than either. In as common a cottage as can be found, not inviting by beauty, striking by ugliness, or picturesque by decay, just a common shoemaker's cottage, were as common a couple as need be. And that was the spot where William Carey's soul received the spark from heaven which sped him to Bengal, and made him a shining light. We uncovered, and bowed, and said, 'Blessed be the Lord, who can raise up His instruments where He will!'

At a meeting of ministers, Mr. Ryland called on the young men to name a topic for discussion. Up rose Carey, and proposed, 'The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the Gospel among heathen nations.' The venerable preacher sprang to his feet, frowned, and thundered out, 'Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine.' All the old men of his denomination were steadily against him. By degrees the young were brought to his side. While he and his family were passing weeks without animal food, and with but short provision of other kinds, he prepared a pamphlet on this great theme. Mr. Marshman says that it 'displayed extraordinary knowledge of the geography, history, and statistics of the various countries of the world, and exhibited the greatest mental energy, under the pressure of the severest poverty.'

At the age of twenty-eight, Carey removed to Leicester, somewhat improving his circumstances by the change; but, what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. As his ample intellect laid in stores of knowledge, the internal fire turned all to-missionary fuel. He was one of those grand enthusiasts who can wait, be foiled, and give due place to a thousand ideas beside the ruling one, yet never lose sight of the work resolved upon as that of their lives.

The meeting of Baptist ministers in Nottingham, at the end of May, 1792, must ever be noted in the Church history of India, and illustrious in that of the Baptist denomination. The pastor of the Church at Leicester was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of five years, to which books of travel, and maps, and histories had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labour, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on the soul of Carey in his long training. The pent up feelings of five years, pregnant fountains of the events of many centuries, burst out upon the assembled

ministers and congregation as if a geyser had sprung at their feet. Dr. Ryland said he should not have wondered had the people 'lifted up their voice and wept.' The burden of that ever memorable sermon was,—

1. Expect great things from God.
2. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers came to deliberate, the idea of doing anything cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Carey seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony, 'Are you going away without doing anything?' That was the birth-pang of the Baptist Missionary Society. They resolved, 'That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for the establishment of a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen.'

At Kettering they met in the parlour of Mrs. Wallis. After difficulties had again arisen, and again been vanquished by 'Mr. Carey's arguments and the irresistible influence of his great mind, the ministers present were prevailed upon to pledge themselves in a solemn vow to God and to each other, to make, at the least, an attempt to convey the Gospel message of salvation to some part of the heathen world.' A Society was formed, and a collection made, amounting to *thirteen pounds, two shillings, and sixpence*: and so the Baptist Missionary Society was brought into existence.

Mr. Marshman does not say, but we gather, that the money was contributed by the ministers themselves. If so, it resembled the first collection made for Methodist missions twenty-three years before, in Leeds, by John Wesley and his poor itinerants alone; and thus the funds of two considerable missionary societies took their origin in the offerings of preachers of the Gospel, very poor, but rich in faith. But the early struggles of the mission cause among the Baptist Churches were carried on under discouragements unknown in the kindred body. The patronage of the Kettering meeting was not that of the Conference, and the unknown Mr. Carey was not an Oxford doctor of laws, with great influence and liberal fortune. Yet while Dr. Coke's wonderful success rendered a Society unnecessary till his death, Carey's want of fortune or influence turned to account in making it necessary to form a Society at once. The moment the deed was done, his long-bound soul felt free. The thirteen pounds were no sooner in hand, than he declared himself ready to go to any part of the world. 'His

mind,' says Mr. Marshman, 'was imbued with that irresistible enthusiasm to which great enterprises owe their origin; and, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast between the resources obtained and the magnitude of the enterprise, he was eager to enter upon it at once.'

In all London the provincial ministers who had originated this great work could find only one minister of their body to countenance them. 'There was little or no respectability among us,' said Mr. Fuller; 'not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him.' But they were doing a work which made them greater than squires, orators, or the decent doctors who frowned upon their zeal. The mission was to be.

But what country should be chosen as its field? A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr. Thomas, asking for subscriptions towards spreading the Gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the torrid zone which skirts the region of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal,—of crotchets, tempers, and talent. Yet this was the instrument used by Providence to open the Gospel commission among the Bengalees in their own tongue, and to turn to their shores the firm and well considered steps of Carey. He had landed at Calcutta, and found the only sign of Christianity to be the hoisting of the flag on Sunday. He advertised 'for a Christian.' He also published in the papers a plan 'for spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ and His glorious Gospel in and around Bengal.' This brought him only two communications, and nothing resulted. On a second visit he found a patron in one whose name is dear to every friend of India. Charles Grant, in an age of general scepticism and wild immorality, almost alone among high officials avowed and adorned the Gospel of Christ. He fore-felt the sense of responsibility as to India, which was afterwards to rest upon the minds of Christians generally; and, even with an unsteady though zealous agent like Thomas, nobly gave of his fortune for missionary purposes. Under his auspices the latter spent three years labouring among the natives; but he quarrelled with his best friends and came home.

He arrived in time to lay his plans before the infant Society. It adopted him as its missionary, and appointed Carey to accompany him. This was done in a committee at which Carey was present, doubtless blessing in his heart the wonderful man who was the instrument of pointing out to him whither he was to go in his long-sought work. Mr. Thomas was unexpectedly an-

nounced. Carey sprang up, rushed into his arms, and they wept on each other's necks.

Carey had reached the point at which he had steadily aimed for years ; but, alas ! he was not past his trials yet. His wife would not hear of being dragged with her four children to India. Either loneliness, or a retreat, was forced upon him. With a sore heart he said, ' I could not turn back without guilt upon my soul.' The comfort he did not find in his family, he sought in vain from his colleague. He was deeply in debt, and hunted by creditors. Then, as to a passage ? the great question with every intending voyager. No ships but those of the East India Company sailed to India ; and none of them would carry such combustibles as Christian missionaries. A director had said that he would rather see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Thomas persuaded the captain of his own former ship to smuggle them out, by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight. There they went before her arrival ; and Carey patiently waited for a clandestine passage, with a companion who was constantly dogged by bailiffs, and his family left behind. At last they were on board, and hope opened for a moment. But, alas ! the captain at the same time had an anonymous letter, telling him the consequences of secretly carrying objectionable persons to India. They were put ashore, and much of their passage money sacrificed,—that precious money, bought with Carey's labours and Fuller's tears ; ay, tears ; for, like Dr. Coke, he went from door to door to beg for the heathen ; and, when rebuffed by religious men in this cold, brick London of ours, he sometimes went into a bye street, and opened his full heart with weeping.

From Portsmouth Carey saw the fleet of Indiamen set sail for the land where his faith would be, and he shed bitter tears. They came to London. Men of Thomas's cast, with a cracked and porous intellect, like cork, never sink. He bustled about till a Danish Indiaman was found. He plagued Mrs. Carey till she consented to go. He took passages for himself and her sister, who accompanied her, as servants, that the cost might not exceed the funds. On the 13th of June, 1793, the party embarked, and on the 11th of November the soil of Bengal was first pressed by the man whose name will shine on the first pages of its Christian history.

They had no money and no letter of credit. Their all was some goods, which worthy Mr. Thomas sold. He lived well while the money lasted. Carey, after various troubles, was indebted for shelter to a generous native, whom, twenty years

after, when their lots had changed, he was enabled to place 'in a situation of ease and comfort.'

His colleague was living in luxury, while Carey was struggling in a foreign land, 'with a large family, and without a friend or a farthing.' He wandered about, endeavouring, with an interpreter, to explain the Gospel, and returned to his hovel to encounter a wife and sister-in-law full of bitterness and reproaches. What was he to do? how and where can he find bread? Along the shore of the Bay of Bengal is a vast flat region of deadly jungle, inhabited by wild beasts, called the Sunderbunds. Here woodcutters resorted; and small patches were cleared for the manufacture of salt. Something possessed Carey, in his distress, with the idea that he could live by his labour here, and preach at the same time. After miserable failures in endeavouring to get money enough to convey him from Calcutta, at last he reached a spot where more than twenty people had been carried off by tigers in a few days. He and his large family were welcomed to the house of a European whom he had found. After a while he settled on a tract cleared from the jungle, and began to build a hut. His gun was his chief means of daily bread. Providence saved him from the fever, and permitted him to show that no weight of poverty, trouble, and hinderance will break down a real instrument of God's good will toward men.

Thomas, who had been so often his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. His excellent friend and employer, Mr. Udny, had another; and for it he recommended his forlorn and long-forgotten companion in the Sunderbunds. This called Carey from starvation in a wilderness to a moderate income at the head of a large establishment of natives, to whom he could preach the Gospel. He at once wrote home to the Society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. 'At the same time,' says this true-hearted missionary, 'it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the Society as if I needed support from them.' Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission. 'His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen.' He was prostrated by fever; one of his children was carried off by dysentery, and his wife's reason fled, never to return. Still the servant of God worked on, worked at that secular duty for which he had neither

heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labours for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people constantly, and itinerated when he could. He had a taste and power for one secular pursuit, and only one,—horticulture. He loved plants and flowers; and, whether at Moulton or Serampore, cultivated them ardently. He set up, while a factory manager, as an improver of agriculture; and sent for implements from England.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England, while thus cultivating indigo at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr. Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and, knowing that Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished, they knelt down together, and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists. Strange and wondrous then was a missionary's tale, though to-day happily familiar to our ears. The two Independents retired to speak of forming a Society in their own denomination. The London Missionary Society was the result: a noble plant sown by Carey's pen in the soil of that England which he had left for ever.

Carey had already had trials in most forms, and new ones arrived in the person of a colleague hot with politics, who abused every authority in India and England. He was splendidly rebuked by Andrew Fuller, with hearty English feeling and strong English language; but this could not save the missionary from the plague of a political colleague. Then his temporal prospects began to lower. The factory was not prosperous. The neighbourhood was ill chosen, and the manager not well. He formed a plan for a missionary settlement of seven or eight families, living in little straw houses, and having all things in common: the details of which show that though he had been years in the country, he had no idea of how to arrange everyday affairs.

But there was a matter which he understood. God's holy word was ready for printing in Bengalee. He obtained types. A wooden press was presented to the mission by Mr. Udney; and as it began to work at Mudnabatty, the natives of India, like those of Fiji in later days, declared that it was a god. He wrote home for a press and paper, adding, 'If a serious printer could be found willing to engage in the mission, he would be a great blessing. Such a printer I knew at Derby before I left England.'

The factory was broken up, and he took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr. Thomas had gone round a circle of occupations, always the same queer being, but always

a clever doctor and a zealous preacher. Carey, steady as a rock, yet acute as a needle, learned and laboured and did good incessantly. 'I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord's day constantly, besides other itinerant labours;' yes, and besides ponderous labours in study and translation. And this while in secular employment!

For five years and more had he followed his labours uncheered by success, tried at home, and tried by colleagues. At length a letter announced the arrival of four yoke-fellows; but they were forbidden English territory, and had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the Governor General's country house, a few miles from Calcutta, had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out, when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them. The powers at Calcutta were disposed to take offence; but brave Governor Bie was staunch in his little possession, and his firmness made his flag and his guests respected. For that deed, the name of Colonel Bie will never cease to be mentioned while the Gospel is preached in India.

Carey wrote urging his brethren to join him in the interior. But he was there as an indigo planter: they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore.

This was no other than that very printer whom Carey had mentioned as having seen him at Derby, when, in his letter home, he had said how useful 'a serious printer would be.' William Ward had never forgotten the words Carey spoke to him, on a walk, before he started for India. He had become a popular newspaper editor, first in his native town, then in Hull; had imbibed republican principles, and advocated them till his writings had twice the distinction of being prosecuted by the state, and defended by Erskine. At Hull a religious change passed upon him. He joined the Baptists, devoted himself to the ministry, went to a college, and so completely broke with politics that for ten years after he had been at Serampore, he did not even take in a paper.

It was with great excitement he jumped from his boat, and walked from the river to the house of the man whose influence had attracted him from the heart of England to the flats of Bengal. He met Carey with an outburst of affection, and exclaimed, 'Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!' A letter

followed him from Serampore, showing that the Company's servants were becoming even more threatening; and therefore Carey was forced to abandon his own plans, and come down to head his brethren on the one sheltered field where they might labour.

At Serampore he found three brethren, of whom two were soon to rest from their labours, and the third was Joshua Marshman, whose name and reputation were to take a place beside his own, and out of whose family India was to welcome the pen of John Marshman, and the sword of Havelock. He had been a prodigy-boy quite as much as Carey; one of those greedy and vigorous minds, that gulp down knowledge of every kind, and digest it into good brain-blood, in spite of all probabilities to the contrary. His early history, as sketched by his son, is a touching piece of biography. He had a Huguenot, as Ward had a Methodist, mother. He grew up among devout Baptists at Westbury Leigh. The powers of the Church were Farmer Bachelor, and other three deacons, who met weekly, and ruled strictly. Young Marshman was steady, serious, and in all lore more learned than ten dozen of the deacons, especially in Puritan divinity. But Church government is Church government, and here is the style in which it was administered by the excellent four.

'They maintained that as a work of grace, once begun in the heart, could never become extinct, it was more advisable to postpone the admission to Church fellowship even of those who might appear to be sincere, than to admit one unconverted person into the fold.

'When Mr. Marshman sought admission into the Church, Farmer Bachelor and the other deacons remarked that he had too much 'head knowledge' of Christianity to have much 'heart knowledge' of its truths. They kept him, therefore, in a state of probation for seven years, and he eventually left Westbury Leigh without having been baptized.'—Vol. i., pp. 105–6.

Happily, in Bristol, where he conducted a school, the door of the Church was not so very low, but that even men with heads on their shoulders could get in. There he was the means of converting a Mr. Grant from infidelity; and there at last he offered his services for the Indian Mission; and in three weeks from that day was sailing down the Channel.

At Serampore the missionaries found the governor and authorities among their best friends. In Calcutta they had on their side two chaplains,—David Brown, a noble Yorkshireman, who long and well bore witness for his Master amid fearful ungodliness, and Claudius Buchanan, whose name is better known in

England. The British Government were persuaded by them that the missionaries did not mean any harm. The state of religious information in Calcutta may be judged of from the fact that a newspaper editor, taking it for granted that the unknown word 'Baptist' must be a mistake, announced that four Papist missionaries had arrived.

The missionaries, according to a plan of Mr. Carey's, agreed to live together as one family. They were to dine at one table, to place all their income in a common fund, by whomsoever earned, and to allow each family a certain sum for 'personal expenses.' This was a plan conceived in a fine spirit, but not fitted for permanent working. No Missionary Society then labouring in India had adopted the rule, which served the Methodists so much from the first, that men were not to engage in secular pursuits. The devoted men at Serampore had their own efforts to look to for the chief part of their expenses. Yet, as Mr. Marshman shows, those who did little in the way of money were willing to do much in that of control, and could give strong opinions even upon the cost of Mrs. Ward's bonnet.

Poor Mr. Thomas, as fervent and wayward as ever, was away in the interior manufacturing sugar, and preaching the Gospel. He came with a hopeful inquirer to Serampore in a great excitement of joy; but when, after his return, his disciple disappeared, he became as much depressed. Yet the first-fruit gathered was to be partly of his planting. On the very day that his inquirer had rejoiced his heart by telling the 'Church' at Serampore of his religious experience, he had to set a native's arm. He preached to him till he wept. Nor were his tears feigned, or from transient feeling. Mr. Thomas was in a few weeks summoned to take part in the baptism of Krishnu, with his brother, wife, and daughter. He came. He saw the wonderful sight of these Hindus sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and thereby renouncing their caste. This step raised the mob, who dragged the converts before the magistrate; but he sensibly commended Krishnu and his brother, and ordered the mob to disperse. The converts were brought before the Church to state the way in which they had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. Poor Thomas, who now saw his long labours of many years repaid, was overcome. Heavy weights of sorrow had not overturned his ill-balanced mind; but as he heard these first Hindu converts tell how the grace of God had led them, his reason gave way under excess of joy. The mob once dismissed by the magistrate returned, accusing the convert Krishnu of having refused to give his daughter to the man to whom she was betrothed. But the feeble Danes showed a moral courage which,

after all these years, is not always displayed by British magistrates, as witness the Royapettah riot at Madras. The rioters were dismissed, the girl was assured of liberty of action, and a voluntary offer of protection was made to the missionaries for the public administration of baptism.

The scene of the baptism was on steps leading down to the river, before the Mission premises. The Governor, the Europeans, and a vast crowd of natives assembled. Carey walked forward with two candidates,—his own son and the Hindu Krishnu on either hand. The other converts had quailed at the last hour. As he advanced from the mission house, poor Thomas was raving wild in a room on one side of the path, and his own wife hopelessly wailing on the other; as if the spirit of darkness had permission to rage at the first triumph of Christianity among the natives of Bengal. Down to the water went the Baptist preacher and his two disciples, the one the son of his own heart, the other the first-fruits of a great nation. He solemnly addressed the crowd. Silence and deep feeling prevailed. Brave old Governor Bie shed manly tears. The waters went over the Hindu, and the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, sounded across an arm of the Ganges. That evening the Lord's Supper was first celebrated in the language of Bengal. The cup of the missionaries was full of joy and hope. Krishnu was but one, but a continent was coming behind him.

Perhaps we feel all the more touched with this ceremony from the fact that we are thorough anti-immersionists. It is as certain that 'dip' in our English version is never *baptize* in the original, as it is impossible to say where three thousand people could be immersed in a day in Jerusalem. Besides, we do not believe that any living soul ever saw one man immersed by another (unless he were a European Baptist) in all the East on any occasion. We have watched for the phenomenon in India, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine; but never once saw a native of those countries immerse himself. No doubt they do dive or duck sometimes; but we never saw it. They go down to a piece of water; sit by it or in it, and dash it over themselves, or go in to the shoulders, or swim, though seldom; but diving or ducking must be very rare. There was a tale told, we know not how true, of a Baptist translation into Bengalee which, in making the word 'baptize' mean 'immerse,' got a term which meant 'to drown.' When the people heard of multitudes being 'drowned' by John, they innocently murmured, 'What a sinner!'

About six weeks after the first baptism came another great and holy event. The blessed New Testament was placed complete in the hand of its happy translator. The first copy was

solemnly laid on the communion table; and the whole mission group, with the native converts, gathered around to offer up fervent thanksgiving. Men talk of making history; but of all the history-makers in the annals of a nation, none is equal with him who gives it the word of God in the mother tongue. From that hour the names of Carey and Serampore were touched with that true immortality which lies in the principle, 'The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.'

As in many other languages, the New Testament was the first *prose* work printed in Bengalee, except a code of laws.

Three eventful years of progress and toil had passed; and another great occasion came in the Mission,—the first Christian marriage of Hindu converts; the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seraglios of Bengal were eventually all to disappear. The pair to be united were a young Brahman, and a girl of the carpenter caste; thus setting aside the prejudice of ages. Under a tree in front of the father-in-law's house, the faithful Krishnu, the first convert, gathered the party. The natives sat on mats, the Europeans on chairs. Mr. Carey performed the service, and the youthful couple signed the agreement,—the first time the hand of a Hindu female in North India had performed that act. All the missionaries signed as witnesses; and we feel sure that they were happier men that day than proud fathers attesting a flattering alliance. That night they partook of the wedding supper. The repast began by singing a hymn of Krishnu's own, which still lives; and then the Brahman husband, the European missionaries, the Sudra father-in-law, all feasted together;—nothing wonderful in the eyes of England, a prodigy and a portent in those of India.

Another solemnity soon came. The little band of converts was called to see one of their number die,—the same whose heart failed him the first day of baptism, but who 'afterwards repented and went.' The first Christian death was a scene of tranquil hope and joy in prospect of immortality. It strengthened the souls of the converts. How was the Christian to be buried? Usually persons of this creed were borne by drunken Portuguese, and among the Hindus a corpse is touched only by those of the same caste. A crowd gathered round to witness the novel ceremony. To their stupefaction the missionary Marshman, and young Carey, Byrub a Brahman, and Perroo a Mohammedan, placed the coffin of the Sudra on their shoulders. Singing a Bengalee hymn, 'Salvation through the death of Christ,' they marched the funeral march of caste among the Christians of Serampore. The German missionaries in South

India had unhappily permitted caste to enter among the converts; but in the North it was faced at first, and the benefit has been great.

The first labours of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore Missionaries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth native labourers. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. They daily and carefully trained their converts, and prayed much and earnestly in all their undertakings. The first who had gladdened their hearts as a convert, Krishnu the carpenter, was also the first to go forth on Christ's errand among his countrymen. In this journey tracts were freely distributed, thus bringing two powerful agents into play at once. The eagerness of the people to receive the strange thing, a printed book, was very great. Some of the books thus given away brought inquirers from a great distance to Serampore, who, following the light first showed by the book, found the teachers and became true Christians. The first convert from the Kayusts, the caste next to the Brahmans, came in this way from a distance of thirty miles: and the first from the Brahmans themselves, a fine young man, came by the same means from the neighbourhood where Carey had passed a miserable month in the Sunderbunds. The history of every mission in India shows many cases of this kind. Yet good men, even missionaries, are found zealously opposing a free distribution of books, ay, even the word of God, in regions where, at the present rate of progress, a missionary cannot reach for ages. Crotchets can stop the simplest efforts at usefulness, as well as the most elaborate.

Now came the effort to establish stations on British territory. One was tried, but the missionary had to retreat under shelter of Serampore.

Nearly twelve years had passed since Carey was smuggled into Calcutta, and sheltered in a hovel by the charity of a heathen. It was a high day at Government House,—that superb residence built at a cost of £145,000, for the Governors General, by the most splendid of their line. The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Calcutta crowded its noble throne room. 'The most eminent men in the native community; the learned Brahmans from all parts of the empire, in their simple attire; the opulent rajahs and baboos, and the representatives of the native princes of India, in their plumed and jewelled turbans, were assembled to do honour to the majesty of British power.' On the dais at the head of this grand assembly, surrounded by the judges and high officers of state, was seated the magnificent Marquis of Wellesley, in the full meridian of his renown. The occasion was to honour

the college which he had created, by a public disputation. Three selected pupils from each class were brought forth as disputants, headed by the professor, who acted as moderator. In that presence stood forth the meek, but mighty Carey, as professor of both Bengalee and Sanscrit, and on him devolved the task of addressing a speech to the great viceroy in the latter ancient and, to India, sacred tongue. He fully avowed his work as a preacher and teacher, and took his place as bravely as he wore his fame humbly.

The position of professor in the Fort William College, to which his pre-eminent talents had carried him, was advantageous to him in many ways, and all these were turned into advantages to that for which he lived,—his mission. In point of literary labour he and Marshman were scarcely men, they were a sort of miracles. They dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all agree that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars, and translations of Scripture, and of native works into English, on a scale that had much more of prodigy than of practical wisdom; but, as a prodigy, nothing like it has been done. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions, and for distant generations. Men in Serampore translating into Mahratta, and Canarese, and Teloogoo, was not wise, but it was wonderful and zealous. But wonderful beyond all, and a proof of patience combined with intellectual power never exceeded, was Marshman's undertaking, in the midst of his other labours, to learn Chinese. He did it, and actually translated the Scriptures; and then, to get money to print them, translated *Confucius*, for which the rich liberally subscribed. This can be written in a sentence, but, before it can be done,—

‘How large a space of fleeting life is lost!’

And how many lives would have to be doubled a dozen times before it could be done at all! The man who did this was earning £2,000 a year, with his wife, for the Mission, by a boarding school. They lived out of the common stock, and had besides £100 a year for their family expenses. So Carey's salary as professor, and Ward's earnings as printer, went to increase the funds for their work. Let it be remembered that they were not paid by a Society on a scale to support them; but only allowed something to eke out their earnings.

Yet, gigantic in intellect, and noble in heart and reputation, as these three were, the younger men who joined them, from time to time, could ill brook their well-merited precedence in managing the Mission affairs. They claimed equality; and the noble seniors yielded to this intolerable injustice too far. Mr. Fuller said plainly, 'Who of us ever advanced the democratic nonsense of every apprentice we send you being equal the moment he set his foot on the soil of Bengal?' Yet this nonsense, and worse, this conceit and naughtiness, embittered many precious hours of men whose name will be dear to the catholic Church for ever.

When they had been ten years at Serampore, the glowing mind of Mr. Ward reviewed the mercies they had witnessed.

'Amidst all the opposition of government they had succeeded in settling four stations in Bengal; they had sent a missionary to Patna, and planted stations on the borders of Orissa and Bootan, and in Burmah; the number of members in church-fellowship exceeded two hundred; they had obtained a footing in Calcutta, where a chapel had been erected at a cost of more than £3,000, and a large church and congregation collected; the Scriptures had been printed, in whole or in part, in six languages, and translations had been commenced in six others. "And now, dear brethren," concludes the Report, "has not God completely refuted the notion that all attempts to disseminate the Gospel among the heathen are vain? This happy degree of success, which surprises us who are on the spot, has been granted within the space of about nine years; for it is no more since the baptism of the first Hindoo."'—Vol. i., pp. 421, 422.

The opening into Calcutta here alluded to, offers points as lamentable as anything in the moral history of our nation. That great metropolis growing with the rapidity of London, to rival the magnitude of Pekin, lay at the door of the missionaries, and their souls longed to enter it. There were its swarming heathen. There were Armenians and other Christian bodies. There were multitudes of neglected creatures, descended from European fathers. Yet they were shut out from preaching to them. In all the evil doings of the East India Company's servants, few things are more calculated to rouse feeling in England than Mr. Marshman's calm and lucid narrative of the way the missionaries were beset and persecuted in their attempts to preach the Gospel in Calcutta. They were followed by spies; called up in police courts; stopped again and again; and dragged through scenes of humiliation and sorrow. Yet, like true men, we find no railing at the authorities, no abuse or ill-will, but a meek manliness in pursuing their end, and a loyal British heart that does one good. They were glorious days for the Christian soul

of Ward when he could preach, and preach again, in the midst of the Calcutta multitudes; but they were slowly and painfully arrived at.

Even after Carey had been installed as Professor for years, the mission owed its escape from ruin to Denmark. First, offence was taken at a tract prepared by a native, which abused Mahomed: and the press was ordered to be removed from Serampore to the Company's territory at Calcutta. By patient and manly resistance on their part, and on that of the Danish governor, this was averted. Once in Calcutta, the press soon would have been made harmless enough. Then the arrival of additional missionaries was made the occasion of terrible menaces. Mr. Marshman narrates, more patiently than any one could whose life had been spent under English liberty, the mean and wicked ways in which those proceedings were conducted, till five missionaries were actually banished. The tale of these proceedings throws floods of light on the moral career of the Company, and fixes an everlasting stain on the name and government of Lord Minto. But they were the last deeds of the persecutors. In 1813 the British Parliament ended their power to do what a Christian government in the darkest ages had never done,—forbid the Gospel to be preached to the heathen.

From this moment a new era set in for India; the word of God was not bound, and those who had so long struggled against a powerful government, were left to contend with their natural enemies, the superstitions and darkness of India. Yet all the sorrows of Serampore were not past. The system of missionaries being partly supported by a public body, and partly by their own earnings, is inherently bad. The public body ought to engage for the man's full support, and the missionary give his whole efforts to the public interest alone. This had not been the case at Serampore; and serious, we may say painful, collision between the missionaries and the Society at home was the natural result. Into the results we do not enter. They will be remembered as an instruction in the future management of missions.

The great passion of Dr. Carey's life was to give the holy Scriptures to all India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country, than the difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, showing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle not only conception, but even inquiry, for a length of time. Pundits of different nations were assembled at

Serampore, and laboured under the direction of the missionaries in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simultaneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India*. This prodigious performance overtaxed the resources at their command, and brought them into straits. These, and the painful separation from the Society in England through questions of property, clouded many of their later days.

It was more than thirty years since Dr. Carey, now renowned and honoured, had landed friendless on the shores of Bengal. For the chief part of that time his two great coadjutors had been joined with him in every success and trial. They were not alike, but well suited. They had misunderstandings with their colleagues, struggles with the government, controversies with persons of other denominations, and heart-burning differences with their Society in England; but between themselves had always subsisted a firm and happy union. Ward was the most genial, affectionate, and eloquent of the three. He was eminently devoted to the service of God, and happy in the active work of seeking souls, to bring them to the Redeemer. He had been to Europe and America, where his speaking and writings did much to bring the mission not only before his own denomination, but the public at large. After having preached one Wednesday evening, he was next day seized with cholera, and speedily rested from his labours. 'The three old men,' says the historian, 'had lived and laboured together for twenty-three years, as if one soul animated them, and it was difficult to realize the fact that one of them was gone.' Grief turned a partial deafness of Dr. Marshman into a total one. 'I never,' he said, 'did anything, I never published a page without consulting him.' He had first gained the missionary's reward, and his brethren had yet to wait and labour.

Twelve years longer the two Titans of Indian philology toiled on in love and oneness. Marshman more than once fell, for a season, under the effects of melancholy, but was mercifully delivered from it, and enabled to 'enjoy almost a heaven upon earth' with his Bible, and in his glorious work. Carey had generally good though not robust health. He had reached his seventy-third year. More than forty had been spent in Bengal without a break. He was, as Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalfe expressed it, 'surrounded by his own good works, and attended by the respect and applause of all good men.' He had the feeling of every good servant strong in him,—a dread of 'becoming useless.' To labour till the hour of his final rest

sounded, by his Master's order, was his ambition. Yet he was gently laid aside for a little while before the moment for meeting his Lord. The two old men loved each other like boys, and took counsel together like patriarchs, standing on the banks of the deep river we have all to cross, with the unseen but not unknown shore only hidden below the horizon. Dr. Marshman 'visited him daily, often twice in the day, and the interviews were always marked by cheerfulness. They had lived and laboured together in the same spot for nearly thirty-five years. They were the last survivors of a generation which had passed away, and they seemed peculiarly to belong to each other.'

'The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited Dr. Carey during his illness. While confined to his couch, Lady William Bentinck repeatedly came over to visit him, and Dr. Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, came to his dying bed, and asked his benediction. In the prospect of death, Dr. Carey exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions. He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. "Respecting the great change before him," writes Mr. Mack, "a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, as far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life..... We wonder that he still lives, and should not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour; nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to life." His decease thus came softly on his relatives and associates. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr. Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognised: Mrs. Carey put the question to him, and he feebly replied, "Yes;" and for the last time pressed the hand of his colleague. The next morning, the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blest. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to the father of modern missions. Lord William Bentinck was at the time at the Neelgirry hills, but Lady William sent over a letter of condolence, and desired her chaplain to attend the funeral.'—Vol. ii., pp. 476, 477.

Three lonely years the last of the giants travelled cheerfully on, expecting to overtake his happy comrades. He reached close on his seventieth year; bowing to his honoured grave 'in graceful poverty,' says his son, 'after having devoted a sum little short of forty thousand pounds to the mission,—and that, not in one ostentatious sum, but through a life of privations.' On this

point the words of the old man were, 'I have never had a misgiving thought for having done it, though I have two sons unprovided for.' Ah, how many have, and ought to have, misgivings for not devoting thousands to such works, on the plea of providing for children,—meaning, thereby, leaving them very rich! And of the sons so left, how many rear to the father who enriches and, perhaps, ruins them, such a monument as the two noble volumes of which we are about reluctantly to take leave?

A frightful danger from which his daughter, now Lady Havelock, barely escaped with life, shook the old man. He rapidly failed:

'but he was supported by the blessed hope of immortality, and the richest consolations of the Divine presence were vouchsafed to him. The resignation of his mind and the serenity of his feelings afforded the clearest evidence of the value of Christian truth at the hour of approaching dissolution. When apparently unconscious, he repeatedly exclaimed, "The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes." Frequently after a night of broken rest and bodily suffering, the triumph of joy beamed in his eye in the morning, as he informed his friends that he had experienced the greatest delight in communion with God. A week before his death, the swelling began to subside, and he felt a degree of lightness of head, but his mind was still fixed on the work in which he had been engaged; he prayed in Bengalee, and conversed in that language on spiritual subjects. Soon after, he appeared to regain his strength, both of body and mind, and at his own request was carried about in his "tonjohn," or sedan chair, to take his last look at the various objects on the premises. On Thursday morning he caused the bearers to convey him to the chapel, where the weekly prayer-meeting was held, and to place him in the midst of the congregation; and, while seated in his "tonjohn," he gave out in a firm voice the missionary hymn, which he and his colleagues had been accustomed to use in every season of difficulty, till it came to be identified with their names, and to be designated "the chant of the Serampore missionaries."—Vol. ii., p. 516.

His last act was to inquire 'if there was anything more he could do for the cause.' So slept the last of the Serampore fathers, three wonderful instruments of Providence, the contemplation of whose course makes us feel that He who draws such men from the cottages of shoemakers and weavers, holds indeed in His hand the power to raise up labourers for the widest harvest. Already the lives of the three are a wonder; in a few centuries the tale told in this book will be considered a part of the history, not of the Baptist denomination, or of Bengal, but of the human race.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Scouring of the White Horse : or, the Holiday of a London Clerk. By the Author of 'Tom Brown's School-Days.'—It is not to be denied that the tendency of much of the more thoughtful literature of the present generation has been to produce an unhealthy habit of self-analysis and mental introspection. In Wordsworth and Tennyson and Carlyle, and in that large class of writings of which Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* is the type and the first example, we may see this tendency exemplified in its most valuable form ; while in the rhapsodies of the spasmodic poets, and in the high-pressure novels of Miss Sewell and Miss Charlesworth, it exhibits itself in hurtful excess. Persons are there described incessantly brooding over their own motives ; ever turning their thoughts inward to make an estimate of their own character and doings ; acting the part of the weak and impatient child, who daily digs up the seed which he has sown, to see how it is growing. Mr. Kingsley and his followers have rebelled against the theory of human life which such works present. They would teach us that nothing but weakness and vanity can grow out of the constant habit of self-investigation, and that a truly healthy soul is as unconscious of its own state and growth, as a healthy man is of the functions of his liver, or the pathology of diseases he has never experienced. Accordingly, they fall back upon the Homeric type of heroism, and, instead of refined, anxious, inquisitive, and melancholy youths, present us with strong men full of enterprise, dash, and action ; more fitted to find difficulties than to evade them,—to do work than to think about it. Mr. Kingsley's ideal hero has been concisely described as one ' who fears God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours.'

There is something very attractive, and peculiarly suited to the robust tastes of Englishmen, in these modern delineations of what has been somewhat profanely called 'muscular Christianity.' In *Two Years Ago*, the sympathies of the reader are throughout with Tom Thurnall, whose blunt, reckless, defiant character is the most strongly-marked portrait in the book. When the author of *Westward Ho !* describes Amyas Leigh and the hardy men of Devonshire as going

forth on a filibustering expedition to the Spanish Main, his readers are reconciled to the bloodshed which ensues, and to the lawlessness and violence of the whole enterprise, by the assurance that the proceeding was thoroughly English, that Spain and the Roman Catholic Church were the great enemies of truth and liberty, and that the cause of England and Protestantism was the cause of God. We trust it is possible to be aware of this, and to feel the sincerest sympathy with the men who encountered the Spanish Armada, without concurring in the author's view. To maintain the supremacy of truth and righteousness in the world, courage is indeed necessary, but not foolhardiness. The spirit which leads a man to look dangers in the face, and to fight resolutely against evil, is both a noble and a Christian one; but the mere animal courage which incites a strong man to go out in search of pretexts for fighting, is neither the one nor the other. The enterprises which Mr. Kingsley has so fondly pictured, originated in the mere wantonness of strength, not in any love of truth. They are utterly indefensible in themselves, and it is a historical fact that they have never been known to serve the cause of liberty and virtue. We are sure that the arrogance, selfishness, and recklessness which they foster, are far greater evils even than those which they profess to remedy.

In *Tom Brown's School-Days*, the same tendency is visible. The book, as our readers know, has great and sterling merits. Its style is fresh and unaffected, its tone manly and spirited; the descriptive power which it exhibits is far beyond the average; and it is pervaded throughout with a scorn of all meanness and baseness, of weak conventionalisms and sham refinements, which causes the reader to feel that he is breathing a healthy atmosphere, and to conceive a strong personal liking for the author. As a school-boy epic it is quite unrivalled for liveliness, simplicity, and force. But it reproduces in a still more mischievous form the vice which we have referred to as characteristic of Mr. Kingsley's works. It seeks to clothe the games and contests of the playground with a dignity which is wholly unreal and imaginary. It conveys to a boy's mind the impression that there is something worthy and noble in the art of fighting *per se*, whether he has received provocation or not. Of the higher heroism which subdues passion, and keeps down resentment, which forgives injuries, and steadfastly strives to avoid wounding and grieving others, scarcely anything can be learnt from this book. A curious fact was mentioned to us incidentally by the master of a large boarding-school,—that since *Tom Brown* had been placed in the boys' library, the number of fights had multiplied fourfold. The lesson,—

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant,"

cannot be learnt from the book. The mere outward form of courage which shows itself in the endurance of bodily pain, and which is always sure to be duly recognised and appreciated, is unfairly exalted;

and the inward heroism which is less readily manifested, and which therefore stands in more need of artificial stimulus and encouragement, is completely disregarded. A great opportunity of elucidating the true relations of physical strength and moral heroism, and of enforcing the principles on which both should be harmoniously cultivated, has been thrown away by the author. The popularity of the work has probably been great enough to conceal the fact from himself. The mass of his readers did not care to inquire whether the picture of Rugby School life, and of Arnold's influence and character, was a true one or not. The fact that public-school discipline, even on the showing of its own champion, not only imposed no check on drunkenness, profanity, and cruelty, but even encouraged extravagance, tyranny, and gross insolence to inferiors, did not check the readers of this book as it would otherwise have done, because the revelation of these things was only incidental, and was discreetly kept subordinate to the story of two or three lads in exceptional circumstances, whose characters are supposed to have undergone a favourable change. The charm of the author's style, the novelty of the subject, and the great interest which since the publication of Stanley's *Life* attaches to the name of Dr. Arnold, have gone far to render a large number of readers unconscious of the fact that the book sets up an utterly false and misleading standard of Christian manliness, and is apt to foster in the minds of the young the very faults which most stand in need of correction and restraint.

The success of Tom Brown has betrayed Mr. Hughes—for the authorship of this volume is, we believe, no secret—into a very grave mistake. *The Scouring of the White Horse* is a narrative of a rustic ceremony which, apart from its local interest, possesses, it is true, historical associations which fully justify the presentation of the story in a permanent form. It affords scope for a little antiquarian gossip, which would, however, be more interesting, if it were not so evidently read up for the purpose, and if it fitted less awkwardly into the general structure of the story. It contains, also, some pleasant descriptions of Berkshire scenery, and of rural sports, and is pervaded by a love of home, and of the country, which is very healthful and refreshing. These scanty materials have been expanded by the author to a very needless length, and strung together on a love-story of the feeblest and most commonplace character. We do not think it possible for any one to feel the smallest interest in the personages concerned, nor is there anything in the character of the courtship to awaken the slightest curiosity as to its result, although the author has left his readers in doubt on the subject. The gravest fault of the book is, however, less in its structure than in its spirit. A tone of coarseness, almost amounting to insolence, pervades it, and betokens from beginning to end the spoilt and petted author, whose first success has rendered him negligent not only of pleasing, but even of obeying the most ordinary rules of propriety. The talk of his London Clerks is vulgar and ungrammatical, as well as utterly purposeless, so far as the development of the story is concerned. Some Berkshire

songs are introduced, which have neither age, nor beauty, nor music, nor sentiment, nor indeed any particle of interest to justify their admission into the book. They are simply boorish and unmeaning, and, with one exception, bear no reference whatever to the main subject of the book. The author seems studiously to avoid falling into the usual conventionalisms of novelists; but in doing so has made his *dramatis personæ* talk a language which is conventional, in the worst sense; for it is commonplace and dull. The affectation which scorns all refinement and elevation of sentiment, is quite as great a fault as that which makes undue pretensions to them, and is far more mischievous. We gain nothing, if in our reaction from the artificial refinements and sentimental villanies of common novels, we are to content ourselves with the talk of two cockney clerks over cow-heel and beer;—talk unredeemed by any noble or worthy aspiration, or even by common sense.

The book closes with a sermon which, in point of style, is so much above the general level of the performance, that one would almost suspect Mr. Kingsley had contributed it. From the text, 'These are My feasts,' it is attempted to prove that a Divine sanction may be fairly claimed for such sports as the book describes. Throughout the sermon, the Berkshire wrestling and back-sword matches are spoken of as 'God's feasts,' and the author evidently regards his text as an authority for the use of this language. Yet it is scarcely possible that he can seriously regard the Jewish festivals as at all analogous to the merry-makings of our own peasantry. He is doubtless impressed with the truth that all our work should be carried on

'As ever in our great Task-master's eye.'

And he desires to make his readers feel that the commonest acts of daily life, whether acts of friendship, of study, of business, or of recreation, all belong to God, and should possess religious character. He could not undertake to teach a nobler or more needful lesson. But the lesson should be taught soundly and fairly, not based on a false assumption, or enforced by a misleading analogy.

It must be honestly deduced from Scripture testimony; and must be urged in a more reverent spirit and in better taste than Mr. Hughes exhibits, if it is ever to be effectually and wisely taught.

A Grammar of the New Testament Diction, intended as an Introduction to the Critical Study of the New Testament. By Dr. George Benedict Winer. Translated from the Original German by Edward Masson, M.A., formerly Professor in the University of Athens. Edinburgh: Olark.—There are two main considerations which we wish especially to lay before our readers in noticing this important work. The first is, that the learned author may be regarded as having struck a death-blow at the unbounded licence with which even up to this day the diction of the New Testament has been handled in critical and exegetical dissertations. It is a singular fact, evidenced by the instruction given in our public schools and

colleges, that whilst the principles of enlightened philology have been applied with the utmost diligence to the uninspired remains of antiquity, the New Testament has remained in neglect, the laws of its phraseology uninterpreted, and the self-consistency of its idiom unacknowledged. Dr. Winer says with truth, that, 'according to commentators still held in repute, some of whom flourished in the eighteenth and some in the nineteenth century, the main characteristic of the New Testament idiom is a total disregard of grammatical propriety and precision. These authorities profess to specify anomalies everywhere, —here a wrong tense, there a wrong case, —here a comparative for a positive, *ἄ* for *τις*, *but* for *there*, and so on.'

In fact, philology has refused to accept the great truth that the diction of the New Testament was actually a living idiom, employed as the medium of social intercourse. Scholars would not have become accustomed to view the sacred writers as utterly regardless of the essential principles of human language, had they held in mind that the sacred writers were employing language in use amongst the men of their day, in order to be understood by them; and expositors would not, then, have delighted to point out in almost every instance of supposed grammatical anomaly 'an alleged substitution of the wrong form for the right.' Yet, in spite of the patent fact, that the Greek Testament is written in a living language peculiar to its own age, and must therefore be studied on its own principle, philological expositors are divided into two camps,—the Purists, who endeavour to prove that the Greek of the New Testament is classical Greek; and the Hebraists, who maintain that it exhibits a predominant Hebrew tincture. The Purist party has now disappeared; and the opinions of the Hebraists are found to be untenable, except with grave modifications. We may regard intermediate views, which were first pointed out by Beza and H. Stephanus, as fully established. An enlightened scholar will not deny that the New Testament contains Hebraisms, but will, with Beza, insist that these are improvements and not blemishes in the style of the Evangelists: while, on the other hand, the question, once gravely mooted, '*An Novum Testamentum scateat barbarismis*,' is so monstrous that no Christian man ought to entertain it.

Yet although the right theory as to the nature of the dialect of the New Testament may be regarded as at length established, the empiricism and uncertainty which continues to exist with regard to the later Greek dialectology, and still more with regard to Hebrew grammar, has prevented the satisfactory exposition of the sacred text. What scholar is there to whom the terms, so frequently in use, Hellenism, Alexandrianism, Macedonism, convey any definite notion. These terms sound like learned fictions, or algebraic designations of the unknown. We questioned long since whether any scholar could inform us why he called a word Hellenistic rather than Macedonic, or Macedonic rather than Alexandrian: it is pleasant to find our suspicions confirmed by the great authority of Dr. Winer and his learned translator. The latter says: 'The Macedonic, Alexandrian,

and Hellenistic dialects, to which New Testament philologists still gravely refer, never had any existence. The Macedonian dialect was Illyrian, and not Greek at all. Not one of the alleged Alexandrian peculiarities of the Greek Scriptures was peculiar to Alexandria or Egypt. The term Hellenistic is preposterous in its formation, and the use of it is fitted to perpetuate a baneful delusion. Hellenist did not mean one who wrote or spoke Greek *imperfectly*. That the sacred writers *thought* in Aramean is a gratuitous assumption. They all possessed a full command of plain colloquial Hellenism. The grammar of Dr. Winer is constructed in accordance with these principles. The terms in question entirely disappear, to our great relief; and the reader is left to deal with the dialect of the New Testament *as a whole*; except that the pronounced importance of the Hebrew element renders it deserving of separate treatment. The Hebraisms, however, of the New Testament are shown to be far less numerous than is commonly supposed; and the great bulk of the New Testament is written in Hellenism, or the common dialect of later Greece. As regards the execution of this work, it is superfluous to say, that it exhibits ample learning and unbounded industry. It is the life-work of a German professor: it has been reprinted six times during the life of its author, receiving, constantly, his additions and corrections; and, to use his own words, the work shows in every page that he has spared no efforts to arrive at truth. Dr. Winer has had sufficient insight to place the deeply-interesting subject of New Testament criticism upon its right foundation; and with immense research and labour has worthily opened the way for future labourers in this field. We deeply regret to hear him tell us that, 'in the midst of my labours, a nervous affection of the eyes has brought me to the very verge of total blindness.'

The other point to which we would direct attention is, the importance, newly discovered, of modern Greek in the cultivation of sacred Greek philology, more especially in the department of New Testament lexicography. The common dialect, or Hellenism, in which we have seen that the New Testament is written, is identical with the Greek spoken at the present day, the only difference being, that those peculiarities which distinguish this dialect from the classical Greek—such as the greater distinctness of expression marked by the employment of prepositions, where simple cases were formerly sufficient, the tendency to invert the cases normally governed by prepositions, the increasing simplicity in the structure of sentences and use of moods and tenses of verbs—have, by progress of time, become more marked in the dialect at this day, than they were in the days of St. Paul. But 'to the educated Greek of the present day, the plain colloquial Greek employed by Paul and those with whom he conversed in Athens, is still a living language. A reference to the grammatical forms of popular living Greek would throw more light on the New Testament accidence, than all the New Testament grammars hitherto published. Familiarity with the existing *pronunciation* and popular idiom of the Greeks might afford most valuable aid towards maintaining or restoring

genuine readings in the New Testament text.' Further remarks on this point may be found in the valuable note of Mr. Masson, (p. 24,) from which this extract is taken.

Christ and the Inheritance of His Saints. Illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh. 1859.—It is not often that the merit of a very popular production is found answerable to its success; but it is really so in the case of this admirable book. Dr. Guthrie has succeeded in a perilous, but legitimate, attempt; he has brought some of the best gifts of genius to aid the spread, and further the acceptance, and deepen the impression, of Divine truth. He exhibits the kingdom of God as a great reality; and every page glows with illustrations of its power and goodness. The whole reads like an Iliad of Messianic triumphs, in which the train of the redeemed mingle their songs of praise. It is difficult to impart an idea of Dr. Guthrie's style by mere description: but we may say that it is just what might be expected from a poet whose imagination and intellect had been steeped in evangelical truth, and shone upon by the Spirit of grace and consolation. We have never met with illustration so beautiful and abundant at the same time; nor any that so easily disposed itself to serve the author's purpose, melting into the body of the truth of which it thence becomes a part. The author does not abdicate his office of teacher for the sake of a rhetorical flourish, nor mistake a profusion of material imagery for apt analogies that have the force of argument. In short, he *understands* the nature and value of figurative speech, and that is not an ordinary merit; he has, besides, the *power* of copious and appropriate illustration, and that is among the rarest gifts of genius.

But we must have recourse to the book itself. Here the difficulty of selection is almost as great as that of description from which we have broken away; for no single jewel represents the riches of the crown regalia. Let us take a passage in which our author illustrates his text: '*By Him all things consist.* God's work of providence is "His most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing of all His creatures and all their actions." It has no Sabbath. No night suspends it, and from its labours God never rests. If, for the sake of illustration, I may compare small things with great, it is like the motion of the heart. Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has never ceased to beat. Our limbs grow weary; not it. We sleep; it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to recruit its strength, by night and day it throbs in every pulse; and, constantly supplying nourishment to the meanest as well as to the noblest organs of our frame, with measured, steady, untired stroke, it drives the blood along the bounding arteries, without any exercise of will on our part, and even when the consciousness of our own existence is lost in dreamless slumbers.

'If philosophy is to be believed, our world is but an outlying corner of creation; bearing, perhaps, as small a proportion to the great universe, as a single grain bears to all the sands of the sea-shore, or one small quivering leaf to the foliage of a boundless forest. Yet,

even within this earth's narrow limits, how vast the work of Providence! How soon is the mind lost in contemplating it! How great that Being whose hand paints every flower, and shapes every leaf; who forms every bud on every tree, and every infant in the darkness of the womb; who feeds each crawling worm with a parent's care, and watches like a mother over the insect that sleeps away the night in the bosom of a flower; who throws open the golden gates of day, and draws around a sleeping world the dusky curtains of the night; who measures out the drops of every shower, the whirling snow-flakes, and the sands of man's eventful life; who determines alike the fall of a sparrow and the fate of a kingdom; and so overrules the tide of human fortunes, that whatever befall him, come joy or sorrow, the believer says, It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.

'In ascribing this great work to Jesus Christ, my text calls you to render Him Divine honours. In the hands that were once nailed to the cross, it places the sceptre of universal empire; and on those blessed arms that, once thrown around a mother's neck, now tenderly enfold every child of God, it hangs the weight of worlds. Great is the mystery of godliness! Yet so it is, plainly written in the words, "By Him all things consist." By Him the angels keep their holiness, and the stars their orbits; the tides roll along the deep, and the seasons through the year; Kings reign, and princes decree justice; the Church of God is held together, riding out at anchor the rudest storms; and by Him, until the last of His elect are plucked from the wreck, and His purposes of mercy are all accomplished, this guilty world is kept from sinking under a growing load of sins.

"By Him all things consist." Wonderful words, as spoken of One who, some eighteen centuries ago, was a houseless wanderer, a pensioner on woman's charity, and not seldom without a place where to lay His head! Yet how clearly do these words attest His dignity and Divinity! More could not be said of God; and Paul will not say less of Christ. Nor, great and glorious as they are, do they stand alone. Certainly not. In language as lofty, and ascribing to Jesus honours no less Divine, the apostle thus writes to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who, being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and *upholding all things by the word of His power*, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." How wonderful! He left a grave to ascend the throne; He exchanged the side of a dying thief for the right hand of God; He dropped a reed to assume the sceptre of earth and heaven; He put off a wreath of thorns to put on a sovereign's crown; and, in that work of providence to which I would now turn your attention, you behold Him, who died to save the chief of sinners, made "Head over all things to the Church."

David and Samuel; with other Poems, Original and Translated.
By John Robertson. We find some real talent in the verses of Mr.

Robertson, though the verses themselves are such as we could easily have spared. The style is nervous, clear, and singularly free from affectation; but the spirit of poetry is faint or wanting. We frankly adopt the language which the author puts into the mouth of the Candid Critic, in the prelude of his book:—it furnishes ground of acquittal and excuse, and will afford our readers some notion of his manner.

‘ If flowers must needs by millions spring,
Then some unseen must blush;
Some birds must sing unheard, that sing
A score in every bush.
But daisies blow, and thrushes sing,
Contented, though unknown,
Proud of the glory of the spring,
And careless of their own.

‘ O poet, build the idle rhyme,
If rhymes beset thy brain;
We will not call it waste of time,
Nor rudely hush the strain.
Nature, that cares not to exclude,
That lets things have their course,
Joins to the music of the wood
Untutored notes and hoarse.

‘ Be thine the hoarse notes or the sweet,
Sing, poet, and God speed thee;
For we have leisure to maltreat
As little as to read thee.
Sing, poet, and account it fame,
Some passer by should say,
Not waiting to inquire thy name,
“How Grub Street rings to-day!”’

There is metal in the man that writes like that; and we think that he has not yet coined it to the best advantage. The Scripture paraphrases of his volume, including his poem of David and Samuel, are specimens of scholarly and thoughtful writing; but they are not in the author's happiest vein; he will do better some day, and silence all the bush from which he sings.

An Inquiry into the Evidence relating to the Charges brought by Lord Macaulay against William Penn. By John Paget, Esq., Barrister at Law. Blackwood. 1859. Mr. Paget is not a judge, though we hope he may live to be one. In the case before us he is merely a special pleader, who has chosen his side and prepared his own brief. We say this, because the author seems to imagine that he has entered on the controversy in a strictly judicial capacity, which is not the fact. Yet we concur in the conclusion at which he has arrived, chiefly because he has cleared up some of the most serious charges brought against the memory of Penn, and, by lessening their number, very materially reduced their authority and weight. There is not much more to explain away, and the character of Penn may be allowed to overrule a few suspicious circumstances, and even to bear the discount of some things unworthy. Lord Macaulay's aspersion is counter to the

verdict of history, unchallenged for two hundred years; and supposing the evidence of conduct were now found to be doubtful and conflicting, the point of character would rightfully decide our judgment. Till more evidence be adduced, we confidently say, 'Not proven;' and claim an honourable acquittal for the prudent, prosperous, but upright Quaker.

A Journey due North. Being Notes of a Residence in Russia in 1856. By G. A. Sala. London: Bentley. 1858.—Such is the title of a very amusing book, written with great spirit, and a power of description worthy of a more permanent production. The author is one of those men whose untiring good humour fairly takes you by storm, and amuses you whether you will or no. We are sorry to add, that he does not always restrain his wit to subjects that are its legitimate objects. The passage was not yet open when Mr. Sala started. He was therefore detained *en route*; and we have some lively pictures of his German hotel acquaintances. His companions on board the steamer, from the captain downwards, are next 'taken off;' but the real interest of the book begins with the arrival at Cronstadt. The dreary and tedious magnificence of St. Petersburg,—its palaces, each in itself a small city of street-like rooms,—its villanous pavement,—its furious drivers and its public carriages,—are all placed vividly before us. Then we have a description of life at a Russian hotel,—an excursion into the country,—a glance at the serfs, their houses, costumes, and habits. Graphic power in describing minutiae is a feature of this work. There is a chapter on boots and shoes. Every species is carefully detailed, and yet so done as not to weary; and the same remark applies to other descriptions. Of course, no account of Russia would give a fitting idea of its condition that failed to make mention of its police,—the great Russian 'bogie,' as Sala calls it. With our English experience of Robson and Redpath, we can easily understand how a Russian officer can manage to keep his own elegant drosky and high-stepping horse on a salary of £40 a year;—the two systems are identical. There is a characteristic story of a Frenchman who would not see the police like his neighbours. One day two officers called with two loaves of sugar marked with the Frenchman's name, and which they said had been stolen from his premises. In vain he asserted that he had never possessed any such property;—they quartered two men in his house, in case the thieves should return; they summoned him to the police court at the most inconvenient hours; in fine, they worried the poor man in every way, until he fairly bought them off at a good round sum. He paid the yearly compliment ever afterwards. The book contains but little novelty, but may while away pleasantly a leisure hour.

The Night, the Dawn, and the Day: or, the Reformed Church bringing India to Christ, &c. By the Rev. Richard Oroby, London: Nisbet. 1859.—The author tells us in his preface that he was encouraged to publish this book by the approval of a valued brother in the ministry; our counsel to him would have been to hold his hand. It is a well meant, but not a judicious, volume. The writer regards the Reformed Church as on its trial, and that its efforts for the conversion

of India will be the test of its faith. He gives some interesting but well-known details of past missionary effort; and the whole is mixed up with prophetic theories in the strangest confusion. From first to last we jump from one subject to another,—Popery, Mohammedanism, Daniel's prophecy of the 'little horn,' and India's religious history. The author supposes that India will be converted through the agency of the Nestorian and the old native Churches, and that the power of both Pope and Mohammed will fall in 1866. On these speculations we offer no remark; but in the urgent need of the present moment for increased exertion to evangelize India, we are jealous of any such intermixture of the one grand point on which all the Churches are agreed with topics about which there is so much variety of opinion in the Christian world.

Robert Burns: a Centenary Song, and other Lyrics. By Gerald Massey. Kent and Co. 1859.—The initial poem in this slight quarto tract was inspired by an event of rare occurrence—a thoroughly national celebration of a British poet's birth-day. With our German neighbours there is nothing more common than these æsthetic jubilees, in which the memory of artist, author, or musician is enthusiastically honoured. But we are not demonstrative; and our sympathies as a people do not much attach themselves to the sons of genius. It was, therefore, a striking testimony to the vitality and strength of Burns's influence, that more than sixty years after his death Britons in every clime should arouse and unite themselves to commemorate the centenary of his birth. Meetings were held, speeches made, and even prize poems received without tokens of disgust. Mr. Gerald Massey was an unsuccessful competitor for the laurel awarded in the Crystal Palace. Perhaps his offended genius 'would not be commanded;' or possibly the umpires of Sydenham in their ignorance misjudged! Which of these conjectures has more of likelihood may be partly gathered by the reader from the following specimen.

'A vagrant Wild Flow'r, sown of God, out in the waste was born;
It sprang up as a Corn-flow'r in the golden fields of Corn:
The Corn all strong and stately in its bearded bravery grew,—
Gathered the gold for harvest-time—grew ripe in sun and dew;
And when it bowed the head—as Wind and Shadow ran their race,
Like influences from Heaven come to Earth, for playing place—
It seemed to look down on the Flower as in a smiling scorn,
Poor thing, you grow no food, no grain for garner! said the Corn.
The lonely Flow'r still bloomed its best, contented with its place,
God's blessing fell upon it as it lookt up in his face!
And there they grew together till the white-winged Reapers came—
The Sickles shining in their hands, their faces were aflame!
The Corn they reapt for earthly use, but an Angel fell in love
With that wild Flow'r, and wore it at the Harvest-home above.
Our world of Money-makers is that fabled field of Corn!
Our Poet is the sweet wild Flow'r that won their smiling scorn.

How Robin loved the noble land that gave such heroes birth,
Its wee blue bit of Heaven, and its dear green nook of Earth!
O'er which God droops a bridal veil of mist for softer grace,
To keep her beauty virginal and make more fair her face.

So stands she meek and reverent in the shadow of God's love,
 More loveable than Lands whose brave, bold beauty stares above !
 Auld Scotland's Music long had wailed and wailed about this land,
 So yearning in her sweetness and so sorrowfully grand ;
 And many grieved to tears, yet could not tell what she would say,
 But Robin wed her with his words, and they were one for aye.
 Ah, how some old sweet cradle song the wandering heart still brings
 Home, Home again, so strongly drawn in Love's own leading strings !

* * * * *

More welcome than cool sods of earth, cut ere the sun be risen,
 To the caged Lark, are Robin's songs in smoky City prison !
 The Sailor warms his heart with them, out on the wintry sea,
 The Serf stands up ennobled in the knighthood of the Free !
 The Soldier sad on Midnight watch, or weary march by day,
 Grows cheery at their tidings from the old land far away !
 We hug the homestead closer and the fresh love-tendrils twine,
 And make our clasp more foud for fear our dear ones we may tine.
 When Hesper with his sparkling eye sees lovers face to face,
 Where droopt lids shade a burning beauty with their shyer grace,
 And hushd and holy is the hour and silent is the Night
 Lest even the breath of faëry stir that poise so feather-light
 In which two hearts are weighed for life, and like a humming hive,
 The inner world of happiness with music grows alive,
 There, as life aches so heart in heart, and hand in hand so yearns,
 Love shakes his wings and soars and sings some song of Robin Burns.'

We think the style and measure of these verses were not discreetly chosen. They also lack the lyric energy and freshness that distinguish the songs of Burns himself, and of which we ought to be indirectly reminded ; and on the whole we are compelled to confirm the verdict of the poet's failure.

Songs by a Song-writer. First Hundred. By W. C. Bennett. Chapman and Hall. 'Ever since I could read songs,' says Mr. Bennett, 'I have loved them. The dearest shelf of my book-case is that where rank, shoulder to shoulder, in loving brotherhood, Burns and Béranger, Campbell and Herrick.' The author, however, has emulated the merits and the fame of these true poets with only moderate success, and no trace of their finer qualities is found upon his page. The texture of his poetry is coarse, and often quite prosaic : the sentiments, indeed, are not objectionable ; but there is no moral elevation to distinguish them, or to make the lack of artistic feeling less perceptible.

The Christian Harp ; designed as a companion to the Foreign Sacred Lyre. By John Sheppard. The dates of these beautiful compositions range over a period of more than forty years ; and we now conceive of the venerable minstrel, in the prospect of another world, as tuning his harp in the ante-chamber, before being summoned into the Presence. Our readers will remember how Mont Blanc rears itself in the majestic verse of Shelley and of Coleridge. In the following lines we have the same subject delineated in another aspect :—

'Mountain,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers,
 Transcendently, and from that massive crown
 Of flaky brightness, dartest down thy beams

Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail !
Unto the souls in hallow'd musing rapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the' invisible,
The' ethereal, the' eternal, thou dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gazer, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his dazzled sight
In vastness almost tangible ; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament.

E'en so when moral fogs of earth are swept
By Heaven's free gale afar,—upon the eye
Of earnest faith and full awaken'd hope
Crowds the bright evidence of things unseen :
In earth's low reckoning doubtful and remote ;
But to that gazer, close and palpable,
Immense, unfading, infinitely sure.

Mountain,—thou image of eternity,—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrain'd aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste.—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturb'd above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable ice
That moat thee round ; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite ?—Hath he won his way,
That young investigator ?—Yes, but now,
Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness ; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion ; the wide scene is dim ;
Its all of firm or fleeting, near or far,
Deep-rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him, with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessed sunlight, in his dying eye
Float dubious ; and 't is midnight at his heart !

Hence be thou warn'd, youth whose excursive soul
Would range the proudest Alps of intellect,
Surmount opinion's bulwarks, sound all depths,
Question all heights, and inly speculate
With fearless glances down the blue abyss.
I mark thine eagle eye, where thou hast scal'd
The barriers of the vulgar, and look'st down
Exultant on their tame procession, led
By custom or authority, fast link'd,
And poring earthward as they pace the dell.
I love thy conscious freedom. Yet be warn'd !
Thou need'st a chart, and thy soul's needle touch'd
With Heaven's own essence, faithful to its source.
Else, be thou sure, those chill and mystic wilds
Will maze thy keen intelligence ; fair truth
Shall seem extinct ; the moral universe,
The living rays that light it, the divine,
The fair, the perfect day-stars of all hope,
Shall fade for thee, and sceptic darkness quench
A glowing spirit, form'd to reach its God.

These verses are not unworthy of the great masters whose strains they emulate, and in moral grandeur they bear away the palm.

MISCELLANEA.

The Close of the Tenth Century after the Christian Era. The Arnold Prize Essay for 1858. By Richard Watson Dixon, B.A. Mr. Dixon evinces a genius for historical research in connexion with a masterly historic style. We hope it is not too late to commend his dissertation to the reader's notice. Our wonder is that anything so good should get a prize.—*The Hundred Days of Napoleon. A Poem in Five Cantos. By Archibald Belaney. London. 1858.* The subject of this poem is well chosen. No period of the Usurper's history is more promising to the true poet than the eventful Hundred Days, as the new Homer of the future will probably discern. But the bard will not come of the stock of Belaney; there is no intimation of his advent in these chopped lines of prose. The dedication is an act of pious restitution. The author has borrowed his materials from Sir Archibald Alison, and so he gratefully deposits his bundle of chips at the learned Baronet's door.—*Sketches of and from Jean Paul Richter. Bennett. 1859.* A volume slender in pretensions, bulk, and merit. Jean Paul is indeed a name to conjure with; but the adept in this case is no magician.—*Here and There in London. By J. Ewing Ritchie. Tweedie. 1859.* We have no liking for this kind of book, and cannot recommend it. It is clever, sketchy, loose, and commonplace; and if the author were frank with us, he would own that it was merely made to sell.—*Life Thoughts gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By Edna Dean Procter. Edinburgh. 1859.* This, too, is a very miscellaneous volume; but it is easy to see that the Thoughts of Mr. Beecher are struck off in the heat of honest work, and are related to a serious scheme of life. Some passages are very beautiful; others lose by being sundered from their context; and a few trite sayings ought to have been omitted.—*Musings in many Moods. By John Bolton Rogerson. London. 1859.* This book—a large thick volume of dense minor poetry—is enough to make one melancholy for a day, or long after it has been forgotten. The reader is apt to lose confidence in himself, in his species, in the personal liberty of action, and the boasted freedom of the press; and in a querulous moment ask, Is not the invention of printing itself bought dearly by the chance of such exposures?—*The Age of Lead. A Satire, in Two Books. By Adolphus Pasquin. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Gilfillan. London. 1858.* Better and worse; not so heavy, yet much heavier. Slight as the volume is, and high as we have placed it by way of experiment, we should not be surprised to find that it had sunk by its own weight to the bottom of our page. If so, we are prepared to show that it is not the printer's fault. The laws of gravity are not to be evaded.

THE LONDON REVIEW.

JULY, 1859.

ART. I.—*The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* Edited by
ROBERT BELL. J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER is first in the order of time, and scarcely inferior to the first in merit, of our great English poets. Yet so little of his personal history is known, that his name is now only a synonym of his genius and works. His birth, his birth-place, his parentage, and his education, are alike involved in obscurity. To us he can, and need, be little more than the man who wrote 'Chaucer's Poems.' He lived to an advanced age, usually reckoned as seventy-two years; and his monument informs us that he died October 25th, 1400. He studied at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Paris, according to different reports; not impossibly in all three universities. He is said to have originally chosen the legal profession, and to have been a member of the Inner Temple, where upon one occasion he was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street;—an improbable anecdote, now all but disproved. Wherever he received his education, however, the extent of his acquirements was very great. He was well versed in philosophy and divinity and the scholastic learning, and displays an intimate acquaintance with most of the sciences, as then cultivated, especially astronomy. The actual course of his life has been much obscured by what has been truly called 'a tissue of romantic adventure' drafted into his biography from the *Testament of Love*, that fantastic allegory, in which Chaucer is supposed to relate his own history in the phraseology of fiction. If this were so, the poet would labour under the severest stigma that can oppress

the name of man,—that of having betrayed and impeached his companions in order to procure his own pardon.*

The authentic notices of Chaucer's life which occur, may be briefly given. He served in 1359 under Edward III. in the expedition against France, upon which occasion he was made prisoner. He would then be about thirty years of age, and at this period he is described, after an authentic portrait, as being 'of a fair and beautiful complexion, his lips full and red, his size of a just medium, and his port and air graceful and majestic.'† In 1360, the year of the peace of Chartres, between France and England, Chaucer is supposed to have married Philippa Roet, one of the Queen's maids of honour. This lady was the daughter of Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, who had been brought over by Queen Philippa in her retinue in 1328. Her sister Catherine married John of Gaunt after the death, in 1369, of his duchess Blanche, the subject of the glorious poem known as *The Book of the Duchess*, and, less appropriately, as *Chaucer's Dream*. The Queen granted to Philippa Chaucer an annual pension of ten marks, which the King continued after the Queen's death; and John of Gaunt conferred upon her a pension of ten pounds *per annum*, and on different occasions presented herself and her husband with valuable marks of his favour and protection.

In 1367 Chaucer was made one of the valets of the King's chamber, and in the same year the King granted him an annuity of twenty marks, till he should be better provided for, under the designation '*dilectus Valettus noster*,' which Selden says 'was conferred upon young heirs designed to be knighted, or on young gentlemen of great descent or quality.' From this time he appears to have mixed much in public business, and was found very competent therein. He was absent from England on the King's service in the summer of 1370; and towards the end of 1372 he was joined in a commission, with two citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of determining upon an English port where a Genoese commercial

* In the *Testament of Love*, Chaucer is represented to have taken an active part in the struggle between the Court and City, on occasion of the election of John of Northampton to the mayoralty in 1382. He incurred the displeasure of the Court, fled to Hainault, returned, was arrested, and confined for three years in the Tower, from which he escaped in the disgraceful way mentioned in the text. A complete refutation of all this has been made by Sir Harris Nicolas, and the memory of Chaucer is cleared from one of the foulest slanders that ever attempted to cling to a great man. 'At the very time,' says Sir Harris, 'that Chaucer was supposed to have been a prisoner in the Tower, he was sitting in Parliament as knight of the shire for one of the largest counties in England.'

† This portrait, Mr. Bell tells us, was in 1721 in the possession of George Greenwood, of Castleton, in Gloucestershire, Esq. It is mentioned by Urry and Grainger.

establishment might be formed. An advance of £66. 13s. 4d. was made to him on the 1st of December, and he probably left England immediately afterwards. He was absent about a year, observes Sir Harris Nicolas, drawing his information from the Issue Rolls, and visited Florence and Genoa. It was during this visit to Italy that he is supposed, not at all improbably, to have visited Petrarch at Padua. This seems as probable from their conversation as from anything else; for if the Prologue to the *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale* be in the person of Chaucer, he 'learned' the story of Griselda 'from a worthy clerk of Padua, Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete.'

The rest of our author's life we are content to accept from the carefully-sifted narrative of Mr. Bell, who has examined the earlier biographers, Urry, Tyrwhitt, Grainger, and Godwin; and who has profited also by the later researches of Sir H. Nicolas, whilst exercising a sound and independent judgment of his own.

'The next authentic notice of Chaucer occurs in a writ dated 23rd April, 1374, granting him a pitcher of wine daily, afterwards commuted into a money payment. In the same year he was appointed comptroller of the customs in the port of London, under strict condition that he was to write the rolls of office with his own hand, to be constantly present, and to perform all the duties in person and not by deputy. At the same time the pension of £10, which the Duke of Lancaster had conferred upon the poet's wife two years before, was converted into an annuity to both, to be held for life by the survivor, and to be paid out of the revenue of the Savoy. In 1375 Chaucer obtained a grant of the lands and custody of the son and heir of Edmond Staplegate, of Bilsinton, in Kent, and also the custody of five "solidates" of rent in Solys, in Kent, a matter of little pecuniary value.'

The men of that age knew how to take care of their poets, then; and their patronage was real patronage. They expected work to be done for pay given; they supervised not only the purse, but the daily life of their workman.

'Soon afterwards we find Chaucer employed on two secret missions: in 1376 in the "comitiva" or retinue of Sir John Burley; and in 1377 in association with Sir Thomas Percy, afterwards Earl of Worcester, with whom he proceeded to Flanders.'

Then follow discussions as to the date and object of these missions; the fact of them is enough for us. Upon his return from them, he was sent into Lombardy on an embassy, object unknown. Observe, that it never seems to have occurred to the men of that time, that a poet was likely to be either incompetent or idle in the discharge of public business. Chaucer had his share in it like other people. When he went into Lombardy, he

chose for his representative at home John Gower, his friend and brother poet. Next year he was appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs of the Port of London, in addition to his other office; and soon after was released from that condition of personal attendance, which we did not much like when we read it.

‘Being now at liberty to consult his own inclination, he turned his attention to politics,’ (a very noble thing was then understood by that word,) ‘and was elected one of the representatives of Kent in the Parliament which met at Westminster, on 1st October, 1386.’

Another fact sufficient for us. The Parliament only met for a month, and its proceedings were directed with great violence against the government of the Duke of Lancaster. Chaucer’s devotion to his patron occasioned him the loss of both his offices in the Customs. But shortly afterwards, upon the appointment of new ministers, he recovered the royal favour.

‘In July, 1389, he was appointed Clerk of the King’s Works, embracing the Palace at Westminster, the Tower, the royal manors of Kennington, Eltham, Clarendon, Sheen, Byfleet, Childern Langley, and Feckenham, the lodges of the New Forest and the royal parks, and at the mews for the King’s falcons at Charing Cross. This important office he was permitted to execute by deputy.’

Through the whole of his life, with the exception of two comparatively short intervals, he enjoyed no inconsiderable independence; and his income many rated as fully equal to that of a gentleman of his time. ‘His pensions, exclusive of his offices, ranged for many years with the salaries of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.’ He passed through life beloved doubtless, but also honoured by all men; busy, responsible, full of strenuous action,—poet, soldier, diplomatist, and master of the philosophy, science, and divinity of his time; and when at length he ceased, it was to sleep beneath a tomb of the grey marble in Westminster Abbey.

Much may be learned even from this brief outline concerning the man and his age. Patronage was true patronage; and homage, true homage: the poet was not looked upon as a madman, or an imbecile; the utterly false distinction between ‘practicality and unpracticality’ was not drawn. It was not considered impossible that a poet could deliver a message decently, or form a judgment correctly. Nay, men seem even to have expected that the same inspired insight which led the poet unerringly aright in his art, would suffice for the regulation of matters of the life of every day; only they did not continue *always* to set their best workman ‘to gauge beer-barrels.’ They seem to have been impressed with two facts, little thought of now: that it was truly

a thing of importance that they should have an inspired man among them to tell them things that they did not know; and that it was necessary for them to honour him with some sufficient portion of this world's goods for his sustentation; nay, even for his comfort and amusement. Chaucer was not only well cared for at home, but even compelled by provident kindness on more than one occasion to travel and acquaint himself with the facts of other countries.

The inner life of the great poet whom we are memorializing, stands revealed to us in his own words, by such brief yet vivid touches as only a great dramatist can give of himself. His years seem to have flowed smoothly on between the 'making of books' and his unaltering devotion to nature. In these following sweetest verses he gives an interesting picture of his tastes. His books occupy all his leisure, and for them he is content to live secluded; but when the daisy time comes round, he issues forth from his retreat, still wearing that half-dazed look that belongs to him alone, and gathers 'Chaucer's flower,' how tenderly! from 'the small, softe, swete, grass.'

'And as for me, although I ken but lyte,
On bokes for to read I me delite,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day,
Save certeynly, whan that the monethe of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules synge,
And all the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farewel my boke and my devocion.

'Now have I thanne such a condicion,
That of all the floures in the mede
Thanne love I most those floures white and red
Suche as men callen daysyes in our toune.
To hem I have so grete affectioun,
As I seyde erst, whanne comen is the May,
That in my bed ther daweth me no day
That I nam uppe and walkyng in the mede
To see this floure ayein the sunne sprede,
Whanne it up ryseth erly by the morwe;
That blissful sight softeneth al my sorwe,
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to doon it alle reverence,
As she that is of all floures flour,
Fulfilled of all virtue and honour,
And every ylike fair and fresshe of hewe,
And I love it and ever ylike newe,

And ever shal, til that myn herte dye;
 Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat leye,
 That loved no wight better in his lyve;
 And whan that hit ys eve I renne blyve,
 As soon as evere the sunne gynneth weste,
 To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste
 For fere of night, so hateth she derkenesse.'

Prologue to Legend of Good Women.

There is something here that marks it for a true thing. Chaucer did love, and did watch, as he tells us he did. We may see him yet, as in Occleve's portrait, coming forth, still half-dazed, from his books, his grey beard forked, his dress and hood of dark cloth, his black pen or knife-case in his bosom, his right hand extended, as in the eagerness of love, his left hand holding a string of beads, as in gentle reverence, his eyes full of gravity and sweetness; or—as in the other authentic portrait, a full-length in the *Canterbury Tales*, MS. 851, *Lausæ*, dating twenty years after his death, in the initial letter of the volume—in long grey gown, red stockings, and black sandal shoes, head bare, and hair cut close, face still full of majesty, mystic yet clear intelligence. Thus he lived, as he tells us, the life of a hermit; and yet sometimes, in society, abstained from abstinence, to speak gently, and in latter years grew somewhat corpulent, suffering the banter of the big host of the Tabard, who congratulated him upon a waist as well shaped as his own. Yet in society he was generally retired and absorbed in contemplation.

Thus year by year was his song poured forth, sweet and full beyond the compass of all other men. He sang of human life in all its varieties; he never wrote a line but with the fullest power, most abundant mastery, and completest extrication of his subject from all entanglements, his touch being as firm as granite and soft as marble. He never failed to say at once whatever he wished. In the abundance and joy of his genius he sometimes transgressed against the laws of delicacy, but never against the truth of human nature, to which he was always faithful and kind. For many long years he seems to have made a religion of his art. Then came the change, which must come to all such, since it came to him; the cold wind of doubt in art—doubt whether art is religion after all—sweeps, like breath, across that wondrous soul, and at the end of his *Canterbury Tales* he writes thus in penitence, proposing to himself retractation:—

'Wherefore I biseke yow mekely for the mercy of God that ye pray for me, that God have mercy upon me and forgive me my giltes, and nameliche my translaciones and of endityng in worldly vanities, which

I revoke in my retractacions, as in the book of Troyles, the book also of Fame, the book of the twenty five Ladies, the book of the Duchesses, the book of Saint Valentines day, and of the Parlement of Briddes, the Tales of Canturbury, alle thilk that sounen into rynne, the book of the Leo, and many other bokes, if they were in my mind or remembrance, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, of the whiche Christ for his grete mercy forgive me the synnes. But of the translaciouns of Boce de Consolacioun, and other bokes of consolacioun and of legend of lives of Seints and Omelies and moralitees and devocion, that thanke I oure Lord Ghesu Crist and his moder and alle the seints in heven, bisekyng them that they fro heneysforth unto my lyves end sende me grace to biwayle my gultes and to studeen to the savacioun of my soule, and graunte me grace and space of verrey repentance, penitence, confessioun and satisfaccioun, to don in this present lif, thurgh the benign grace of him that is King of kynges and Prest of alle prestis, that bought me with his precious blood of his hert, so that I moote be oon of hem at the day of doom that schall be saved, *qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*

Of his peaceful death the little ballad following, made by him 'upon his death-bed, lying in his anguish,' bears witness:—

'Flee fro the pres, and duelle with sothfastnesse:
Suffice the thy good tho it be small
For both hate, and clymbyng tikelnesse,
Pres hath envie, and well is blent over alle; *
Savour no more than the behove shalle;
Rise well thy self that other folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

'Peyne the not eche crooked to redresse
In trust of him that turneth as a balle,
Grete rest slant in lytil beaynesse,
Beware also to spurne ayeine an nulle: †
Stryve not as deth a croke with a walle,
Daunt thyselpe that dauntest otheres dede,
And trouthe the shall delyver, hit ys no drede.

'That the ys sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;
Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse,
Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle!
Looke up on hye, and thanke God of alle,
Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede, ‡
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.'

* Wealth above all things blinds.

† Beware of kicking against a nail.

‡ Let thy spirit lead thee, not thy appetite.

All that is peculiar, all that seems now so distant and unattainable, in the poetry of Chaucer, arises from the one great typical fact, that it is always nothing more nor less than the telling of a story. It is this in whatever form it occurs, as well that of the small didactic verses, then called Ballads, of which the verses just given afford a specimen, as in that of the professed tale or legend, of which the major part of his works consists. The people of that age were fond of hearing things; they wanted all kinds of things to be told to them, and were always intensely struck with what was told. There was no art of method or settled rules, in accordance with which things were habitually accepted or rejected. Everything was believed intensely, and everything to their minds took the form of a story. A sermon to them was a tale about their moral nature; an impersonation was a truth; and a poet was well termed a clerke or cleric. The inspiration of the poet was a thing believed in with reality and seriousness, and his words were accepted as oracles and discoveries of truth.

Many indications are to be met with in Chaucer of this kind of feeling. We must conceive of the people of the Middle Ages as children in their love of stories, and in their adoration of those who could tell them. Books then, of course, were very scarce, and the reading of a new book would be a real epoch in a person's life. In every case to read a book was to read a tale,—to become acquainted with something both new and strange, whatever it might be. Hence originated a poetical complexion or turn, which everything seems to have assumed, and the passionate cultivation of poetry by all classes. It seems incredible to us, but it was undoubtedly the case, that in the Middle Ages poetry formed the chief delight of the people. A nation that read poetry deliberately, seriously, and constantly, with actual delight in it, actually living in it, is a spectacle so strange that our minds, so long used to the antipoetical and often base and abject things in which people have grown accustomed to delight themselves, refuse to credit it, and regard it rather as a theory of what should be. Yet proofs of this prevailing love of poetry may be found abundantly in Chaucer, whose poems always represent the characteristics of his own age. Thus Pandarus finds his niece, Cressida.

‘And ther twey other ladyes sate and she
Withyn a pavid parlour; and they thre
Herd a maydyn rede hem all the gest
Of the sege of Thebes, whil hem rest.’

And Sir Thopas, arriving to fight ‘a geaunt with heedes thre,’ calls for his minstrels to encourage him with tales.

"Do come," he sayde, "my mynstrales,
 And gestours for to telle tales
 Anon in myn armyng,
 Of romaunces that ben reales,
 Of popes and of cardinales,
 And eke of love-longyng."

So Chaucer himself, when unable to sleep, as he tells us in the *Book of the Duchess*, solaces himself thus:—

'So whanne I saugh I might not slepe,
 Now of late this other night
 Upon my bed I sate upright,
 And bade one reche me a boke,
 A romauns, and he it me toke
 To rede and drive the night awaye;
 For me thought it better playe
 Than either atte chesse or tables.'

This habit—so memorable both in the age and the poet—of regarding everything as a story, of looking at everything in a poetical light, is the key to the peculiar character of Chaucer's poetry; it is to be regarded as the reason of all that strangely true, strangely simple, strangely sweet, life that is in him. It was a habit which turned everything that came to his notice into an aliment of poetry; insomuch that the comparatively dry and lifeless fables of classical mythology take new form and beauty from his hand, and the sayings of the philosophers are quaintly intermingled with the talk of knights and lovers. It rendered him entirely careless of fame, and thus gave him his envied simplicity. He is really anxious to do nothing except tell a good story. He cares not at all for the praise of originality or invention—probably the meaning of such terms in criticism would have been unknown to him: he cares for nothing but his story. Hence he is quite content to become a translator, if he has seen a good story in a foreign tongue; and his *Troilus and Cresseide*, the most perfect love-poem in the language, is in great part a translation from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio; whilst his obligations to the ancients, to Ovid (or rather Ovid's to him) in especial, are absolutely innumerable. He cared not what material he found to his hand, all was freely welcomed, used, transformed, and ennobled.

This Chaucer had in common with his age—and in common with all great periods—a tendency to rest content with the stories and legends already in the world, without taxing the invention in the way of digging out fresh ones. It was so with the cyclic poets of Greece, it was so with the poets of Rome from Virgil to Statius, it was so with the romances of the Middle

Ages. It is singular to reflect that in the ages which have most loved poetry so few new stories were invented; while in our own age, which emphatically does *not* love poetry, so many new stories are invented. The new characters, new catastrophes, new situations, which have been invented in the present generation, would suffice to supply all the great poets of the world with a lifetime of reproduction. And yet the present age is not poetical. It is not so, because there must, it would seem, be a common ground-work of legend—a cycle—upon which to go; just as, if men are to be religious, they must consent in a certain rudimental creed. There must be an acknowledgment of certain things as delightful, as interesting, as containing in themselves what is necessary, in order that poetry—or the narrating of them—should evolve, and that we may make the true progress of a return to the art of our forefathers. We have the same sort of need of a poetical creed that we have of a religious. We should not be for ever to seek for our first principles. At present almost every new poem that appears is an experiment in a new direction. We lose ourselves and the finest part of us in morbid straining after effects and novelties; we become spasmodic, and are deservedly laughed at; we become self-conscious, and are deservedly mistrusted. We are children no longer, we delight not any more in twice-told, nay, hundred-times told, tales. As in the lost art of architecture, so justly deplored by Mr. Ruskin, so it is in the art of poetry. Our poets are at a loss what style they shall write in:—shall the objective or the reflective predominate? shall they this time be pure or naturalistic? As if there were in reality more than one style possible,—the story-telling style, that is, the style of saying what you have to say, in as natural, straightforward, workman-like, and simple a manner as possible. There is in this age no lack of power; but there is a fearful want of direction: we have all the eclectic scepticism without much of the eclectic instinct. It is a common cry among those who perceive something to be wrong with us, without knowing what it may be, that we are deficient in originality. We are, on the contrary, painfully, agonizingly original. We are original in deserting what has been the way of the world since the siege of Troy. More original directions have been opened out in the last fifty years than ever before. If the poetically disposed amongst us, who consume themselves in producing the modern novel (O name well chosen!) would either relapse into silence, or spend their genius legitimately in the only true poetical way, then we might hope that poetry would resume her throne in the hearts of men, noble, temperate, majestic, like the influence of one who is both a lady and a Queen.

Chaucer's poetry, then, like all the greatest poetry, may be called that of situation. Chivalry supplied him with what we may call an atmosphere,—a measure of poetical sympathy passing current in the world,—to which he could at once address himself; and the world's old heritage of legend he found sufficient for his own wants, without the necessity of taxing his invention to make new ones. Did he wish to sing of true heroic love? What type of it could be found to surpass the Trojan Troilus? Or of the truth of woman? How could he hope to invent names and stories that recalled this with the same variety and power of association as those nine of Greece and of Ovid, who reappear in the *Legende of Good Women*? The old world-histories of love and war have reappeared in every age, dressed in its own fashion. So they would in ours, if we had but something better to put them in than a suit of our modern tailoring.

These things, then, concerning the age of Chaucer, and what he got from it, are carefully to be gathered up, and put into contrast with the tenor of the present age. We pause for an instant to exhibit even more fully the contrast irresistibly forced upon us by the subject, between the age of Chaucer and our own. The difference, we repeat, is not in power: for the present age is as full of power as any previous. But every thinker upon the enormously important subject of the state of art will at once admit the truth, that an indefinable difference does exist, and that our forefathers, with a tythe of our knowledge and experience, effected in art what lies beyond our power. The preceding observations will have thrown some light upon what the age of Chaucer possessed which we have lost, viz., a common poetical atmosphere, a common love of poetry, and desire to be instructed in a true way, that is, to be told of things by poets, and a common consent in the sort of thing that was to be looked for at their hands. It remains to inquire into the cause of this strange, sad change, which has passed like a blight upon the love and interest which all men ought to feel concerning poetry, and has displaced the poet from the high eminence which no other is fitted to hold.

How are we to explain what we mean? The difference between a poetical and an unpoetical age is the difference there was between Heathcliff, when he was preparing the way for his great revenge, and Heathcliff, when, all things being ready now, he found that he no longer cared to drive down the long-impending blow. It amounts, in one word, to loss of enjoyment. It is the difference between acquisition and possession, between process and result. To our forefathers every old thing was really a new thing: every new thing is an old thing to us. Our

forefathers delighted in processes, in the realizing of what was told them: we, on the contrary, rest content with the acceptance of results, which we do not for the most part realize. Hence, whatever knowledge was in the hands of a man of the old time, was his real possession and delight, thoroughly impressed upon him, and a part of what he himself was; not half forgotten, little cared for. And if he chose to impart it to another, he was listened to, delighted in, and respected. For example, *logic* was believed in, and the logical forms had a real significance in the olden time: there is a good deal of logic—formal dialectical reasoning—in Chaucer. We now know more of logic than was known in Chaucer's time; but we know it rather as a science than a process; we fancy we know its actual value in relation to other sciences, rather than attach an unknown value to its actual contents; our delight in logical processes has ceased; their power over us is gone.

Now this seems to lead to an explanation of those wants which we all deplore in our age and in ourselves. A perception of these wants lies at the bottom of the common and erroneous saying, that poetry flourishes better in a barbarous than a civilized age. This is not true, but there is a truth in it. The two requisites in a great poetical age are—*knowledge, and the love of things known*. The actual amount of knowledge is immaterial, and so likewise is its nature, in itself; but that there should be knowledge, more or less scientifically recorded, is essential; and that whatever is known should be loved and cared for, is co-essential. In a great poetical age all objects of knowledge are equally objects of love, and therefore equally objects of poetry. And the great poem is no mere puristic abstraction; but takes hold of the whole of human life with the widest grasp, its plan being to embrace all—the *Canterbury Tales* are our present instance—with the arm of its love, to re-create all with the arm of its power. Yet it must and does happen that the relation between knowledge and the love of the things known becomes in the course of time disturbed. Knowledge increases and opens wider the eyes to see; things known become too numerous, and the heart is not opened to receive: and exactly as this is the case, so does the poetical capacity recede and disappear. Knowledge, in its progress, begets a knowledge of the value of things; and exactly as things begin to be compared with one another, whether the standard of value be true or false, so do they lose the love that once environed them with the poetical. This might be expressed as tersely and exactly as an algebraic formula. When this is the case, we have soon a general unsettlement, attended with con-

tinual readjustments of the standards of value, and occasionally a total perversion of them. We are now speaking strictly of the influence of the age upon the poet, in what it puts before him, independently of individual genius. He finds himself compelled to accept and reject, to a very considerable extent, in deference to other men; the objects of his knowledge cease to be all things,—whatever God presents,—and are confined to what the fashion of men approves. Then follows his own struggle to regain a state from which he feels that he has fallen, and which his predecessors enjoyed: and so originate those peculiarly modern phases of mind, unnatural purism, the plaintive feeling of regret with which past ages are regarded, the despicable spirit of romance, the desperate efforts to create an atmosphere in which poetry is possible. This is an extreme picture, and is meant for one. It is the foundation—yea, so sadly rotten—upon which the gleaming, glorious edifice of modern poetry has been built by a few of everlasting genius. The great poets of modern times have our deepest worship and the innermost reverence of the hearts of all wise men: but they dwell alone, they work unregarded, or scorned; and their individual position is what has never as yet fallen to the lot of a poet. And not only so, but, as we see, their work must needs be affected by the thoughts and intents of the age; the age does not care for poetry, and it becomes impossible to ‘sing the Lord’s song in a strange land.’ The song raised once and again so strong and clear, is it always of God and the truths of His heaven and earth?

Were it not well, before proceeding further in this so proud eclecticism, to inquire what we gain in proportion to what we lose by it; and whither upon the whole it is leading us? Instead of accepting everything, we make it our privilege to choose unhesitatingly, and without scruple, to which of the truths that surrounds us we shall attend, and from which we shall turn our attention. The standard fixing our choice is also itself arbitrary. Now consider these two things,—the assumed right of choosing, and the standard of choice. The assumed right of choosing is in itself anti-poetical, for it involves rejection; and the poet is commissioned to know and to love all. His innocence cannot be guilty of profanity in ignorance, nor of disdain in rejection. Then, the standard of choice: is not this lowered and raised in compliance with the tastes and fashions of common men, and not in obedience to the deep instincts of the poet? In history, has not the false taste of a frivolous age, or the false pride of a corrupt age, or the false shame of an impure age, or the false faith of a sordid age, sometimes interposed to chill the ardour, curtail the amplitude, quell the simplicity of the poet; keeping

things out of sight that should be known, and dwindling utterances which should be hallowed by the poet's faith to human nature, into a conventionalism current for the hour?

If we can by any means abandon this pride of our knowledge, and go back to the old reverence for all that God teaches, for all the knowledge of each thing good in its kind which He sets before us, it would be well for us. There must eventually be a limit to it, by reason, as we shall presently observe, of the increasingly *intellectual* character which it is assuming. We long to mark in poetry also the retrograde movement which has been already commenced in the other arts. At present we live in an age which cares as little for poetry as is possible; which is attended upon by poetry as the sensualist is by a mistress, who has denied him nothing, and is rejected and cast off for ever at his whim. Poetry has of necessity adapted itself to the tastes and position of the age, has lost much savour thereby, and is cared for not at all. Meanwhile, the whole wondrous life of man upon the earth, the mystery that darkens it, the alternating want and fullness which play like light and shade within it, the solemnities which environ it, the natural analogies which illustrate it, the rushing passions which are its changes, the unknown unity that pervades it, still with an expectation beyond its restlessness, and pausing on its long-stretched hopes as a vessel rides upon its anchor over the swell of the waters that change beneath it,—this remains for ever to be grasped by the God-given poetic power, and steadied into a substance that may meet the eye of man, and struck into a form which may do him true service and delight.

One main method by which we may fit ourselves for this knowledge, this result, is the careful study of those who by patience and faithfulness have attained it. And such an one especially was Chaucer. We now proceed to examine more fully what we conceive to be the great distinguishing traits of this poet, without inquiring very much more what share his own genius had in these, and how far they were indebted to his age. We have arrived at this point naturally. We have seen the growth of knowledge to be incompatible with the full maintenance of that spirit of reverence for things known which is essential to poetry. We shall now find that in several important poetical qualities of a positive nature the growth of knowledge has marked a decline, and the diffusion of knowledge has created a vacillation of a strange character.

We come then to discuss the great distinguishing marks of the mind and power of Chaucer. They seem to be four in number: dramatic fearlessness and breadth, workmanlike directness, comparatively non-intellectual character, and sense

of beauty. These are the four facts of Chaucer to which we wish as briefly as possible to invite attention; and we are of opinion that they will be sufficient, when thoroughly apprehended, to present the great poet before our minds, and to instruct us in several things which it is necessary we should have the knowledge of. In discussing them we shall be gradually proceeding from what he possesses in common with many others, to what he possesses along with fewer still, and from that to what is conspicuously his own characteristic, and shared by scarce another.

Concerning the first, the 'dramatic breadth and fearlessness' of Chaucer, we have already said much. It is sufficient here to observe that he possesses these qualities in a pre-eminent degree; in a degree almost equal to Shakspeare, although they are more subordinate in him than in Shakspeare to the other essential great poetical qualities. To represent what men and women would actually say to one another is Shakspeare's aim: to write poems is Chaucer's. That is the difference between them. But Chaucer can always have whatever dramatic breadth he wants consistently with his poetical purpose. And in dramatic breadth and fearlessness we know no name in English that competes with him except Shakspeare himself. It is impossible for a moment not to compare the two in the subject upon which they have both exercised themselves, the story of *Troilus and Cressida*. The play of Shakspeare so named is amongst his best; it contains some of the most marvellous speeches in dramatic literature. The poem of Chaucer is the most finished love story in our language; it is as long as the *Æneid*. Now take the character of Pandarus according to each of them. The Pandarus of Shakspeare is a coarse, not altogether disinterested, bawd. The Pandarus of Chaucer is a gentleman of loose principles, but quite disinterested, and acting purely from good nature. This will illustrate our meaning. Chaucer puts more nobility, that is, more poetry, into this secondary character; acting from poetical reasons. Shakspeare is less careful about his secondary character, from dramatic reasons.

Concerning the second quality, 'workmanlike directness,' we shall find it difficult to express our full meaning. Whatever Chaucer attempted was done at once, at a stroke. His power, as compared to that of later poets, is like the sheer cleavage of a sword compared with the slow reduplicated work of the hammer, and chisel, and file. Whatever it may be, high or low, it is done at once and for ever, and leaves the feeling that it could not possibly be otherwise. It stands out for ever with its one effect upon it, suggestive of nothing but itself.

This quality proceeds of course in great measure from what we have seen of the intense credence of the age in everything that came before it. Chaucer does not appear in the least desirous of saying poetical things, and producing poetical effects. One thing is to him equally poetical with another. All things are equally poetical—or equally not poetical. He did not know the distinction between things that are ‘fit subjects for poetry,’ and things that are not. But he could, for this very reason, *treat* everything poetically in an unexampled degree. He is not anxious to be poetical; but only to say whatever is set before him. Hence he shuns not ‘the moral tale virtuous,’ as Erasmus calls it, which in his day formed part of the stock of the professional gestour,—as in the *Tale*, or allegory, of *Meli-bæus*; nor the theological tract,—as in the *Personne’s Tale*, which is a treatise on penitence; nor indeed the absolute sermon,—as in the *Testament of Love*. All subjects are equally proper to him; he is anxious to build (the true poetic instinct) out of whatever materials come to hand. The prose works which we have just mentioned, were probably each a translation of some theological tract—*Summa Theologiae*—in use at the time, worked up by Chaucer in his own peculiar manner. Observe how zealously he maintains, while he superadds and ornaments. Every one of the divisions and impersonations which he found would be to him a real thing. It would never strike him that a division was cross, or an impersonation clumsy, or that the whole work was rendered unnecessary by something else on the same subject existing in the world. The book, the work in hand was to him for the time the only thing that the world contained. In all this he unconsciously acted upon the great poetical law,—too often lost sight of even by artists of no mean power,—that it is impossible to have all beauties at once in a single work; that one effect is to be produced, and every word ought to aid in producing that one and no other. There is no crowding, no hurry, and therefore no confusion or vacillation, through all Chaucer’s work. With workmanlike singleness of eye he beholds his object, with workmanlike love he compasses it, and with workmanlike power he accomplishes that and no other. There is not an accident through all his writings.

The third of the qualities which we enumerated was ‘comparatively non-intellectual character.’ We do not mean to deny that Chaucer had high intellect, and took delight in the severest intellectual exercises. The contrary of this is the case. Chaucer was educated most carefully, and held acquaintance with all the sciences of his time. His logical and astronomical acquisitions are especially remarkable. But there is a distinction to be

drawn between intellect and genius, between the intellectual temperament and the temperament of genius. The intellectual has a tendency to abstraction and the abstract. It deals with pure thought. The temperament of genius is the temperament of action, and deals with the occurrent in life. The one strikes out thought, the other tells stories. Now to the one there is obviously and necessarily a limit, sooner or later. Pure thought must sooner or later exhaust itself. The other has no necessary limit whatever. The possible variations in a story are infinite as the phases of the life, human and natural, which the story arrests and describes for the delight of mankind. Chaucer gives free play to the genial vein, in the way of story-telling; and this is the secret of his inexhaustible fecundity and freshness. It is only now and then that a glimpse of pure intellectual treatment appears,—as if to show what he could have done in that way. In modern poetry, as a rule, the intellectual predominates; and this is sufficient to account for the exhausted appearance of most of it, the sort of aridity which belongs to it. The distinction between intellect and genius, between thinking and action, is ineffaceable, and must needs be borne well in mind. The more intellectual a poet permits himself to become, the more abstracted does he become, and removed from living life; the more severe, arid, and liable to the great poetical fault of falsity, the more prone to conceits, trickery of language, and the '*dulcia vitia*' which Quintilian lamented in the later Roman poets. It is a desolation to behold poetry made no more than 'a well-constructed language;' in which the care is less about facts than ideas, and, ultimately, less about ideas than about expressions. Yet this danger is constantly increasing, the more that poetry deserts God's ways for man's ways; the universe of facts, the vast region of the apparent, and the sort of truth which is apparent, for the intellectual process which abstracts, and, whilst it abstracts, cancels.

We come now to the final typical quality of Chaucer, 'the sense of beauty,' which is at once the sequence and the crown of all the others. Much has been said about the comparative claims of truth and of beauty upon the attention of the poet. We think that the following statement will commend itself to our readers. The greatest man will always seek for truth, independently of all other considerations. But the greatest man will for this very reason always be led eventually to beauty, because the highest truth is always beautiful, and, generally, beauty is that which gives value to truth. Now the preceding observations will have made it plain that Chaucer's primary aim

was truth; but the very appetite and instinct which led him to pursue truth brought him into the presence of beauty. And it is impossible to read him without being struck by the clear perfection of his sense and knowledge of what is truly beautiful. Everything that is well defined, sharply cut, strongly outlined, instantly comprehended; everything which has a distinctive use and office, which nothing else could in anywise fulfil,—everything of this kind is seized and loved by Chaucer as, so far forth, beautiful. The rule and law according to which a thing is beautiful is with him just this,—sharp definition, and prominent use or service. Under the former head would be included all clearly defined shapes, such as those of leaves and birds, of which he was the greatest lover ever known; all enclosed spaces, easily taken in by the eye, such as ‘sanded courts,’ ‘parks,’ and chambers, which he revels in describing; and the real features of the beauty of women, of which he knew more than any of the countless poets who have written about them.* Under the latter head comes all that man devises or constructs for his own use, which never fails of beauty and real satisfaction to the intellect. There is in Chaucer nothing of set and elaborate description, though much of recounting. His imagery is chosen in the way we have indicated; it is always definite, and always has some reference to human uses. For instance, he introduces a forest, in the *Assembly of Foules*. It is a celebrated passage, and Spenser has closely imitated it. Chaucer does not describe the mass of trees, with the blue shadows dwelling about the cones of their foliage, and the innumerable stems beneath, like colonnades leading into long-withdrawing glades: he never gives the effect of a mass; but he enumerates each of

* Take, for instance, the lady in the *Boke of the Duchesse* :—

‘ I saugh hir daunce so comely,
Carole and singe so swetely,
Langhe and pleye so womanly,
And loke so debonairly;
So goodely speke and so frendly;
That certes I trowe that evermore
Nas seen so blissful a tresore.
For every heer on hir hede
Sothe to seyne hit was not rede,
Ne nouthur yelow, ne browne hyt nas;
Methoughte most lyke golde hyt was.
And whiche eyen my lady hadde!
Debonaire, goode, glade and sadde,
Symple, of goode mochel, nought to wide,
Thereto hir looke was not asyde
Ne owerwert, but besette to wele,
It drew and tooke up every dele
All that on hir gan beholde,’ &c.

the kinds of trees in it, distinctly and severally, each with an epithet expressive of the use to which it can be put by man. Indeed, the assertion of the human prerogative in everything is as characteristic of him as it is of Homer. He never cares for the distant or vague. His trees, for example, are numerous, but not indefinite. This limitation seems to be a very admirable and healthy thing. It at least affords a rule to determine what is beautiful. If things are definite, they satisfy the intellect; we feel the action of some poetic rule of selection; and if things are subordinated to the wants of humanity, we feel a human interest and pleasure in them. There ought not to be such a thing in poetry as elaborate, unsubordinated description.

Here we leave Chaucer. We have seen his majestic countenance, full of brooding light; his long life and ceaseless energy. His influence for centuries was unbounded, and probably wider than even that of Shakspeare. He created a language and a method of versification, which was followed by the poets both of England and Scotland.* We have seen how exhaustless was his genius; how great his love and fixed his faith in human nature; how firm, and true, and fearless his dealing with all things. We have seen how much of this was owing to the age which nurtured and understood the poet. Also, we have not failed to see how different, strangely different, the condition of poetry in an essentially scientific age has now become. Instead of breadth we have height, instead of definiteness vagueness, instead of multitude mass, instead of simplicity complexity, instead of joy sorrow. It is as if the spirit of humanity, in seeking to work out its own objective existence, had lost the old instinctive knowledge of what was to be done and how to do it; and had started again with a wider problem and uncertain appliances. There is ever a dissatisfaction and sadness in modern poetry, a loss of the old simple joy and power of doing a thing at once and for ever. The course of poetry is in this analogous almost to that of philosophy. Philosophy has long ceased to inquire after the nature of happiness, and seeks more temperately, but more sadly, after that of duty. Her object is no longer *the good*, but *the right*. What is next?

* *Vide Aytonn's Ballads of Scotland*, Introduction.

ART. II.—*Wanderings in South Wales.* By THOMAS ROSCOE. 8vo. 1853.

OF the five rivers to which Plynlimmon—a mountain of nearly two thousand five hundred feet in height—gives birth, the most important is the Severn, the most beautiful the Wye. The name of the latter is, more correctly, the Gwy, that is, ‘the river;’ and the beauty of its picturesque course justifies this title of pre-eminence. It may be appropriately designated the British Rhine, though much shorter and narrower than the famous German river. This resemblance, indeed, impressed itself upon the mind of a distinguished foreigner, who, when making the tour of the Wye, expressed his astonishment that ‘so many Englishmen travel thousands of miles to fall into ecstasies at beauties of a very inferior order.’ *

Although it has rolled on so long, it was only about the middle of the last century that the Wye became much visited by tourists. To Dr. Egerton, then Rector of Ross, afterwards Bishop of Durham, was owing the early notoriety of this river. His chief delight was to invite his friends and connexions, many of whom were of high rank, to visit him at Ross, and to accompany him down—

‘Pleased Vaga echoing through its winding bounds.’

The well known Rev. William Gilpin, always in search of the picturesque, visited this river in 1770; and, though a pedant in art, and sometimes incorrect in his descriptions, he did good service by publishing an account of his tour. The same year, however, a greater than Gilpin, a true poet, and one whose exquisite sensibility of taste was cultivated to the highest point, wandered meditatively in this direction. In one of his graceful letters, Gray thus writes: ‘My last summer’s tour was through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very principal light and capital feature of my journey was the Wye, which I descended in a boat, for near forty miles, from Ross to Chepstow. Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties.’ From this verdict there is no appeal; and, had our fastidious but delighted critic taken a more deliberate survey of the ‘nameless beauties,’ his opinion would have been fully confirmed. Notwithstanding this commendation, some years elapsed from the period of the publication of Gray’s correspondence before more than a single boat was necessary for the

* *Tour of a German Prince.*

pleasure tourists down this river. Now boats abound, and competition descends to advertisements to secure passengers.

There is nothing to distinguish the commencement of this beautiful stream. For its first ten miles the surrounding country wears but little attractiveness, and is rather naked and dreary, with brown, peat-covered hills in the distance. But, for the next twelve miles, the scenery is more varied and interesting, the river being flanked by bold rocks, while it runs over an irregular declining bed in a succession of rapids. Yet it is only about Rhayader, a wild, wasted town, that the river begins to exhibit its most attractive borderings. Here, foaming over a ledge of rocks, it forms deep and dark pools, and then wears its way through white rocks into a more spacious and open bed. Now receiving two tributaries, it flows in romantic reaches for thirteen miles to Builth, or Bualth. At one point a huge rocky mass, named the Black Mountain, appears to fill up the entire vale, and to refuse all passage to the waters that nevertheless hasten heedlessly towards it. Just as they reach its foot, they turn northward, and, after opening a narrow passage, expand into a broad picturesque bay a little below Builth. Thence they roll on to Hay; on approaching which town the scenery is less wild, but, on leaving it, the waters divide the fertile plains of Herefordshire in slow and solemn measure. Sixty miles have thus been passed over from its source, and, having received several tributaries, it now wears the appearance of a great river, although its bed is broad and shallow, and no vessel sails upon it before it arrives at Hereford. At this ancient city we cannot pause, even to enter its old cathedral; for we are merely indicating the direction of the river, and therefore rapidly follow it as it runs away from the main road. The country between Hereford and Ross, though pronounced tame by Gilpin, is fairly marked by swelling hills, by hop-grounds, and by luxuriant orchards, from which last is derived the famous Herefordshire cider.

It is to Ross that the majority of Wye tourists resort for the purpose of commencing their acquaintance with the attractions of the river. As so few ascend higher than the town, the Upper Wye is almost unknown, except to patient pedestrians, and still more patient anglers. It is not so beautiful as that portion on which we now enter; but it is worth visiting. After leaving the town of Ross, the river forms the boundary between Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, and, so far, separates England from Wales. At the town of Ross, we for our part should never tarry longer than is necessary to trace the faint tracks of that worthy, the Man of Ross, whom Pope made famous by

his well known and charming lines. Here the visitor may walk over the town and around the church, and everywhere he will discover the application and propriety of the poet's allusions.

'Who hung with woods you mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale in shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.'

The lines following those cited are proved, by the facts of the case, to have been too highly charged with praise; and we notice that, in one of his letters, Pope confesses to having painted this portrait in colours too bright. He derived his information, not from personal research, but from a Catholic family in the neighbourhood whom he visited; and some points of personal history have come to light subsequently.

A few particulars of the Man of Ross will not be out of place. His real name was John Kyrle. In person he was rather tall and thin, but well proportioned. His features were regular and composed, with an aquiline nose, as we see in a portrait supposed to represent him perfectly. His usual dress was a plain suit of brown; and a wig in the fashion of his day. His mind was active, and his benevolence of heart unbounded. Planting and gardening were his favourite pursuits, and he had some taste in architecture. The 'Man of Ross's Walk' may be trodden still, and underneath tall trees planted by him Pope's poetic eulogy may be rehearsed. Having obtained a long lease of a field, since named 'The Prospect,' he laid out the ground advantageously, and, joined by respectable townsmen, constructed a fountain for the purpose of supplying the town with water. He 'hung with woods' the adjacent Clevefield's bank, opposite Wilton, and erected seats under the trees. Supposing the old spire of the church to be dangerously feeble, he convened a parish meeting, and caused about forty-seven feet of the spire to be taken down and rebuilt, himself daily inspecting the work, and contributing over and above his assessment towards its speedy completion. He added the pinnacles, and the great bell in the tower was his gift. Within the church is a pew called his own; and, most singular relic of all, two small trees, having their origin from the roots of a tree planted by Kyrle outside of the church, have risen up *within*, close to a window, and nearly overshadow one of the

pews. Their leaves are close neighbours to the panes of the window, and at the time we last saw them wore somewhat earlier autumnal tints than the leaves of the exterior trees. On the side of the church-green are the old Alms-houses, and in the town is the old new-faced house, near the market-place, where Kyrle resided : formerly it was used for an inn, and Coleridge, when tarrying there, wrote some agreeable lines commencing thus :—

‘ Richer than misers o’er their countless hoards,
Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross : O traveller, here
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.’

Physiologists affirm that the indulgence of benevolent feelings is promotive of health ; and it was so in the instance of John Kyrle, who died without pain in 1729, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. For nine days his body lay in state in his own house ; after which it was carried to the grave upon the shoulders of the poor, whose patron he had been during his life. Twenty years afterwards, when the church was newly pewed, it was resolved that the pew in which Kyrle sat should remain as it now does in its original state. When Pope wrote,—

‘ And what ! no monument, inscription, stone,—
His race, his form, his name almost unknown !’

the lines were literally true ; but in 1776 a lady of rank left money for a monument, and now a plain one, with a simple inscription, is erected in a suitable spot.

Considerable research has recently been made respecting John Kyrle’s pedigree, family, and habits. Some few of his letters have been discovered, and we have seen and perused one of these. They are all, however, on matters of business and uninteresting. He was very solicitous for the continuance of his name ; and by his will he determined that, in the event of the failure of male issue, the person marrying into the female line shall always take and use the name of Kyrle. Nor does his example of beneficence appear to have been fruitless ; for we see in a local publication a list of seven charities connected with the town of Ross, the principal of which is Baker’s charity, consisting of the interest of £26,666, left by James Baker to be distributed amongst poor parishioners of Ross not receiving parochial relief.

These particulars may interest the visitor of Ross, as he stands at the end of the Prospect Walk, and looks over the river, far-winding and almost forming a horseshoe curve, the broad swell of which rolls underneath his feet. Beyond there are luxuriant meadows, and the castles of Wilton and Bridstow, and

the dim outline of Welsh mountains. He may then descend to yonder stepping-stones upon the margin of the river, and embark in one of those long boats, bearing a framework for an awning, and ready to shoot along and around the curvatures of this meandering stream.

About four miles from Ross, the banks on either side of the river begin to rise into lofty precipices and wooded hills; and suddenly we descry the ancient Goodrich Castle, which stands on the summit of a bold promontory, towering up proudly in its decay, amidst flourishing and embowering trees. It is remarkably situated for effect, and presents from various points, near the river rolling lazily below, a very imposing appearance. In its original entireness this famed castle was nearly square, and covered a space of ground measuring forty-eight yards by fifty-two. It was defended at each angle by four large round towers, one of which formed an irregular heptagon. Through a perfect Gothic arch we are introduced into a spacious hall of fine proportions, now overgrown with ivy. Adjoining this is an area presenting the remains of a lofty square building, with circular arched windows in the Saxon style, and somewhat resembling Gundulph's tower at Rochester Castle. Ascending another embattled tower, as we best may, by the fragments of a stone staircase, we look down at a great depth upon the immense fosse or trench, which is twenty yards in breadth, and has been hewn out of a solid rock. A drawbridge once stood there, having two gates, with recesses between each, and evidently intended as places of safety for its guards, who, while there sheltered and unseen, could annoy an approaching enemy. During the times of the Civil War this was the scene of desperate contentions. It was the last castle, with the exception of Pendennis, which held out for the King. It suffered severely from the mortar pieces during the siege, and from the grenadoes and the 'great iron culverin' of the assailants. In the month of March, 1647, it was ordered by the Parliament that 'Goodrich Castle should be totally disgarrisoned and slighted.' 'Slighted,' or destroyed, it accordingly was, as far as hands could effect the destruction of so massive a pile. Enough, however, remains to be picturesque and suggestive.

Opposite to the old is the new Castle, erected in 1828, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, and named 'Goodrich Court.' It contains a valuable collection of ancient armour formed by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, an eminent authority upon that subject. They, however, who have seen the armour preserved in the Tower of London will not be moved to wonder by this smaller collection, although some few suits in Goodrich Court are not to be matched in the Tower. A more remarkable pos-

session is the series of beautiful sculptures in ivory, which originally belonged to the late Mr. Douce, and which comprises examples of early date and great interest. Amongst them may be observed curious caskets, diptychs, and a remarkable set of sculptured Paternosters, together with a singular head of a crosier sculptured in the style of the early Irish artists of the twelfth century. One specimen of recent date, but spirited execution, represents Orator Henley delivering a funeral sermon on Colonel Charteris.

The architecture of the exterior of this building embraces specimens of the styles which prevailed in the reign of the first three Edwards, the whole being designed as a complete representation of a feudal fortress. Its situation has been well chosen, and the result is that we have upon two opposite promontories the Present with all its imitative perfection, and the Past with all its ponderous decay. For some time after quitting these two promontories, the old castle peeps forth from its cincture of foliage; for the river now makes a complete horseshoe curve of seven miles, beginning at the village of Goodrich as one corner, and ending at Huntsham Ferry as the other; so that, after being rowed some distance away from this castle, we find ourselves again apparently approaching it. But before reaching Huntsham Ferry we pass between banks comprising what we regard as being the finest scenery on the Wye. About two miles below the little village of Welsh Bicknor, situated in Gloucestershire, on the left bank of the river, we arrive by land at another village, named English Bicknor; and soon afterwards we stand upon the summit of the bold and jutting rocks of Coldwell, and gaze upon the slow stream creeping around their base. If, standing upon the banks of the river itself, which here forms a little bay, we look up at the rocks, we certainly gain a fuller acquaintance with them, and appreciate their beauties more highly. Gilpin calls this 'the first grand scene on the Wye,' and in truth it is so, and perhaps what some may consider the only *grand* scene, taking in connexion with it the immediate neighbourhood. Broken rocks of considerable height—so broken as to seem piled upon each other in separate segments, and so prominent as to appear to be planted there for effect by the hands of giants—rise up abruptly from the water, clothed half-way with verdure, and then, as if scorning concealment, starting forth from the embowering foliage, they present variety and beauty in a limited compass. Here the delighted tourist may rest, standing upon the most prominent rock of all, named Symmond's Gate, (locally, 'Yat,') which rears itself to a height of about eight hundred feet, and almost exactly realizes the description of Virgil:—

*'Stabat acuta Silix, præcis undique saxis,
Speluncæ dorso insurgens, altissima visu :
Dirarum nidis domus opportuna volucrum.'*—Æn. viii. 283.

There is no finer promontory than this upon the entire river, especially when viewed from below, and no finer prospect than is seen from it above. From the summit of this natural pinnacle we catch not only the ample sweep of the river itself, but also fine landward prospects over Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, and here also we take a parting look at the dimly descried tower of Goodrich. Equally fine views, and some finer in relation to extent, may be obtained from the opposite side of the river. A tourist tarrying at the little inn opposite, 'the Symmond's Yat Inn,' or at Whitchurch, would be rewarded by the discovery of most richly varied walks over the Great Doward Hill, stretching along at pleasure through woods and thickets, which ever and anon open upon long reaches of the winding river, and at last arriving at the hill known as the Little Doward, and crowned with the remains of an ancient encampment. Or, if unshackled by weighty luggage, and unfettered by the necessity of returning to his boat, he might follow the banks of the river itself, under the shelter of the jutting crags; halting here and there to gaze admiringly upward at some overhanging mass apparently just in act to leap down, or only held back by twining branches of rude ivy, or gnarled roots of short but tough oak; or else at some projecting piece of pillar-like stone, bearing upon its summit a slim adventurous ash, so light and graceful that one might wonder at its position of pre-eminence, and doubt its permanence. Nearer to his own level the pedestrian would perceive long, trailing, creeping plants, and descending festoons of ivy, and so he might proceed all the pathway to Monmouth, advancing from bold, abrupt, and rocky battlements to time-worn obelisks; from strong towers and mighty breastworks and bastions, to gentler declivities and pastoral scenes, with cattle straying over green ledges that stretch along the river-side, and meadows shelving here and there down to its very margin.

The town of Monmouth is richer in historical memorials than in historical monuments. Its native historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, is more credulous than credit-worthy; but its boast is King Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, and of one of Shakspeare's best historic plays. So much for its memories: its monuments are its Castle, which is hardly worth a visit, its Priory, and particularly the Monnow Bridge, by far the most interesting remnant of antiquity in the town. The inhabitants and sundry guide-books make their boast of the prospect from the

Kymin Hill, and of the wide extent of country included, as well as of a rocking-stone. The tourist of limited travelling experience may enjoy and highly esteem these, but they may be omitted without great loss. Not so the Castle of Raglan,—which, though not standing near the river, forms an essential feature of the Wye tour. It is confessedly one of the most picturesque of ruinous castellated mansions, and stands upon a piece of ground which measures within the castle walls, as an old map shows, no less than four acres, two roods, and one perch. Thus it would have filled the area of the enclosed grounds within some large modern town squares.

Some years since, we remember, a special conveyance from Monmouth was necessary to reach Raglan. Now a railway nearly connects them, and conveys us to within a mile of the village, where nocturnal accommodation is not always abundant, as we found upon the occasion of our last visit, when a pair of thorough rustics had by preceding us a few minutes secured the only remaining beds. It was only by a diplomatic manoeuvre worthy of a greater cause, that we obtained that questionable boon, a bed in a double-bedded room. Mutual suspicions between the stranger tenants of the room were dispelled by a little social attention, and we were at length honoured with our companion's confidence to such an extent that he consulted us upon two momentous points,—his projected marriage and intended emigration. His visit to Raglan was preliminary to one to New Zealand. For ourselves, we had resolved upon a solitary moonlight visit to the ruins of Raglan. To baffle the guide, to avoid our now too faithful companion, and to obtain an entrance without unlocking the gates, were no slight obstacles. Towards the Castle, however, we went alone. The shades of night were upon us. The moon had not yet risen, but the comet had, and was spreading its tail in long and luminous beauty nearly over the Castle, as if signalizing it with mysterious augury. We arrived at the outer gate of the railed-off castle precincts. It was evident that no agility of limbs would enable us to gain a safe entrance that way, and as to getting round to the back of the building, and trying there, we might as well have attempted to get to the back of Jericho. Was the whole inaccessible? Surely that large ancient house on the right hand of the Castle, now occupied as a farmhouse, had some way of entrance into the main building. Notwithstanding the threatening bark of a defiant dog we crossed the garden and knocked at the old door. Louder and louder did the clamorous defiance of the watchful quadruped sound through garden and hall; but now a light at the chequered window flings its radiance

across the gloom. We knock again, prefer an humble petition, explain our romantic tastes, melancholy moods, and quiet habits, and assure the reluctant inmate that if we can but find entrance into the Castle, unattended, we shall consider it a marked favour, shall quietly roam in the safest parts, and shall commit no greater sin at the worst than composing half-a-dozen verses, a copy of which we will leave at the farm. A few other persuasive arguments were employed, and the stubborn 'no' gradually became converted into a friendly acquiescence.

Once within the space of the four acres, called 'the Castle grounds,' we are free to advance, or stand, or climb, or fall, as we please. Advance quickly we cannot without risk; for the moon has but recently risen, and even now is doing penance behind sheeted clouds, for having too boldly bared her silvery beauty for a few minutes. The ruins are particularly intricate, and we must sit on this long wooden seat until a gentle beam becomes a partial guide. It shines, and now full before us rise round towers, massive and mantled with nodding foliage. The whole exterior frontage now begins to re-shape itself in our mind, and to appear as it did when we visited it a dozen years before by broad daylight. There is one portcullis gateway and the principal entrance. We enter, and are within what was originally named the Pitched (*i. e.*, paved) Stone Court, one hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-eight broad. An exquisitely softening ray of half-doubting light now slants down through the rents in the thick walls, and partially manifests the vast court around us. From the elegance of the window-frames now remaining in part on each side, this court appears to have been bounded by the principal rooms in the Castle and by the Kitchen Tower on the eastern and western sides; the Stately Hall and the rooms for offices of the household lying on the north and south. By far the most beautiful of the windows is the bow of the Stately Hall, standing on our left as we enter the court. Within the beam now playing upon it, we observe that it forms half a hexagon several yards high, with stone montems and transoms in proportion. No glass is in it now, but its top is crowned with ivy, which bends down in graceful negligence, and overhangs it like a natural curtain of dark but appropriate drapery. No artificial hanging there, however richly embroidered, would be so attractive. Passing round by an open gap into the Stately Hall, or Hall of State, we stand within the bow of the window, and look back into the Pitched Court we have just left, and observe its ample dimensions, shading off into undefined bounds, and looming larger than in full daylight, as so much is now left to imagination.

Returning to the scene by sober daylight, we are no longer

under the dominion of fancy ; for the bright rays of an unclouded sun have chased every shadow far away, and have brought to full view every recess and corner of the chambers so confused and intricate in the half-lit gloom of last night. Our early feet brush away the plentiful dews as we enter the grass-grown precincts, and gaze upon a multitude of objects and points of interest from battlement to base, from ivy-crowned summit to fallen fragment ; each and all suggestive of the former grandeur of the perfect mansion, and of inhabitants once pacing its floors as we do now, once listening in the early morning to the joyous lays of birds, once habited in colours as gay as those of the now fast-changing leaves upon the surrounding trees, but now lying as those leaves will soon lie, decaying on the all-receiving Earth. Truly, ' we do all fade as a leaf.'

The castle itself, too, is in its autumn of time, and in its autumnal hue of appearance. As nature herself displays a beauty peculiar to autumn, so, too, do buildings like the one before us in their season of decay ; and, perhaps, the contemplation of beauty in decay awakens a deeper sentiment in man's breast, a pleasing melancholy which we might be unwilling to exchange even for the more exciting spectacle of beauty in perfection and splendour. Although, in perambulating these roofless and voiceless halls, we must everywhere resort to inference and conjecture for the restoration of their early completeness to the mind's eye, and although we must continually lament the ruthless assaults of Parliamentary besiegers, and of time, the most ruthless of all besiegers ; yet it is questionable whether at any period Raglan Castle has presented such claims to artistic attention, or so many and varied charms, as at this day. What it was in its early entireness, an old poet thus quaintly sings :—

' A famous castle fine

That, Raglan hight, stands almost moated round ;—
Made of freestone, upright, and straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beauty doth abound,
With curious knots all wrought with edged tool ;
The stately tower that overlooks the pool,
The fountain trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in show a rare and curious sight.'

It must, indeed, have been ' a rare and curious sight ;' and yet is it not so now ? Can we not trace out by careful study how it must have been, as has been said, ' a masterpiece of design and execution ?' Surely we can, and that without let or hindrance. Had the old marquis been here at this hour, we should not have been standing where we are unchallenged. The gates would have been closed, the portcullis would have been down, the

warder upon the battlements or the tower, the armed retainers marching round, the smoke ascending from the wide chimneys, and the whole building firmly barred and guarded. But now, there is not a chamber, or a vault, or recess that we cannot enter; not a tower we cannot ascend, if we will but climb daringly enough; not a window through which we cannot gaze, nor a step upon which we cannot place our foot; not a walk by moat or mound, or tree or tower, which we cannot perambulate fearless of sudden capture and consignment to the depths of yonder dark dungeons. If there be only ruins around, there is liberty; let us avail ourselves of it to explore, and in imagination restore, this majestic mansion of the olden time.

Beginning at the grand entrance, there are three pentagonal towers, all crested with battlements; and though their shattered fronts present frequent marks of the leaguers' cannon, although, too, within the walls we shall handle a cannon ball which once came whistling against them, yet these portions of the building are less defaced than others, and are now shielded by the thickly wreathing ivy which twines amidst the stray stones and stately towers, as if to weave them together and to prevent further dilapidation. Looking up under the grand gateway, we perceive broad grooves for a pair of portcullises. The two grand pentagonal towers, between which these portcullises descended, were probably appropriated as the quarters of the inferior officers of the castle, while barrack-rooms for the garrison were immediately behind. Adjoining the two principal towers was a third or closet tower, and on the left side the officers' apartments, which were demolished at or immediately after the siege. Halting still for a minute between the entrance archway, we see how smooth the grooves are worn by the action of the portcullises, and how almost impossible it was to gain entrance this way when these were down, and the numerous adjacent guardians on the alert. Though all should be open, one minute would suffice, at one word, to make the whole an impassable barrier.

Advancing into the pitched court, we behold the scene of our nocturnal sojourn in broad sunlight. The buildings on the north side were destroyed during the great siege, while a breach through the east wall hastened the capitulation. At the western end we obtain an imposing view of the architecture of the south side, so peculiarly picturesque, with all its scars and disjointed stones, and so richly hung with a natural tapestry of evergreens. Through these we descry the window of the Great Hall in its grand proportions, the rigid shafts of stone beautifully contrasting with the creeping pliancy of the ivy and the clematis. The whole area of another huge pentagonal tower is occupied by

the great kitchen, and from this a passage leads across the pitched court to the buttery, and thence again to the common hall or parlour; an apartment nearly fifty feet long, and communicating by three contiguous openings with the Great Hall. This lies between the pitched court and the chapel, and occupies nearly the whole space between the dining-hall and the officers' tower at the entrance.

The Baronial Hall, measuring sixty-six feet by twenty-eight, occupies the space between the two inner courts running parallel with the chapel. Here is the great bay-window, in the shadow of which we stood last night, and through which the moonbeams struggled so faintly, and yet so fairly, that it seemed to us the most enchanting of all the objects around us. Even in broad daylight it is attractive by its elegant proportions, and more so by the associations which it suggests. How many fair ladies and feudal lords have from time to time trodden here, as we do now! They, however, when richly coloured glass filled many a present vacancy, and when emblazoned panes displayed the arms of the noble inmates of the mansion. Now the only trace of the arms of the Worcester family is to be seen above our heads on yonder carved stone in the eastern wall, and in the cypher worked in the brick over the fire-place on the left,—that fire-place itself, how capacious, how suitable, in its dimensions and broad arched head, for a time when blocks of oak wood and pitchy pine hissed, and crackled, and blazed up from the broad burning hearth!

Here, too, last night, we looked upward at the stars, once shut out by a thick roof of Irish oak, famous among the ornaments of the castle; for it was elaborately carved, neatly adjusted, part to part, and so ingeniously framed and fastened together, that the entire fabric seemed as if it had been chiselled and shaped out of a solid block. Withal it was so lofty, high, and airy, that it rather appeared to be suspended from the clouds, than supported by the massive walls which it sheltered and adorned. In its centre was a Gothic *louvre* of stained glass, through which the descending light became clouded, and shone upon the arms, dresses, and varied accoutrements of the guests below in rainbow hues. Brave gentlemen and fair ladies not only walked in light, but also in changeful colours, beneath this ornament. The chapel shows nothing to delay us, unless we stand a moment and call up before our eyes and ears the splendidly furnished altar, the stoled priest, the assembled household by way of congregation, and the strains of hymn and fumes of kindled incense; all passed away, like the smoke that curled upward from the silver censer; not one sacred symbol remains, unless one be found in the two rude stone figures peeping out of the

wall above at an inaccessible height. But passing through these once consecrated precincts with heretical and hasty steps, we enter upon the Fountain Court, so named from its conspicuous ornament, an equestrian statue of white marble, raised upon a lofty pedestal, and embellished with 'fountain trim that ran both day and night.' The water supplying this fountain was conducted at a great expense from the surrounding heights, and was also conveyed to the fish-ponds. The water-pipes were long ago ploughed up in the field adjoining the Castle, and the fountain is entirely a traditionary ornament; for statue, marble, and pedestal, even to their very fragments, have disappeared from the court.

Proceeding to the south-west tower, we come upon the now desolate chamber once occupied by no less a person than the King of England, after the battle of Naseby. So dilapidated is this part that it is difficult to enter, nor can it be easily approached; as if the very memory of its royal tenant were to perish utterly. When the position is gained, we discover in the outer wall of this King's chamber a tunnel like a chimney communicating with the outer rampart; designed, probably, as a secret way of escape for the unhappy Sovereign, in case he should be surprised in the chamber; for he might readily have been lowered in a basket down this passage. Had he possessed a similar resource in Carisbrooke Castle, he might have eluded his enemies; but the difference between the two castles was this,—at Carisbrooke the King was a prisoner, at Raglan he was a guest; at Carisbrooke every man was a spy upon him, here every man, from noble master to menial servant, was his friend and helper, and not one of them all but would have gladly expended his life-blood to defend his Monarch.

An elegant stone window frame in these apartments is of special interest; for it is thought that out of this very window the King himself often looked abroad, doubtless regarding with a chastened pleasure the rich and beautiful landscape. To this day the visitor can gaze upon broad green fields, hill and vale, hamlet and stream, village and farm and church, as the King himself once gazed. We may pause in this recess. Here we can readily imagine the moody Monarch sitting at the hour of sunset, and from hence at night departing in his accustomed manner along the gallery to his bed-chamber, followed by his faithful servant, Sir Thomas Herbert, and preceded by a torch-bearer to his vaulted room, containing two beds. Of these, one is for the King, the other for his page. On the table at the King's right hand stands a little silver bell, with which he can arouse his attendant, if desired. In a corner stands a silver basin holding a watch-light, divided by marks into lengths of time,

and burning glimmeringly to the morning light. The King's two watches (for he carried two) are laid upon a low stool near his bed, while in the ante-chamber Sir Thomas Herbert reposes. We leave the servant to his slumbers, and the King to his dreams.

The most famous portion of this once celebrated mansion was the Great Citadel Tower, otherwise the Yellow Tower, or Tower of Gwent. Let us examine it in detail. Now, alas ! it is but a mass of masonic ruins ; formerly it was the dungeon of the fortress. It had six broad sides, each side being twenty-two feet wide and ten feet thick. Five stories, all built of squared stone, symmetrical and completely set, rose one above the other in the most orderly masonry, and the mortar is now harder than the stones themselves. It communicated with other buildings by means of an elegant bridge, with six arched and embattled turrets : adjoining these was a deep moat twenty feet broad, supplied by a clear running stream, from which an hydraulic apparatus cast up columns of water as high as the battlements ; and of this apparatus more, in particular, anon. During the siege, the battlements themselves, being of light construction, were soon demolished ; yet the body of the tower resisted the great guns of Fairfax, as the great round tower of Sebastopol resisted those of the allied armies. But after the deliverance of the Castle to Fairfax, the top of this vast mass of masonry was battered with pickaxes, not, however, with great effect. It was then undermined, and the weighty stones were propped up with timber while the other six sides were cut through. The timber being burnt, it fell down in charred lumps. The battlements once so rudely assailed by pickaxes, are now clustered with friendly ivy, which seems to be growing with the purpose of hiding the past misdeeds of the enemies, and veiling the demolitions of foes with thick and perpetual verdure.

A sunken walk, which begins near the base of this tower, and winds along the edge of the moat round the Castle, though now we cannot complete the round, was originally a favourite promenade of the resident family and their guests. It was adorned with occasional retiring-places, grottoes and shell-work, and statues and busts of the Cæsars. So adorned and shaded by umbrageous trees, which kept it cool in summer, and dry in winter, this promenade must have been most delightful. Though dangerous by moonlight, and difficult to trace, it forms one of the best spots for viewing the grand outline of that side of the Castle, and the imposing masses of the ruined citadel. Close above this walk was the bowling-green, higher than the walk itself by twelve feet, and here and there dotted with *parterres* of flowers and with bowers of evergreen. We know that Charles I. took

special delight in playing games upon this bowling-green, which, being two hundred and sixty feet long, and seventy-seven broad, afforded ample space for the bowlers. It should be noticed that the large space lying at the south-west corner of the Great Terrace, on the south front of the Castle, which guides sometimes call the bowling-green, is erroneously so styled; for the remains of a parapet show that this space was used for a bastion when the castle was converted into a garrison.

We now return to the hydraulic apparatus to which we referred above, and to a most interesting tradition connected with it. Close under the walls of the keep of the Castle, where the draw-bridge rose, and where we may now cross a rustic bridge that spans the moat, the Lord Herbert, second Marquis of Worcester, placed, as we have reason to believe, *the first steam-engine*. Here, during his father's lifetime, the noble inventor carried on his first experiments relating to the power and uses of steam; and it is highly probable that he here constructed that model of his invention which he desired might be committed with him to the tomb in his coffin. This being admitted, upon what other spot in our land can we stand so richly fraught with interesting associations, and so marked by curious contrasts and anticipated results in time to come? First, listen to the terms in which the inventive lord announces his discovery. 'This admirable method which I propose of raising water by the force of fire has no bounds, if the vessels be strong enough; for I have taken a cannon, and having filled it three-fourths full of water, and shut up its muzzle and touch-hole, and exposed it to the fire for twenty-four hours, it burst with a great explosion. Having afterwards discovered a method of fortifying vessels internally, and combined them in such a way that they filled and acted alternately, I have made the water spout in an uninterrupted stream forty feet high; and one vessel of rarified water raised forty of cold water; and the person who conducted the operations had nothing to do but to turn two cocks, so that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force, and then to fill itself with cold water, and so on in succession.'* Such are the simple but pregnant words which in brief contain the principle of the steam-engine; and as, after the capture of the Castle, there would have been little leisure and few opportunities for the Lord Herbert's experiments, it is in the highest degree probable that it was at this very spot that the first steam-engine was used. How magniloquently the noble inventor could boast of it may be judged from one sentence: 'By Divine Providence and heavenly

* From No. 68 of the *Century of Inventions*, a little volume published in 1603.

inspiration, this is my stupendous water-commanding engine, boundless for height and quantity.' No remains of it are now to be found, nor any indications of it, though it must have been costly and large. But in these traditionary water-works we recognise the true steam-engine in its essential parts and primitive simplicity as applied to pumping and raising water.

Beyond these associations, the greatest interest of this castellated mansion is connected with Henry Earl and Marquis of Worcester,—who was generally reputed, as Clarendon observes, 'the greatest moneyed man in the kingdom,'—and the siege sustained during the period of his habitation within the walls. At this time he was the head of the household and of his family. We find nothing but brief allusions to him in any book except the *Apophthegms*, by Dr. Baily. The way in which the doctor became acquainted with the Marquis was as follows. Meeting with the Marquis at the beginning of the war, he acquainted that nobleman with the approach of some Parliamentary forces, and the imminent danger was guarded against. In consequence of this, the peer cherished so great a regard for the doctor, that he took him to the Castle, where he continued until the King's coming and during the siege, remaining also with the Marquis after he quitted the Castle until his death. The Marquis drew from the doctor a solemn engagement, 'never to leave him so long as they both should live,' which, says he, 'I was so careful to observe, that I never left him in life nor death, fair weather nor foul, until such time as he bid me; and I laid him under the ground in Windsor Castle, in the sepulchre of his fathers. And it was a strange thing that during the time that I was thus bond-servant to his lordship, which was for the space of twelve months twice told, the difference in religion never wrought the least difference in his disposal of trusts of the highest nature upon me; but his speeches often showed his heart, and his often lending me his ear, that they were both as much mine as any man's, of which, it seems, his Majesty being informed, I must be the beetle-head that must drive this wedge into the royal stock.' We shall see more of the excellent character of the head of this house as we proceed with the story of the siege and final surrender of the Castle. And now, for a moment, we pass on to another noble personage, the Lord Herbert, son of the Marquis, but best and most favourably known as the inventor of the steam-engine. He was an inmate of the Castle previously to the siege, but not, apparently, during its progress. He was no less devoted to his Majesty than to his machine. 'King and steam-engine' might have been his motto. Yet he little imagined that while he was expending his energies and

resources to uphold an irresponsible monarchy, he was the depository of a power which would prove itself mightier than monarchs,—a power which, in due time, should liberate and elevate an oppressed people, and bestow upon them benefits vastly greater than ever issued from throne and sceptre. This same mechanical genius was a brave and successful soldier, and commanded a body of 500 cavalry and 1,500 infantry, which had been raised by his liberal father at the cost of £ 60,000, an enormous sum for that period.* With this army Lord Herbert performed the brilliant exploit of capturing the town of Monmouth. But this imposing force became a mere ‘mushroom army,’ well nigh perishing in the night in which it grew up, at a place called the Vineyard, near Gloucester, where it was encountered by Waller at an hour when no danger was apprehended, and when, therefore, a fearful panic seized the whole mass, who fled, and left Waller in possession of the field. No severer blow than this fell upon the royal cause, and the vexation and loss to the noble Marquis were almost indescribable. Therefore the last hopes of the royal party in these parts was the Castle of Raglan itself; and in its successful defence all the anxieties of the family centred. Accordingly it was garrisoned with eight hundred men, commanded by several distinguished officers, and provided with necessaries for a vigorous and protracted resistance. At the head of all these was the Marquis himself, then nearly four-score years old, but hale, quick-witted, and self-possessed.

Early in the spring of 1646 it was resolved by the Parliament that this famous Castle should be taken and dismantled without loss of time. As it was the last stronghold of royalty, so it was the chief dread and dislike of the Parliament. It was, therefore, invested by Glenham and Sir Trevor Williams, and the first summons to surrender was forthwith sent to the noble inmates. We may conceive how such a summons would be received by so many noble and brave defenders.

They protracted the siege for some months, nor do the first attacks of the enemy appear to have produced much effect upon the strong building. Doubtless many interesting events must have occurred during this anxious period; but we can discover no records of them, excepting two incidents which Dr. Bailly narrates, and which are singular indeed.

During the siege, a musket-ball came in at the window of the

* ‘I have heard Lord Herbert say,’ says Clarendon, ‘that these preparations and the others which by this defeat were rendered useless, cost above three-score thousand pounds, the greater part of which was advanced by his father.’ This large sum, however, probably includes other expenses, perhaps those for garrisoning Raglan itself.

withdrawing-room in which the Marquis was wont to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinner and supper. The ball glanced upon a little marble pillar near the window, and thence to the side of the head of the Marquis, after which it fell down flattened upon the table. It had, however, broken the marble pillar, and made so much noise in doing so that the Countess of Glamorgan, who was standing at the window, ran away, 'screaming as if the house had fallen down upon her.' Finding that she was more afraid than injured, she was pleased to acknowledge to the company and to her father her fears to be foolish. 'Daughter,' said the Marquis, 'you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.' Then turning to the gentlemen present, he added,—'Gentlemen, those who had a mind to flatter me, used to tell me that I had a good head-piece in my younger days; but if I do not flatter myself, I think I have a good head-piece in my old age, or else it would not have been musket-proof.'

The chaplain himself had a similar but even more remarkable escape. He was looking out of a window of the Castle upon the besiegers at their work, and, while standing at the window, there came a musket-ball directed against him. It struck upon the edge of the iron bar of the window, which thereby parted the bullet into two pieces; one piece of the bullet flew on the one side, and the other piece on the other side, while the rash gazer remained unharmed between them. Upon being informed thereof, the Marquis inquired at what window Dr. Bailly was standing; being certified, he answered, 'The window of that chamber is cross-barred, and you will never believe me how safe it is to stand before the cross when you face an enemy.' The besiegers were still unsuccessful until the month of June; but early in this month they were reinforced by a strong body of troops from the city of Worcester. Strange that the city bearing the name of the Marquis should contribute to his assailants! These troops were under Colonel Morgan, who received instructions to hasten the siege operations by all the means at his disposal. Now the closely invested garrison made several desperate sallies, in one of which they slew an officer of Morgan's, and seized a stand of colours. But, after the surrender of Oxford, Morgan received another strong enforcement, and redoubled his zeal. The spirit with which attack and defence were now conducted was probably strengthened by the letters which passed between Morgan and the Marquis, offering and rejecting terms of capitulation. The Parliament waxed indignant at the protracted resistance of the soldiers of Raglan, and despatched Fairfax with orders to take the Castle at all hazards. He opened a new approach on the

14th of August, which was carried forward so rapidly, that the engineer threw up approaches of nearly a hundred yards in circuit, making exact running trenches, as secure as if they were works against a town, and reaching to within sixty yards of the works of defence. It was now that the spirited old nobleman saw and felt that his defence was hopeless: deprecating otherwise inevitable slaughter, outrageous plunder, and destruction, he sent on the 15th of the month a message to Fairfax, intimating his desire to treat upon the general's propositions. The letters that passed previously are preserved, and show how unwilling and gradual was the Marquis's concession. But now the treating place was fixed at Mr. Oates's house, about a mile and a half from Raglan, and on the 17th the treaty was concluded, consisting of six fair and moderate articles; the second being remarkable, and probably conceded to the entreaties of the Marquis, viz., 'that on the 19th inst. the officers, gentlemen, and soldiers of the garrison, with all other persons present therein, shall march out of the said garrison with their horses and arms, with colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, bullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder, match and bullet proportionable, and bag and baggage, to any place within ten miles of the garrison which the governor shall nominate.'

Accordingly, on the 19th day of August, the double portcullises were hoisted, the gates were flung open, and forth issued the procession of the unfortunate but still loyal defenders of the surrendered Castle. Melancholy would that spectacle be to any spectator admiring the fidelity and true courage of the loyalists. However deeply he might despise the King himself, it was impossible that he should not respect his devoted, though defeated, adherents. The order of evacuation was this:—

First comes the Marquis himself, now eighty-three years of age, and the father of thirteen children; he walks with feeble step and dejected mien, but evidently endeavouring to bear up with high soul against inevitable misfortune. He is followed by the Lord Charley, his sixth son, who afterwards died a canon at Cambray, in French Flanders. Next appears a fair, somewhat matronly dame, the Countess of Glamorgan, wife of the eldest son of the Marquis, the inventor of the steam-engine, and who succeeded to his father's honours. He himself is now absent, as before explained. Another female follows,—Lady Jones, the wife of Sir Philip Jones, who for safety had retired from his own house to the Castle. She is succeeded by the chaplain, Dr. Bailly, the collector and publisher of the apophthegms of the Marquis; and after him comes Commissary

Gwilym, probably a relative of the Whitchurch family. Now appear four colonels, eighty-two captains, sixteen lieutenants, six cornets, four ensigns, four quartermasters, and fifty-two esquires and gentlemen. This was the rear of the procession in chief, as it moved out of the castle gate, and entered upon the common road-way. It must have been swelled by common soldiers and servants, but of these we know nothing.*

Such was the exit of the Marquis from his magnificent mansion, which, with the affected humility of those days, he had in one of his letters to Fairfax called, 'my poor cottage at Raglan.'

To the lasting discredit of the Parliament, who were probably overborne in this instance by violent men, it was pretended that the Marquis had in some way violated his treaty with Fairfax, on which accusation he was committed to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod; yet he retained his loyalty to the end, and hoped to see the downfall of his enemies. 'I do believe,' said he, when speaking of the ruling party, 'that they are so near unto their end, that, as weak as I am, there is physick to be had, if a man could find it, to prolong my days that I might outlive their honours.' When it was told to his lordship not long before he died, that leave was obtained of the Parliament that he might be buried in Windsor Castle, within the great chapel, and wherein divers of his ancestors lay buried, he exclaimed with some reviving sprightliness,—'God bless us all, why, then I shall take a better castle when I am dead, than they took from me whilst I was alive.'

Who will deny that this was a true man, and a true hero, despite his obstinate defence of irresponsible monarchy, and his obstinate adherence to Popery? Yet, we are disposed to conclude, from a full perusal of the *Apophthegms*, and a glance at the *Certamen Religiosum*,† that the Marquis was comparatively an

* There can be no ground for supposing, as a recent writer has done, that the inmates were 'on the verge of famine.' On the contrary, there is a record, that there were delivered up with the castle not only twenty pieces of ordnance, three barrels of powder, and a mill with which they could make a barrel a day, but also great store of corn and malt, wine of all sorts, and beer. The horses, indeed, might have been on the verge of famine; for they were few, and those few almost starved for want of hay; so that 'they had like to have eaten one another for want of meat, and therefore were tied with chains.' 'There were also great stores of goods and rich furniture in the Castle, which Fairfax committed to the care and custody of Mr. Herbert, commissary of the army (and to others) to be inventoried; and that in case any of the county should make a just claim to any of them, as having been violently taken from them, or they compelled to bring them in thither, they should have them restored.' This fully proves the right feeling of Fairfax.

† The full title of this book is, *Certamen Religiosum: or, a Conference between King Charles the First and Henry, late Marquis of Worcester, concerning Religion, in Raglan Castle, 1646*. Virulent criticisms were made upon this work, and Bailly was

enlightened Papist, and certainly would not have counted for an Ultramontane. To his honour he entertained Dr. Baily, though a Protestant; and though the latter is somewhat of a panegyrist, yet what he says has an air of verisimilitude which begets belief. Though the Marquis was very rich, he was very liberal; and when one remarked to him at Raglan, that for his faithful adherence to the loyal cause, and ungrudging liberality on its behalf, he might expect and claim to be made a Duke, his answer was,—‘When I was a Lord, I had one hundred thousand pounds more than I have now I am a Marquis; and I had rather not be made a Duke, seeing that, after the same rate, I shall then have nothing at all!’

In taking leave of Raglan Castle, we turn and gaze once more upon that imposing mass of ruins with reverence, and a kind of melancholy fondness. What scenes have been enacted within its walls! What conceptions and imaginations have passed through the minds of those who once dwelt there! What grandeur has flitted away from it like the shadow of evening! What splendour has been rudely removed by time, like the dewdrops our late and early feet have brushed away! Looking only at its outside, what labour and what treasure must have been expended in the construction of those massive towers and thick walls! The stones, how fair, and how well-fitted! No quarry in the neighbourhood supplied them; for they are of a different colour and character from the surrounding stones. The facing stones are all laid with geometrical accuracy, and in many places are so perfect and uninjured, that the scaffolding might be supposed to be recently removed.

The outworks, too, of this castellated mansion must have been very extensive, though all traces of them have disappeared; for what would lawns, slopes, and bowling-greens be to those plain and unsentimental farmers who occupied the ground, and put in the ruthless plough, and dragged the obliterating harrow, where royal and noble feet had once trod? Then there was a park attached, which is supposed to have spread over ground now divided into ten estates or farms; and we know that there were two keepers of the home park, and two of the red deer park.

Returning to the banks of the Wye, we find its course between Monmouth and Chepstow to be varied and ever

accused of having substituted his own fictions for the truth. Certain writers declare that the conference had nothing of the King's style in it, and amongst these was Heylin, whom Baily roundly abused in return. It certainly wears the appearance of a got-up book, in which the Popish argument is dexterously made to appear the better one. There may, however, have been some foundation of fact in the conference, though there can be little ground for supposing that this was a faithful account of it.

pleasing. Soon after quitting Monmouth, it flows on through less interesting lands than before; but though it is now only here and there imposing, it is never dull and unattractive. What teeming orchards, with over-abounding apples, did we pass last autumn in this district! The villages are numerous and pretty; especially the neat and quiet village of Brookweir. Here the stranger should take up his quarters, and proceed in the early morning towards Tintern Abbey. After emerging from a hill-side thicket-path, we begin to descend a hill towards the Wye, and then first obtain a view, and one of the best views, of the exterior of this celebrated ecclesiastical ruin. As we approach the ferry-boat station, we mark how the river flows round the walls on the northern and eastern sides of the building, so far isolating it; while the surrounding grounds are covered with fruit trees, bearing abundant crops of pears, apples, and cherries, in their respective seasons. Stationing ourselves a little higher than the ferry, we behold the ruined abbey church in all its length, and trace its cruciform structure. This station has been selected by a faithful artist for the delineation of the beautiful ruin in a water-colour picture, which now hangs before us, and which completely brings back the view we have often enjoyed.

Gazing round upon the whole prospect, including the abbey as its central attraction, every visitor will confess its situation to be as beautiful as any that could have been chosen. Nestling in the grassy hollow of an amphitheatre of rocks, clothed with the foliage of hazel, ash, and light breezy birch, and ever solemn yew, some of whose far-reaching branches seem to point down to the sacred building as worthy of all observation; it stands unbending and immovable, while every light wind finds a welcome and response amongst the quivering trees around and above it. Close upon it are apple and pear trees; around it whitewashed cottages arise, deformed yet delightful in their rusticity, irregular and rough, and strongly contrasting with its stately lines and rigid regularity. Approach it from whatever quarter you may, it presents strong claims to your admiration. If you behold it first in travelling by the road from Chepstow, (the more common course,) it suddenly bursts upon you at a turn of that road, realizing, yet surpassing, the ideas you have formed of it from numerous prints and photographs. From the tombstones in the churchyard, another commanding view of it is obtained. We have drawn near to it from all directions in different tours, and have surveyed it from every favourable point. In advancing, you note the stains upon its sacred walls, and the abundant ivy stealing out of its vacant

and glassless windows, and climbing up shafts and over segments of geometrical tracery higher than itself.

This abbey church was obviously constructed upon the plan of a cathedral, and must have been a perfect example of Gothic architecture in its greatest purity. Its dimensions were imposing and yet harmonious. Its length was two hundred and twenty-eight feet from east to west, from north to south one hundred and fifty feet; the breadth of the central pillars was thirty-seven feet, and the height of the central arches seventy feet. The abbey was founded so long ago as the year 1131, and therefore we are not surprised at the loss of so much of the original structure; for the church itself could not have been built very long after that date. At all events, we have now before us the remains of an edifice erected about seven hundred years ago; and, therefore, that it should now be a mere shell is in no wise strange. Tower and roof and topstones have departed, and we can only trace out entire shapes and outlines by a visit to the interior.

Entering the little plot before the western window, and advancing to the low door underneath it, we ring a little bell, and soon gain admission into the interior, and behold that first grand view which has been, by common consent, admitted to be unsurpassed, and may perhaps be affirmed to be unequalled. An accomplished antiquarian, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, declares that 'this abbey (as to the first *coup d'œil*) exceeds every ruin I have seen either in England or Wales;' and Gilpin exclaims, 'When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of earth and air its only covering and pavement; and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both, perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity; the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene.' Comparisons might be instituted between this and other ruinous abbeys, but it may suffice to say that here all is simplicity and elegant ornament, and the entire is in the grand though severe style of the thirteenth century. Gaze slowly down that long-drawn pillared aisle, nave and choir, and take in the whole two hundred and twenty-eight feet. Mark how the pillars stretch along like a stony forest, as if winter had stripped them of their foliage: even where some of the pillars have crumbled down, their basements remain. Gaze again upon those graceful arches (the span of each of which is five yards) sweeping along, like airy circles, in orderly directions from the massive central arches, all rigidly upheld, all clustered and chained

together with links and knots of stonework, which, while they strongly manacle, yet render the whole majestic. They are all subordinate to that now open space of twelve yards, whence arose the great lanthorn tower or spire.

‘ Just as a giant guards with ample stride
 A conquered brother underneath him flung,
 On ample arches, in its sturdy pride,
 Stood the great tower: there the bells were hung,
 Each under each with graduated tongue;
 Aerial lords of boundless worlds of tone:
 The Great Bell shone its meaner peers among
 In portly pride, and its high rank was known
 By learned scroll, inscribed around its ample zone.’

Of the two great windows, that close behind and above us, or the western, is by far the more perfect, and indeed is as nearly perfect as possible in its sloping frame. It stands forty-two feet above the bottom of the wall; and though its shortness and disproportionate breadth, compared with the eastern window, have been objected to, it should be remembered that it was not intended as a rival, but as part of a harmonious whole. But the greater window was the eastern, though now an utter skeleton. There it stands before us in ruin, an open space framing, as it were, a mass of far green trees that flank the opposite hill-side, that green mass being divided by the single slender shaft of the window, soaring to the height of seventy feet, and terminating in a now crushed ornament of stone, but once supporting a variety of beautifully stained glass, of which we have one precious fragment in our possession.

In the *Itinerary* of William of Worcester, who himself beheld this church in its entireness, we find that the breadth of the great eastern window contained eight glazed panels, with the arms of the founder, Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. From the same authority we gather that there were in the lower part of this church, at the south side, ‘ten windows of great length,’ in the upper story also ten windows of like workmanship, and ten principal windows in the north part of the church, every window containing two great glazed panels, while the principal north window contains fourteen glazed panels of great height. Such were the windows in general, and such in particular the great eastern window. When furnished with its glass, all that the most potent and glowing sun could effect within the sacred aisle, was to fling down a resemblance of the heraldry and the englazed saints, martyrs, and confessors, upon the richly tiled floor. Of such a spot as this we might sing, restoring the olden state :—

' Beneath that eastern window's pictured frame
A canopy of fretted stone was spread,
Pavilioning an altar's marble plain ;
Each corner rested on an angel's head,
Within lay relics of the sainted dead ;
Two lamps, undying, blazed perennial fire,
A smoke of odours from the censers fled ;
The pall, that gorgeous altar's proud attire,
A crimson noonday threw around the coloured choir.'

What must have been the charm of altar and window, and the pomp of the ceremonial, when a novice took his vows and first knelt at this altar, here plighting his youthful, yet life-enduring devotion ! The altar blazes with unwonted splendours. A light streams down from every pane of that richly painted window ; the burst of musical chant and swelling organ overcome him ; all the accompaniments of that solemn hour are adapted to his state of mind, and inspire a grand momentary dream in the overawed suppliant. In sudden ecstasy all heaven descends before his adoring eye ; clouds of incense rest upon the burning glory of the altar, and, as they finally ascend toward the roof, his excited spirit glides away with them ; he enters paradise, he joins the assemblies of the saints of his Church, and he is now an admitted guest amongst martyrs, confessors, anchorites, and apostles !

The floor is now covered with smooth and trimly-kept turf, so that nearly the original level of the whole structure is still preserved. On various portions of this green sward lie ornamented fragments of the old roof, with remains of cornices, and columns, and sepulchral stones, and mutilated figures of monks and heroes, whose ashes mingle with the earth underneath. Here the architect may pause over the scattered remains of many beautiful capitals, rich in their carved foliage, and over beautiful mouldings, with quarterfoils, rosettes, and finely proportioned ogees. Here in particular lies the broken 'effigies' of a man in coat of mail, with his shield on his left arm. Some think this to represent Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke ; but, according to Leland, he was buried in Gloucester.

Reverently gathered around the feet of the pillar are fragments of the screen here, and the rood-loft there, and here an elaborately sculptured key-stone fallen from the departed roof. There, too, we see a crosier, finely chiselled upon a broken slab, and here a fragment of fretwork and a piece of running tracery. Wherever feet can find their way, remnants of former riches and architectural beauty are visible.

Now we are near the curious cloisters, let us inspect them,

and the sacristy, the chapter-house, the dormitory, and particularly the refectory, with its ancient lectern in the wall for the convenience of the monastic 'reader' at the time of meals.

Returning to the church, we ascend and walk round the walls, and pass along the clere-story, and even gain an improved and more imposing view of parts of the ruins from our somewhat dangerous height. Descending again, as we re-tread the turfy floor, we discover the so-called image of the head of the abbot, formerly gilded, and evidently belonging to a carefully chiselled, full-length effigy. This bas-relief, when closely examined, appears to be that of a figure lying upon bars, and no abbot; but rather reminds us of the passage in the *Golden Legend* relating to the life of St. Laurence:—'Bring hither a bed of iron, that Laurence, *contumax*, may lie thereon.' This bed became the gridiron, always seen as the accompanying symbol of that saint.

The most romantic and spirit-stirring view of the abbey is by moonlight; and although we prefer the view of Raglan Castle by moonlight, which, in comparing the two, we deem far the most imposing, from the greater intricacy and confusedness of the many-chambered ruins, and the broad massive shadows of the towers and far-spreading trees,—yet, comparing Tintern with itself, we are willing to confess that the witchery of the moonlight view has not been over-rated, even though some visitors have spoken in extravagant terms thereof. Such a scene under the reign of a harvest moon—which it was our good fortune to obtain—is worth any journey to a rightly attuned spectator. Entering again under the great west window, the grand *coup-d'œil* is once more before us, but now half hidden and solemnized in shadows. Partial darkness broods upon the building. No longer, as in the day-scene, sportive sunbeams flicker upon the tiniest mosses that have found a home in clefts and cornices; no longer do the day-beams linger with tender sympathy around the tall shaft of the eastern window, and dye it with slanting bands of gorgeous colours. But if those broader and brighter glories have departed, softer beauties have succeeded, and the gentle yet glorious moon looks down upon the sacred ruin with a sympathy still tenderer than that of the sun-beam. First glancing dimly upon the shrubs and trees on the opposite hills, she directs a full beam through the great window, fastening a pale band upon the upright shafts, and then singles out one patch of the floor-carpeting turf, partly overlaid with fragments of delicate stone-tracery, on which she displays her brightness. On the left, through two arches, she struggles to dart other beams, and momentarily succeeds more and more,

until in a few minutes she will have made good her entrance there also, and have gained secure possession of the abbey church. But we must bid farewell to this enchanting scene.

The Wye has now become a tidal river, gaining in volume, but losing in purity: its discolourment in all the lower part of its course is the only drawback from perfect beauty. Soon after leaving Tintern Abbey, we approach by the road Wyndcliffe, the most celebrated of all the Wye prospects, and, as we have heard it acknowledged, surpassing many a foreign scene of greater fame. Seven or eight hundred feet above the level of the river rises this bold, half fir-clothed cliff. Standing upon one particular spot near its summit, the eye traces the circuitous Wye through some miles of its course between rocky and well-wooded banks. Twelve crags beneath jut out over one bend of the water, and are styled 'the Twelve Apostles.' The whole domain of Piercefield, laid out in views, and glimpses, and promontories of the picturesque, spreads beneath. To the left lie Berkeley Castle and Thornbury church; to the right, in grand succession, the town and castle of Chepstow, the majestic Severn, and the confluence of Wye and Severn, in flowing union. Then, if the day be bright and clear, the Avon and Portishead Point, and even Dundry Tower beyond Bristol, spread out before us; while to the south-west the Holmes, and Penarth Point, near Cardiff, and far away in the north-west the Black Mountains, form varied backgrounds. We can enumerate parts of nine counties, and would gladly spend nine bright hours in viewing and reviewing them.

Descending from the cliff and resuming the road, Piercefield may be visited in the way to Chepstow, and its grounds perambulated; but, though beautiful, the view from the Wyndcliffe includes and eclipses them. Arriving at Chepstow, we find a town uninviting enough, but a castle placed imposingly upon a rocky wall overhanging the river, and presenting a striking object from a bridge over the Wye. Upon the earliest history of this castle we must not speculate, though antiquarians have found much to interest them, and something to justify them in referring it to an early date. The most important portion of its history is in connexion with the period to which we have already adverted in treating of Raglan. Chepstow Castle was garrisoned for the King at the breaking out of the Civil Wars by the Marquis of Worcester. In 1643 a party from Monmouth, headed by Major Throckmorton, took it by surprise; but in a few hours the Major was in his turn surprised, and it was again in the hands of the Royalists. After a blockade of four days in 1645, it was surrendered to Colonel Morgan. Again an event-

ful change took place, and in 1648, Sir Nicholas Kemys and others having corresponded with an officer in the garrison, the castle was surprised for the King once more during the night. In the beginning of the month of May in the same year Oliver Cromwell went into Wales, and we find that on the twenty-fifth day of the month the castle was retaken for the Parliament. Surely never castle changed masters so frequently and rapidly in a similar space of time!

We have found a very characteristic letter, dated June 17th, 1648, written by Cromwell to Major Saunders, of Derbyshire. It is endorsed in the Major's handwriting thus:—‘The L.-Generall's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams and Mr. Morgan, Sheriffs of Monmouthshire (in the hands of Wintrop Mortimer, Esq.)’ In the letter, after a preamble of no interest, Cromwell writes:—

‘I doe hereby authorize you to seize him,’ [Sir Trevor Williams, of Langebie, about two miles from Usk,] ‘as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, whoe was in the same plot’ [of betraying the castle to the King]. ‘But because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you to seize him first, and the other can be easily had. To the end you may not be frustrated, and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some character of the man, and some intimation how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of crafts and subtiltye, very bold and resolute, hath a house—Langebie—well stored with arms and very strong; his neighbours about him very malignant, and much for him, whoe are apt to rescue him, if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy, partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the businesse have discovered him, which indeed they have; and also because he knows that his servant is brought hither, and a minister to be examined here who is able to discover the whole plot. If you should march directly unto that countye and near him, it's odds he either fortifies his house, or gives you the slip; so also if you should go to his house and not find him there, or if you attempt to take him, and misse to effecte itt, or if you make any known enquirye after him, itt will be discovered.

‘Wherefore to the point. You have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Carleon, which is not above four or five miles from his house. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose house lyeth in Monmouthshire, whoe will certainly acquaint you with where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstowe, to require him to assist you, if hee should get into his house, or stand upon his guard. Pam Jones, who is quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troope, will be very assistinge to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there

should be need, Captain Burge his troope, now quarterynge in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you. You perceave by all this that we are (it may be) a little too much sollicitous in this businesse; it's our fault, and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overacte businesse; wherefore, without more adoe, we leave it to you, and you to the guidance of God therein, and rest yours,

'O. CROMWELL.

'If you seize him, bring him, and let him be brought with a stronge guard to mee. If Captain Nicholas should light on him at Chepstowe, do you strengthen him with a good guard to bring him. If you seize his person, disarm his house, but let not his armes be embezzled. If you need Captain Burge his troope, it quarters between Newport and Cardiffe.'

It would appear, from the Commons' Journal, that Sir Trevor Williams afterwards compounded for his safety, and was permitted to retire to his own house, where he lived in a far inferior dignity and state than before. It is curious to find that Raglan Castle was invested by Glenham and Sir Trevor Williams on behalf of the Parliament; so that he was only playing the hypocrite before that famous mansion, and doubtless would rather have been its defender than its besieger.

The above letter of Cromwell is, we think, one of the most remarkable of those extant, as it shows us how carefully he informed himself of the minutest particulars relating to persons and places in which he was specially interested, thoughtfully considering every contingency, and at once coming to the business in hand and in heart when he was communicating in private. But Chepstow Castle itself is particularly connected with the history of that great man; for when he came into Wales, he committed the siege of this castle to Colonel Ewer, who, having provided two cannons from Gloucester and two more from a ship, on the 25th of May, in the course of a few hours, as the Colonel writes, 'made a hole in the wall so low, that a man might walk into it.' This was in the curtained wall, between what is named Harry Marten's Tower and the next above, and is still discernible by the difference in masonry filling it up. The garrison would have surrendered at once, but the governor hesitated, and soon paid with his life for his obstinacy, when the irritated besiegers rushed in at the breach, took the castle, and put the governor to death. Finally Cromwell himself obtained the castle, as we learn from another curious, but very different, epistle of his, in which he observes,—

'Truly the land to be settled, both what the Parliament gives me and my own, is very little less than three thousand pounds *per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a lawyer

of Lincoln's Inn having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings which were taken at Ragland, and sent for by the Parliament; and this gentleman, appointed by the Committee to search the said writings, assures us there is no scruple concerning the title; and so it fell out that this gentleman who searched was my own lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear friend, which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.'

Having these particulars in our recollection, we approach the ruins of this castle with no small interest. The whole stands in an irregular parallelogram, having for one side the perpendicular cliffs, and on the other side a deep moat, and massive walls flanked with towers. The site occupies nearly three acres of ground, and the structure was divided into four courts. The entrance is at the east end under a Norman arch, guarded by two lofty towers and a massive iron-plated door. In the first court were the domestic offices, a chapel or oratory, and a subterraneous room or dungeon excavated in the rock. In the south-east angle is the large round tower, named Marten's Tower, where that great statesman of the Commonwealth was confined for many years, and is said to have died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The second court is connected with a garden, and in the third is what is called the chapel, but was more probably the hall of state. It must have been a fine apartment in its ancient grandeur, standing about 130 feet above the river, and being ninety feet in length, while its windows and their arches were in the richest Gothic style. The fourth court communicated by a drawbridge, and may have been an out-work of a later period. The fortification connected with the castle extended round the town, and even at this day there are conspicuous remains of forts and watch-towers.

The different owners of this castle, at various periods, were certainly as widely opposed in politics, condition, and character, as have been the proprietors of any castle in the empire. We have already referred to its rapid changes of ownership during the Civil Wars. It was also once in possession of the Clare family, of whom tradition has affirmed that the heads of it could ride between Chepstow and Newport, a distance of fifteen miles, without infringing upon the estates of any other proprietors, the entire territory being their own. The baronial splendour of the family may be conceived from the fact that Sir Richard Herbert, who was only a younger brother, rode into London attended by five hundred men at arms, with coats of arms upon their sleeves, all furnished and equipped by himself or family. The elder brother of this equestrian hero was the earl, and resided at Raglan Castle; and he in like manner could pass from that

stronghold to Newport, a distance of sixteen miles, without deviating from his own possessions. But pass down and away from all this line of baronial, military, and gentlemanly possessors, to our own times, and mourn over the base uses to which the noblest castle may come. Not many years ago one part was used as a stable, another as a dog-kennel, a third as a malt-house, and a fourth even as a glass-house, which fact we have traced in an old engraving of the building and its adjuncts. Yet within these very walls the famous and witty Harry Marten lingered out a long captivity; and here his very opposite in character and politics—Bishop Jeremy Taylor—suffered temporary imprisonment in 1656, on the charge of being privy to an insurrection of the Royalists.

Very little has been done to keep this interesting ruin in good order. Yet, where celebrated prisoners paced in lonely state, and barons ruled in lordly splendour, and Royalists and Roundheads held alternate sway; there, at this day, are held annual flower shows, and all the giddy, fluttering, vapid folks that can be gathered together by the attractions of flowers and brass bands, throng unheeding, when the very dust might exclaim against their revellings, and some one of the many great men who have here lived, meditated, and died, might rise again for one moment and scatter blossoms, and strutting lads and lasses, and horn-blowers and drummers, and ginger-beer and lemonade sellers, and ticket-takers, and stewards, and prize-gainers, to the winds of heaven or the waters of the Wye!

Here we take leave of the Wye, its magnificent castles and picturesque abbey. We may well end our tour with the river itself. For eight and thirty miles we have followed its sinuous course from Ross to Chepstow. So sinuous has the stream been, that by the road the distance between the two towns just named is only seventeen miles. No other British river, as we believe, affords within the same space so much varied beauty on its banks, so much boldness in its rocky promontories, and so much picturesque and historic interest in adjacent halls, castles, and castellated mansions, and in one of the most reverend abbeys which remain.

It may be as well to add that we could find no really useful Guide-book to this district. Mr. Roscoe's work is quite deficient in original research, and the ordinary notices of Raglan Castle are very meagre. Perhaps this *desideratum* may shortly be supplied in one of Mr. Murray's English Handbooks.

ART. III.—*Memoirs: a Contribution to the History of my own Times.* (*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*)
By M. GUIZOT. Vols. I. and II. Leipzig, Paris, Geneva.
1858 and 1859.

Too many autobiographies of eminent Frenchmen, that have appeared within the last quarter of a century, are characterized by a gross and repulsive egotism. At once sentimental and heartless, the heroes of these stories are self-adoring to a degree that is quite astounding, full of bitterness and insult towards their rivals, and breathing but mere disdain towards the few they called their friends. The Memoirs of Chateaubriand and of Lamartine are the most illustrious and most offensive examples of this class. After such works, it is a relief to meet with a man, great both by his public career and his literary labours, who tells us his remembrances in a style of frank simplicity, without overrating his own importance, and without, on the other hand, falling into those affected suggestive reticences which betray the more refined type of self-complacency. He is really the writer he proposed to be at the outset,—faithful to his friends, just to his adversaries, and not over lenient towards himself.

We are even tempted to complain that M. Guizot's impersonality is excessive. He dwells almost exclusively upon the events in which he has borne a part, or else upon the state of things which served to bring them about; and he hardly allows us to see anything of his personal feelings, his private life and family circle. We are treated as strangers, and not admitted into the sanctuary. He speaks, indeed, with a very natural pride, of Madame Guizot's devoted attention to the sick when Paris was first visited by the cholera; and there is one feeling allusion to the fragility of domestic happiness, suggested by his having himself reckoned upon its continuance all too fondly. But the author's '*confidences*,' or his condescension, go no farther; and it is only by putting together carefully certain laconic indications, few and far between, that one is able to establish even the chronological landmarks essential to the taking a connected view of his external career.

The Memoirs carry us back no farther than 1807, when M. Guizot, as well as we can calculate approximately, was a young man of nineteen; a preceptor, we believe, in the family of the Duc de Broglie. He enjoyed the privilege of admission to the few remaining drawing-rooms at Paris which retained the traditions of a time that had passed away for ever; its taste for

intellectual pleasures, for social sympathy, and for conversation, without any other object than the pleasure of exchanging thought, together with its liberal toleration of diversities of origin, rank, and ideas; those characteristics, in short, which had made Paris the intellectual centre of Europe, to such an extent, that, for the half century preceding the Revolution, not only princes, but private persons of wealth and refinement, in England, Germany, and Italy, used to have their stated and paid correspondents to enable them to keep up with the higher gossip of its drawing-rooms, in politics, in science, and in speculative philanthropy.

The few remaining survivors of the liberal and philosophical aristocracy of the eighteenth century, who used to meet each other at Madame d'Houdetot's, Monsieur Suard's, and the Abbé Morellet's, had not abjured the principles and the aspirations of the generation which had brought about the Revolution, and along with it such great disasters and such cruel disappointment. They remained sincerely liberal, says M. Guizot; but with the reserve of men who had succeeded little and suffered much in their projects of reform. 'They prized the freedom of thought and speech, but did not aspire to power. They detested despotism, and were ever blaming its acts; but without doing anything to restrain or to overthrow it. It was an opposition of enlightened and independent spectators, who had no chance and no wish to become actors.'

It required a kind of courage under the Empire to assume even this harmless attitude of independence. None but those who personally witnessed those evil days can conceive the degree of timidity and restraint that was almost universal; and how, at the least glimpse of a trespass upon the forbidden ground of politics, men's features became cold, and their words official. 'They only who have once lived under the air-pump, know what a charm there is in liberty to breathe.' When France did obtain liberty to breathe, the disinterested talkers of these privileged drawing-rooms were succeeded by more practical men, who went to the opposite extreme of party spirit and party animosity,—that terrible disease of free countries which narrows the horizon of the wisest, makes them see everything in a false light, and is fatal at once to large views and generous feelings.

M. Guizot himself hated the rule of Napoleon with all the energy of a first passion. He felt that the nation was degraded and demoralized, and the very development of its faculties arrested under the despot's sway. It is evident that the system of Napoleon III. must recal to the mind of the veteran liberal that under which he chafed in his youth. But no parallel is

drawn intentionally. There are no allusions slightly veiled ; no words of double application intended to afford the writer or the reader the feminine pleasure of wounding the nephew through the uncle's doublet. The strongest anti-imperialist passages in the book are to be found in the Appendix, in speeches pronounced, or documents composed, when Louis Napoleon was in obscurity. M. Guizot is a foe who will only strike in earnest, and in front ; and it is easy to surmise that he possesses the haughty consciousness that the antagonism of his principles to all forms of despotism is so self-evident as to make any particular application of them superfluous.

The future minister and parliamentary orator became known, as a writer, by his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and by his contributions to the *Annals of Education*. M. Fontanes, then Master of the University, was so favourably impressed by his talents and character, that he founded, expressly for him, the Professorship of Modern History. It was in December, 1812, that M. Guizot first appeared in the character of lecturer, before an audience more select than numerous.

While Napoleon was wearing out the remnant of his good fortune and his power in the desperate struggle of the spring of 1814, M. Guizot had occasion to travel in the centre and south of France. He was painfully affected by the lassitude of the popular mind, its morally helpless and prostrate state. The nation had become so unused to decide upon its own interests, and work out its own destiny, that it was wholly devoid of political wisdom and settled purpose. It was a people of perplexed spectators, who hardly knew what issue they ought to hope or fear from the terrible game of which they were the stake, now execrating Napoleon as the author of so much suffering, and anon celebrating him as the defender and avenger of their country. As the Emperor himself expressed it, after the flight of Louis XVIII., and his own return from Elba, 'They have allowed me to come, just as they allowed him to go away.'

The Restoration saw Guizot, for the first time, a man in office, —the comparatively humble one of secretary to the Minister of the Interior. The return of Napoleon, of course, sent him back to his lectures in the University. Towards the close of the Hundred Days, the young ex-secretary was dispatched to the emigrant court by a committee of constitutional royalists at Paris, to plead with Louis XVIII. personally, in their name, against the reactionary influences by which he was letting himself be surrounded. The summary of the impression made upon him by the monarch is not very complimentary: 'A mind with a fair measure of common sense and independence,

superficial with dignity, politic in conversation, and careful of appearances, thinking and understanding little about the real substance of things, and almost equally incapable of the faults which ruin and the successes which secure the future of royal races.'

Returning to Paris with the court after the battle of Waterloo, Guizot was restored to his post, and was soon afterwards advanced to that of Master of Requests in the Council of State,—a body which may be explained to English readers as a sort of Privy Council, with positive and not merely nominal functions. In June, 1820, MM. Royer Collard, Guizot, and others of their friends, were struck off the list of the Council of State, for having given all the opposition in their power to a new electoral law, intended to make the representative system of France even less popular than it had been. This liberal section of the royalist party, who contended for liberty without revolution and order without despotism, were nicknamed the *Doctrinaires*. The measure which first threw them into formal opposition to the government had been suggested by the panic consequent on various revolutionary plots, and, above all, upon the assassination of the Duc de Berri.

It can be gathered, from various indications, that the loss of his place was a serious matter to M. Guizot, in a pecuniary point of view. He betook himself, for the third time, to his historical pursuits; but the Abbé Frayssinous, now Master of the University, thought that his lectures had a dangerous tendency, and suppressed them in October, 1822. The Martignac ministry allowed him to begin them again after an interval of five years. The lectures of the winters of 1828–9, and 1829–30, afterwards given to the world, became the celebrated works on *The History of Civilization in Europe*, and *The History of Civilization in France*. M. Cousin was, at the same time, Professor of Philosophy, and M. Villemain of Literature: a brilliant trio, of whom France, and the liberal party especially, was justly proud.

While in favour with the early governments of the Restoration, M. Guizot had been sometimes selected as royal commissioner, to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Deputies in favour of measures proposed by government,—a curious and somewhat superfluous office in the organism of the French legislature. He had since published several works on political subjects; and contributed to *The Globe*, and other journals of his party. But he did not become a member of the Chamber until his election for Lisieux in January, 1830. Thus the first session in which he bore a part was the momentous one which issued in irreme-

King Louis Philippe.

diable conflict between Charles X. and his people, of the constitution by the monarch, and the Revolution.

However little he may be believed, the experience of characters with whose remembrances we have not hesitate to affirm that Louis Philippe was not man. Moderate and prudent, notwithstanding his and lively impressions, that prince had long foreseen that might raise him to the throne; but it was with than satisfaction. The feeling predominant in his determination not to be involved in the consequence might follow the faults of the elder branch of his wished to be neither conspirator nor victim; and himself three months before the Revolution, 'Com will not separate my lot, and that of my children, of my country.'

Moreover, as King, Louis Philippe was not, according to Guizot, the exaggeratedly wary and plotting character he has been considered by many. 'In his or demonstrations, he gave, perhaps, a little more reserve necessary to that *acting*, of which there is always between political personages.' (!) He was over-impulsive. His first impulses frequently carried him too far. His greatest fault was the fidgetty nature which made it impossible for him to conceal a very natural and uneasiness about the future prospects of his children.

M. Guizot became Minister of the Interior in the cabinet of Louis Philippe; a most laborious office, partly because he was the principal spokesman of the ministry in the Chamber of Deputies, chiefly because he had to make the most extensive use of his power among the vast numbers employed in every department of public service. 'I had to bear the pressure of a multitude of petitions, suggestions, hopes, enmities, offers, complaints, and demands, to my office, by thousands, from all corners of France. I had to hear from denouncers, the projectors and the inquisitive, and idlers.' The over-tasked minister soon perceived the folly of the French centralization, and the tendency to look to the government for everything. He saw that less details which in England, America, and even France, are settled by local authorities, are all referred to the central authority under the administrative system established by Louis XIV. and Napoleon. At this moment a bridge was not mended, nor a religious meeting opened, in any corner of France without permission from a minister in Paris, found a report, and a pompous list of considerations! It was the fortune of the eighteen years' experiment of

monarchy in France, that it found no habits of local self-government among the people; so that it was obliged to work upon discordant principles,—liberty and the representative system on the one hand, centralization on the other; a state of things in which, as M. Guizot says judiciously, the government will either neglect local affairs, or else make them subservient to its own interests; ‘and the whole administration, from the hamlet to the palace, become a mean of government in the hands of the political parties that contend for supremacy.’ To put the matter in more homely phraseology, the bureaucracy is the saddle on the nation’s back; and whoever is skilful enough to leap into the saddle, has the nation at his mercy.

It is no wonder that the Minister of the Interior soon became unpopular. He became noted for his uncompromising resistance to all revolutionary tendencies; and he had incurred the hostility of all those whose pretensions, or vanity, or local animosity, or blind impatience, he had been unable to satisfy. After holding office only about three months, he withdrew from the Cabinet, along with his friends, M. Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. These statesmen had not much confidence in their more radical associates, M. Lafitte, &c. They were aware, too, that it would be easier for the more popular ministers to resist the reigning outcry for the blood of the ministers of Charles X.

From this time forward until 1848, M. Guizot may be considered as the most eminent working statesman of his country. He was oftener in than out of office, sometimes head of the Cabinet, and occupied the post of ambassador to this country at a most important juncture. His policy was distinguished by two leading features,—the determination to maintain the peace of Europe, and the most persevering and vigilant hostility to what he believed to be the anarchical principles of the republican party. As regards the former, the sort of passion for peace which prevailed in Europe for those eighteen years was, as he says, a rare and a grand spectacle. Never did so many events, which might lead to war, occur within so short a time,—the revolution in France itself, and the prolonged agitation that followed it; revolutions on all its frontiers, in Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain; revolutions attempted in Germany, Poland, and Italy, with all the international questions and complications that naturally arose from them; the Ottoman Empire more and more tottering; Asia more and more disputed between Russia and England; France making conquests in Africa; France, England, and the United States in conflict from various causes in the New World: and yet no war grew out of these circumstances which seemed to make it inevitable. The increasing empire of moral ideas went

for something in this result ; the resolution with which Louis Philippe embraced the policy of peace, was also a great point gained ; but M. Guizot evidently considers the self-denial and pacific spirit of the English people to have been the most effectual influence for good.

‘ In England,’ he says, ‘ it was the nation itself that, from 1830 to 1853, insisted energetically upon peace. It was moved to do so by good sense, and by the understanding of its true interests, by its taste for the productive activity of peaceful life, and by its Christian spirit. Among this people Christian beliefs are not simple rules for private life, nor mere satisfactions given to the heart and intellect ; they enter into political life, and bear upon the conduct of public men. It is generally the dissenting communities first of all that rouse themselves to the pursuit of some practical object recommended in their eyes by religious reasons. The movement soon communicates itself to the whole Christian Church of the country, then to civil society, and the government in its turn is obliged to follow.’

Under the influence of this spirit, England bore with the revolution of July and all its consequences, the fall of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the independence of Belgium, the dislocation of the old European coalition against France : we may add, it bore too with aggravated provocation from the United States. M. Guizot confesses his own countrymen did not imitate this pacific spirit. They remained restive and pugnacious under the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers, sighed for war, and patronized revolution. ‘ France, though she cannot suffer revolutions at home, even when she has allowed them to be made, is still fond of revolutions abroad. The movement caused by her example gives her pleasure, and she fondly thinks that in all her imitators she will find friends.’

As has been already intimated, resistance to the revolutionary spirit in all its forms was the struggle of M. Guizot’s public life. It is true, as he says, that he alternately defended liberty against absolute powers, and order against revolution ; but circumstances rendered his agency in the latter respect by far the more prominent and persevering. He believes monarchy to be the form of government natural to France, the most favourable at once to liberty and to public quiet. The republican *régime*, on the other hand, being inconsistent with the habits and wishes of the classes who are the natural friends of order, is necessarily given over to the dominion of bad passions, and can only find a momentary strength in violence and anarchy. It puts forth at the outset the noblest motives, but it is only in order to cover the march and prepare the triumph of the vilest. We subjoin a few characteristic passages.

'The peculiar taste of the revolutionary spirit, and its capital sin, is a criminal taste for destruction, in order to give itself the proud pleasure of creation. In times possessed by this disease, man considers all that exists under his eyes, persons and things, facts and rights, past and present, as so much inert matter of which he may freely dispose, handling and fashioning it at his will. He imagines that he possesses within him certain perfect ideas, which confer upon him an absolute power over all things, and in the name of which he may, at any price, and at all risks, break up that which exists and remodel it after their image.'

'Formerly, political bodies, or the nation itself, often resisted the encroachments of the monarch, even by arms, without thinking of changing the dynasty or the form of government: insurrection had its limits. But now-a-days, and especially with us, the fate of society at large is at stake at every crisis; all great political struggles become questions of life and death; peoples and parties, in their blind participation, betake them at once to the last extremities; resistance is hurriedly transformed into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every thunder-storm becomes a deluge.'

'The revolutionary spirit of our days admits of no regular and stable system of society or government; it is nothing but universal destruction and continuous anarchy; it is able to excite conspiracies and insurrections; it is able, when it triumphs for a moment, to make conquests which are also but for a moment; it has everywhere, among various populations, adepts, accomplices, and dupes; but it cannot have governments for its allies, since it is itself an impossible ally for any government.'

'The French revolutionists promised that there should be no more wars or conquests, and really meant to be sincere; yet it was their destiny to make the noblest ambition and the worst passions of mankind to break forth at the same time, and they tried to expiate their pride in disappointment and confusion. The Revolution stirred up the most violent and iniquitous external policy that the world had ever known, that of armed propagandism and indefinite conquest, the forcible overthrow of all European societies, to bring out of them republics one day, and a universal monarchy the next.....From 1792 to 1814, the essential character of the relations of France with Europe was war, a war of revolution and conquest, incessant attempts upon the existence of governments and the independence of nations.'

From what precedes it will be seen, that the Empire, in M. Guizot's eyes, is but another form of the Revolution, the same old enemy disciplined, but not reformed. He prophesies that, so long as liberty shall not have completely broken with the revolutionary spirit, and order with absolute power, unhappy France will pass from illusion to illusion, and be tossed about from one crisis to another. Absolute power can for the future be wielded in France by the children of the Revolution only,

because they alone can for a certain lapse of time reassure the masses about their interests, while refusing them liberty. It was this that made the restoration of the house of Bourbon in 1814 so necessary for the country. Its sway is anti-revolutionary by nature, and liberal by necessity ; for there is nothing in the origin or in the name sufficiently revolutionary to enable it to dispense with being liberal. Its sway was a guarantee of peace to Europe, as well as of liberty to France, since war was not for the Bourbons either a necessity or a passion ; they could reign without having recourse every day to some new exhibition of power, or exciting in some new way the popular imagination.

It is evident M. Guizot means the reader to understand that he does not believe in the stability of the Empire. 'Neither terror nor despotism are durable,' said he, forty years ago ; but he has a purpose in repeating the saying now, and his remembrance of such aphorisms has been sharpened by circumstances. If, as we have already said, he avoids mere innuendoes destined only to wound, and all such undignified warfare, he freely makes use of his past utterances, or reflects upon his past career, in such a way as to make his present sentiments very intelligible ; as when he says of his forced silence in 1822, 'It is a very difficult, but very necessary, attainment in public life, to know how to resign oneself at certain moments to immobility without giving up success, and to wait without despairing, although without acting.'

Upon the occasion of one of the rare glimpses which we are allowed of scenes of domestic happiness in M. Guizot's family, he says he is not of Dante's opinion, that the remembrance of former happiness embitters present sorrow ; on the contrary, heartfelt happiness is a light of which the reflection is prolonged over the space which it has ceased to illumine. We think that the bard and the statesman, though contradicting each other, are both right within the limits of their own experience. The various aspects in which bygone bliss may appear to us, and act upon our present feelings, depend partly upon its nature, and in a great measure too upon the way in which we were deprived of it : the ties, for instance, which have been gently severed by the more immediate hand of God, do not bleed like those that man has ruthlessly or violently rent asunder. M. Guizot's observation, though only partially true, reveals a mind capable of the deepest feeling, as persons of cold exterior often are ; but his generally unexpansive character makes him one to be admired and respected, rather than one likely to attract warm sympathy out of the circle of his own family and most intimate friends. He speaks somewhere of Louis Philippe's having been much less familiar and caressing with him than with other

ministers, who did not more really enjoy his confidence; and we can quite understand it.

M. Guizot seems to consider himself of a temperament naturally hopeful: we cannot help thinking he is mistaken; he is rather himself what he asserted of M. Casimir Perier, 'bold, with doubts of success, and almost with sadness.' His whole genius is retrospective rather than prospective, fitted to philosophize upon the past much more than to dwell upon pleasing visions of the future. His very features, and, above all, those thin compressed lips, bespeak him a man whose strength lies in firm and tenacious resistance; and his whole career has been of a kind to confirm the tendency. A Protestant, educated at Geneva, called to pass his life in a Roman Catholic country, and to identify himself with its fortunes; an English character, strayed into France, and chosen to govern unwilling Frenchmen; in youth, an ardent aspirant after freedom under an illimited and jealous despotism; in riper years, a conservative statesman, struggling against prevalent radical tendencies, much maligned, moreover, and misunderstood; in old age, a witness of his country's abasement under the despotism which had been thrown off forty years before, despoiled as it is of its free institutions, and condemned to silence after those years of brilliant discussion, in which he had himself borne so distinguished a part;—these are not circumstances to make a man sanguine. To us he seems like a granite boulder, not to be shaken but by an earthquake; a man rigid, unyielding, austere; accustomed to disappointment, apt to reckon little upon the virtues of others or upon favourable chances, and looking upon the spectacle of human follies, illusions, and arrogance, with a mixture of melancholy and disdain. He is in short the opposite extreme of the character which he has sketched in these words:—

'M. Odilon Barrot belongs to the school of confiding politicians, who, for the accomplishing of the good they desire, reckon upon the spontaneous and enlightened concurrence of the people. A generous school, which has often done good service to mankind by entertaining on its behalf the loftiest hopes; yet at the same time an improvident and a dangerous school, which forgets within what limits and by what restraints mankind must be curbed, in order that its good instincts may get the better of its evil tendencies. Politicians of this school possess neither the mistrustful prudence that is taught by long experience of public life, nor that at once severe and tender intelligence of human nature which Christian convictions bestow; they are neither tried practicians, nor profound moralists; they are liable to break the social machine for want of understanding its springs; and they know man so little as to be unable to love him without flattering his vanity.'

M. Guizot is quite in character when he speaks of the infinitely little amount of truth which is enough to conquer minds of rare talent, and make them accept the most monstrous errors. He confesses in one place, that his antipathy to disorder is such, that conflict with it attracts rather than troubles him; and he even exclaims, with a bitterness which is not his wont, 'I have seen so many weaknesses and such multiplied acts of baseness among men, and I so reckon upon them, that, when they appear, I hardly do them the honour of paying attention to them!'

One cannot but ask if this strong-minded statesman did not distrust the popular element too much, and thereby help to bring about the very catastrophe he feared? The question is one which a wise man will be slow to answer, and its discussion may be postponed until the Memoirs reach the eventful year 1848. One thing is certain, that the electoral system that M. Guizot contented himself with, the giving a vote to those only who paid £12 of direct taxes annually, limited the number of electors in all France to about one hundred and forty thousand, or one person in two hundred and fifty! He justifies it by saying that universal suffrage has always been an instrument of either destruction or deception in France; it has either placed political power in the hands of a chaotic multitude, or else it has really annulled the political rights of the enlightened classes to the sole advantage of absolute power. But the question remains, Was there no medium between universal suffrage and a system from which the popular element was excluded altogether? Sir Bulwer Lytton's famous peroration on the danger of sacrificing the middle classes, in the debate on reform at the close of last March, is so like sundry passages of M. Guizot's book, that we are persuaded it must have been suggested by them.

The perusal of these volumes has made us understand that the republican party in France remained much more powerful from the times of the first Revolution onwards than we had ever apprehended, so that the catastrophe of 1848 becomes more intelligible than it seemed before. Those veteran revolutionists who under the first Empire had been the instruments of absolute power without scruple, took up once more their old ideas and passions, when from 1815 to 1848 they found themselves under a *régime* of liberty: the people remained like the ocean, immovable at bottom, whatever the winds that ruffled its surface. The Republic was avoided very narrowly in 1830. It would certainly have been proclaimed had La Fayette been either an earnest or an ambitious man; but he contented himself with popularity, and with the general recognition that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was established with his consent and under

his patronage. The perpetual conspiracies, and the ever-recurring riots on the most frivolous occasions, which continued throughout the whole period of the representative monarchy, showed that the existing order of things rested upon a volcano. The strength of republicanism in our day is that it promises everything that peoples wish for; its weakness is that it cannot keep its word. It is the government of great hopes, and equal disappointments. 'France would be blind indeed if she allowed the republican party again to dispose of her destiny; but equally blind would be that government which should not understand the importance of this party, and reckon with it seriously, whether to resist or to enlighten it.'

It was at once his excessive conservatism, and his slowness to hope in changes for the better, that led M. Guizot, although a decided Protestant, to assume unhesitatingly not only that France is irrevocably Roman Catholic, but even that her actual policy and *prestige* are associated with the fortunes of Catholicism! All political leaders learn to bear with more or less satisfactory compromises, to content themselves with what they suppose to be the lesser good, or to endure the lesser evil; but it was a deplorable mistake for such a man to resign himself to the permanence of a counterfeit Christianity. One of its results was that great blot upon his government,—the confirmation of the usurpation imposed on Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. The same weakness, not to call it by a worse name, led him to discountenance the advocate of the claims of the French Protestants, Count Agénor de Gasparin, and even to make that generous young nobleman lose his seat for the tenth arrondissement of Paris, by the withdrawal of government support. We fear that experience has not corrected M. Guizot's error in this respect; he is not one who allows himself to be much taught by experience in any matter in which it contradicts his deliberate judgment. The first volume of the *Memoirs* contains a lecture addressed to the ultramontane party on their want of wisdom in declaring war against the principles and institutions which are at the very foundation of modern society; liberty of conscience, publicity, the legal separation of civil and religious life, the lay character of the state, &c. We must say, M. Veuillot and the editors of the *Univers* seem to us to understand much better the real interests of Catholicism; they, at least, have consistency and moral courage enough to recognise the fact, that either Roman Catholicism or modern society must perish.

Taking M. Guizot all in all, his is a rare case of the union in one person of the thinker, the statesman, the orator, the historian, the moralist, and the man of refined literary taste.

We know not where to look for his equal among our own literary statesmen. It certainly was not the first Lord Clarendon. Lord Macaulay is superior to M. Guizot in brilliancy, dramatic power, and picturesque description, and he, too, has excelled in various kinds of literature; but his is a less philosophic mind; and the time he devoted to the political affairs of his country, or the influence he exerted, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the labours of his great contemporary. Nearly the same remarks may be made of Mr. Gladstone. The part borne by Lord John Russell in the councils of his country has been worthy of the traditions of his house and his own great abilities; but, as a writer, his lordship is a mere amateur, compared to one whose works amount to some thirty volumes, evidencing, all of them, a degree of literary skill, patient research, and comprehensive thought, that would have made him one of the first men of his age, had he done nothing else to merit such a rank.

As a historian, M. Guizot's secret is his power of tracing the great current of ideas in any given period, and seizing the general bearing of those countless details which illustrate the providential education of the human race. When he has to speak of individuals, he dwells upon the moral features rather than the external and superficial originality of the man. He is not of the pictorial school; his style is sculptural, condensing and resuming, rather than painting. He is not generally in the habit of characterizing historical personages formally and at length, when they are introduced into his horizon. His opinion of them must be gathered little by little; and several passages have to be collated in order to possess it completely. Here are thoughts upon the character of Napoleon:—

‘Incomparably active and mighty genius, admirable by his horror of disorder, by his profound instinct of government, and by his energetic and efficacious rapidity in the reconstruction of the social framework. At the same time, genius without measure and without restraint, who would not accept from God or from men any limit to his desires and will, and thereby remained a revolutionist even while combating the revolution: superior in the discernment of the general conditions of society, but understanding only imperfectly—shall I say coarsely?—the moral wants of human nature; and now giving them satisfaction with sublime good sense, now ignoring and offending them with impious pride.’.....

‘By his greater instincts Napoleon was a spiritualist: men of his order have flashing lights and soaring thoughts that bring them within view of the region of higher truths. The spiritualism that began to recover new life in his reign, and to sap the materialism of the last century, attracted his sympathy, and gave him pleasure, in

his good moments. But then a sudden change would come over the spirit of the despot, as he bethought him that the independence of the soul is in proportion to its elevation.'

'No promises, no treaties, no difficulties, no reverses, could give the allies confidence in his future moderation; his character and his history made it impossible to give credit to his professions.'

The reader may be interested in the following analysis of the character and talents of a person very unlike Napoleon:—

'I say nothing that I do not think, but I am not obliged to say all that I think about the men I meet upon my way. I owe nothing to M. de Talleyrand; but when one has seen much of a man of high standing, and been upon friendly terms with him, one owes to oneself the maintenance of a certain reserve in speaking of him. M. de Talleyrand had just displayed in the crisis of the Restoration a hardy and cool sagacity, a great act of preponderance, and he was soon to display at Vienna, in the service of France and the house of Bourbon, the same qualities, with others as rare and as useful. But he was not equally fitted for other scenes. A courtier and a diplomatist, he was no statesman, and was most of all out of his element in a free government: he excelled in treating with isolated individuals, by conversation, and by the skilful use of social relations; but he was wholly wanting in the authority of character, the fertility of mind, the promptitude of resolution, the oratorical power, the sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passions, which are the great means of action upon collective bodies of men. Neither had he any taste for the hard and unrelenting toil which is another condition of good government. Ambitious and indolent, given to flattery, and yet disdainful, he was consummate in the art of pleasing and serving without servility, ready to lend himself to any thing that would further his fortune, while retaining all the airs ready to resume, when necessary, the reality of independence; unscrupulous in his policy, indifferent as to means, and almost as to ends, provided his personal success were secured; more hardy than profound in his views, cool and self-collected in peril; suited to carry on the negotiations of an absolute government, but unable to bear the open air and broad daylight of liberty.'

Really, if this be *reserve*, the author's outspoken opinion of M. de Talleyrand would be any thing but complimentary; we may suppose it would be something like what is said of the diplomatist's diminutive and ugly likeness, Fouché:—

'I only saw the Duke of Otranto twice, and for short conversations: no man ever gave me more completely the idea of hardy, ironical, cynical indifference, of a coolness remaining imperturbable throughout an immoderate desire of movement and importance, of a fixed determination to do every thing for success, not in any given design, but in the design, and according to the chance, of the moment.'

M. de Chateaubriand is sketched with the hand of a master, and not at all too severely. It was his weakness to be thought a great politician, as well as a great writer; he wanted to rival Milton and Napoleon at the same time. The English fashionable world did not admire him enough, nor long enough, nor for the reasons that he would have chosen; and so he indignantly declared that he would rather be a galley-slave than live in London.

‘M. de Chateaubriand passed through the most varied phases of opinion, made trial of every sort of career, aspired to every sort of glory, drank deeply of some, tasted of others; nothing satisfied him. “My capital force,” said he himself, “is *ennui*, distaste for every thing, perpetual doubt.” Strange disposition for a man devoted to the restoration of religion and of the monarchy! Thus M. de Chateaubriand’s life was a contrast and a perpetual combat between his enterprises and his tendencies, his position and his nature. Ambitious, as became the head of a party, and independent as the most unfettered and irresponsible; yearning after all great things, and susceptible, even to suffering, about the smallest; immeasurably careless about the common interests of life, but passionately anxious about the place given to his person and his glory on the stage of the world; and more hurt by the slightest check, than satisfied by the most splendid triumphs. In public life more jealous of success than of power; capable of conceiving, and even of executing, great designs, but incapable of following out with energy and patience a line of firm and self-consistent policy. He had a sympathetic intelligence of the moral impressions of his country and his time, with more ability to meet them and win their favour, than to direct them towards solid and durable satisfactions. A great and noble spirit, who, both in letters and in politics, knew how to touch the highest chords of the human soul, but more suited to strike and charm the imagination than to govern men; ever thirsting for noise and praise to satisfy his pride, for emotion and novelty to escape his *ennui*.’

Alas! M. de Chateaubriand, both in his powers and in his feelings, was the personification of his countrymen. We cannot repeat the above life-like description without sighing over that great and generous nation, that remains vain, frivolous, and unhappy, because it does not know the truth that gives peace, and freedom, and a purpose to life.

We might quote from this book many a pithy saying, exhibiting that sagacity and knowledge of human nature which French moralists know so well how to dress in appropriate, pointed, and antithetic phrase. Such are—the observation that malevolent people mistake their spirit of suspicion for sagacity;—the axiom that men belong to their real convictions more than is commonly thought, and more than the actors themselves

think ;—the assertion that great men possess the privilege, too often corrupting and fatal, of inspiring an affection and a devotedness which they do not themselves feel. But our limits compel us to confine ourselves to sundry maxims and lessons of political wisdom ; which we take leave to string together, like so many extracts from a common-place book, without attempting to establish any connexion between them.

‘Of all the kinds of wisdom necessary to a free people, the hardest is the being able to bear what displeases them, in order to preserve the goods they possess, or to acquire what they desire.’

‘When emulation between parties is exchanged for hostility between classes, it is no longer the movement of health, but a principle of dissolution and destruction.’

‘Nations which aspire after freedom run a great danger,—that of making mistakes in matter of tyranny. They give this name too readily to every system that displeases or troubles them, or does not grant them all that they desire.’

‘It is not given to human wisdom to save a people that does not itself contribute to the work.’

‘One cannot build a house with engines of war ; one cannot found a *régime* of liberty with ignorant prejudices and bitter hate.’

‘Forgetfulness and disdain of its past history is a serious disorder and a great cause of weakness to any nation ;.....and a people that falls into this gross error, falls also into depression and anarchy ; for God does not allow the nature of the laws of His works to be thus ignored and outraged with impunity.’

‘There are in this world but two great moral powers, faith and good sense. Woe be to the times in which they are kept asunder ! They are the times in which revolutions come to nothing, and in which governments fall.’

‘The fatuity of makers of conspiracies is immense ; and when the event has answered to their desires, they attribute to themselves what has been the result of causes much more vast and complicated than their machinations.’

‘The jealous passion for independence and for national glory doubles the strength of nations in the day of prosperity, and saves their dignity in that of adversity.’

‘Diplomacy abounds in proceedings and conversations, without any positive value : they are neither to be left unnoticed, nor to be believed ; but the real thought and purpose of the different governments persists beneath them.’

‘When honest men do not know how to understand and to accomplish the designs of Providence, rogues take it upon themselves to do so : under the spur of general necessity, and in the midst of general helplessness, there never are wanting minds corrupt, sagacious, and bold, who make out what is to happen, what may be tried, and make themselves the instruments of a triumph which does not belong to them, but of which they succeed in giving themselves the air and appropriating the fruits.’

'Men are so constituted that chimerical dangers appear to them the worst of all: one can fight with flesh and blood, but in presence of phantoms one gets out of one's wits, whether it be with fear or with anger.'

'In our modern societies, wherever there is full play allowed to our liberty, the struggle between the government and the opposition is too unequal: on the one devolves the whole burthen, and an unlimited responsibility; nothing is let go with them: the others enjoy complete liberty, without responsibility; every thing that comes from them is borne with. At least the French public is so disposed, when it is free.'

'One hears much of the power of material interests; and many people think they show sagacity and good sense, when they say that interest alone makes men act. They are vulgar and superficial observers. History shows how much oppression, iniquity, suffering, misfortune, men can bear without having recourse to conspiracies and insurrections, so long as personal interests only are involved. But if, on the contrary, they believe, or if only certain groups among them are persuaded, that the power that governs them has no right to do so, you may be sure that conspiracies and insurrections will start up, and be renewed with obstinacy. Such empire does the idea of right exert over men.'

'There is a degree of bad government which the nations, be they great or small, enlightened or ignorant, will no longer bear with now-a-days: in the midst of the immoderate and indistinct ambitions which ferment among them, it is to their honour, and it is the surest progress of modern civilization, that they require, at the hands of those who govern them, an amount of justice, of good sense, of enlightenment and care for the common weal, far superior to what was once sufficient for the maintenance of human societies.'

'Duty and devotedness towards one's country have now assumed, in most minds, an empire greater than the ancient one of duty and devotedness towards the royal person.'

'A constitutional throne is not a mere empty arm-chair, which has been fitted with a lock and key, in order that no one may be tempted to sit down in it. It is occupied by a person, intelligent and free, having his own ideas, feelings, and will.'

'It is not the hazard of events, nor the ambition of men, but instinct and public interest, that have called into being, in free countries, great political parties, avowedly and permanently such.'

'The centre, or floating and impartial part of the Chamber, is the habitual moderator between parties;.....but it is harder for it than for them to conquer and retain a majority in a political assembly, because, when the centre is called to govern, it finds before it, not uncertain spectators waiting for its acts before they judge it, but passionate adversaries.'

'If party organization be not strong, and if the men that contract political relations be not resolved never to break them except at the last extremity, and through the most imperious motives, they soon

lead not only to a state of helplessness, but of disorder; and their too easy rupture brings about all sorts of perturbation and difficulty.'

We are afraid that this last maxim breathes a little too much the spirit of the old party leader who often had to deplore a want of discipline and strong cohesion among his followers. It may be very inconvenient for a Cabinet to have a large section of its supporters in the shape of independent friends, who approve of its general policy, and defend it as volunteer guerillas; but obey no orders, bear no burdens, share no responsibility. Yet no one is more ready than M. Guizot himself to recognise the necessity of moral and intellectual independence. We suspect that his sentiments, if thoroughly analysed, would come to this: that political men should be very docile towards their leaders, but very independent of popular wishes and clamours. Be that as it may, we recommend the passage to the consideration of whichever of our own political parties it may most concern. We will also recommend, for the private perusal and meditation of 'the most energetic of British statesmen,' the following lessons on the necessity of possessing some fixed principles of policy:—

'Parties never give in their adhesion seriously, except on two conditions,—certain principles and brilliant talents. They want to be both sure and proud of their chiefs.'

'Nothing is more legitimate than to combat a policy which one believes pernicious; provided always that one has determined upon a policy essentially different, and that one feels in a position to put it in practice.'

'When the ideas and passions of a people have been stirred up, good sense, moderation, and ability, are not long sufficient to govern them. And the day is not slow in coming round in which, whether to do good, or to hinder evil, convictions and a will, precise, lofty, and strong, become indispensable to the heads of government.'

The second volume of the *Memoirs* must have been written before the present war became imminent; yet they both contain much that bears upon the subject; the allusion, for instance, already mentioned, to the necessity imposed upon the Napoleon dynasty of dazzling the popular imagination; the reference to war as a diversion from disquietude at home, which is always dearly paid for, even when it succeeds; above all, the explanation of the motives which led to the French occupation of Ancona in February, 1832. 'We cannot consent to the Austrian occupation of Romagna, unless it be of short duration,' wrote M. Casimir Perier to Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna. 'What the Austrian government wishes,' said M. Gui-

zot, in the French Chamber, 'is, that Italy should belong to it as far as influence goes; and this is what France cannot allow. Each must assume its own position. Austria has taken up hers; we take up ours, and shall continue to do so. We will maintain the independence of the Italian states, the development of Italian liberties. We will not suffer Italy to fall altogether under Austrian preponderance; but we will avoid all general collision.' There can be no doubt that, since the explosion of 1848 broke the charm of the long peace, any nations that found themselves at variance have been more ready to go to extremities; and it is equally certain, that the origin and traditions of the Empire make it much more disposed to draw the sword than the liberal Monarchy can have been. Yet it ought not to be forgotten that the war in Italy is as yet but the pursuit, with more vigour, of the policy inaugurated by Louis Philippe and his peace ministers. We are constrained to believe that the putting so large an Italian population, against its will, under the Austrian yoke, was a radical mistake. Austria, in order to maintain her position, was obliged both to govern with severity, and to pursue a policy of encroachment and aggrandizement throughout the Peninsula; and this brings her necessarily into collision with France. It remains to be seen whether Napoleon III. will content himself with the success which probably awaits him in Italy. A close alliance between France and Russia, for aggressive purposes, is the great present danger for the world. England does well to be prepared; but, to show Austrian sympathies so long as the war is confined to Italy, is unworthy of a liberal people, and is the surest way to throw France into the arms of Russia.

The history and the institutions of England have attracted a large share of M. Guizot's attention. No other continental writer has done so much to throw light upon both. This was natural. Our institutions are those he would wish to see established in France upon a sure foundation. Indeed, the oft-repeated accusation of Anglomania was one of the means used to make him unpopular in his own country. He asserts, on the other hand, that he did not seriously study our constitution, and our revolutions, until his forced leisure of 1822. He envies our liberties in every sphere, civil and religious, intellectual and political; while unhappy France has only retained intellectual liberty. This, he says, cannot supply the place of all the rest; 'but it prepares their way, and, in the mean time, it saves the honour of the people that has not known how to conquer or to keep them.'

With a mixture of strong English sympathies, and yet un-

feigned patriotism, M. Guizot is the man, of all others, suited to appreciate the excellencies of the two countries. He takes pleasure in tracing out the way in which their destinies have been commingled, and a great reciprocal influence exerted. He claims, for the French mind, an unfailing fondness for intellectual greatness,—the only superiority which it still delights to honour,—and a generous equity disposing it to sympathize with everything that is just and true, when advocated with earnestness. But he deploras the contrast presented by French society, when one passes from the sphere of social relations to that of political rights and questions. In the former, all is harmony and ease; and the various classes are in close contact, without any invidious distinctions. But when the positive interests of life are brought into view, and the repartition of the rights, honours, advantages, and burthens of the social state is to be made, then the most opposite pretensions and susceptibilities raise their heads. It is the reign of strife, and of the obstinate mutual jealousy of classes.

These *Memoirs* are now accessible to the English reader; but the translation is issued at a very unpopular price, as usual with Mr. Bentley's editions of the author's writings. We presume that this is the result of the international copyright law, and is only to be questioned on the ground of policy. Of the merits of the English version we are unable to speak; for, writing at a distance, the original was more easily attainable, and we have rendered for ourselves the passages adduced in this review. We cannot flatter ourselves that we have succeeded in reproducing the felicity and point of the original. Nothing is more characteristic than the style of M. Guizot. It assures the reader at once that although largely practised in affairs, the bent and tenor of the author's mind is towards speculative studies, social and historical; but, most of all, it is distinguished by a force and beauty of expression which singularly contrast with a certain weak and vague philosophy, and give the air of an ambitious failure to the whole.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London. 1851.
2. *The Saxons in England. A History of the English Commonwealth till the Period of the Norman Conquest.* By JOHN KEMBLE, M.A., &c., &c. Two Vols. London. 1849.
3. *Popular Tales from the Norse. With an Introductory Essay.* By GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L. Edinburgh. 1859.

It is not an easy task to realize that state of things, in which the mere elements of the institutions under which we live were floating loosely, or just beginning to combine. But the attempt to do so will be attended with profit, if not with complete success. The present character and relations of England naturally give the deepest interest to the scenes and circumstances of her childhood. In an effort to call up these, we may be assisted, perhaps, by the sympathy of race, and will accept the guidance of Tacitus and Pliny. We go back in thought to the first century of the Christian era; and then, passing over the North Sea, let us stem the flood of old Rhenus, till we come to the point where he is joined by the serpentine Mosella; and here, leaving our skiff, let us land, and, turning toward the north-east, strike boldly into the depths of the Hyrcanian Forest. Now, we are surrounded by trees which seem to be as old as the world. The interwoven boughs shut out the light of heaven. Here and there, the mingling roots rise from the earth, and form arches beneath which a troop of horsemen might pass. On a line of very large and beautiful oaks may be seen, sketched on the bark, some curious figures of birds and beasts with Runic characters. At this point we must halt a little. This is the outer limit of the sacred mark which surrounds the settlement of some organized community. Before we proceed, there must be a loud shout, or a blast on our horn, as a token of peace; otherwise, we may be struck down, and left to wither in the wood. It is not safe to slink through without notice. This is declared to be the sacred abode of the gods. We may meet, they say, with monsters and dragons; wood-spirits may bewilder and decoy us to death. The fire-drake may come out of his fen. Grindal the man-eater may catch us; or old Nicor may come after us from the side of the forest-lake. If we do not respect the holiness of this place, we are accursed; but if it be honoured, we shall be received in peace. Now, let us pass on. The vast height of the wood, the dark secrecy of the spot, the mysterious unbroken gloom, awaken a sense of some present divinity; and

we are not mistaken, for there is the broken armour of some vanquished Roman, hung up by the victors as an offering to their triumphant god. But now, the light gleams on our path, and we come at length into more open ground, a kind of marshy pasture: this may be called the Folk-land, where the people have right of common; and here are herds of sheep, cattle, and swine. A little further, and, on turning a hill, there is a scene of cultivation, and some domestic comfort. All around, within the ring-fence of forest and marsh, are scattered huts and cottages made of log or rough timber, and whitened with chalk or clay. About and between the little dwellings there are patches of corn promising a harvest, or plots of arable land on which labourers are at work. There are some women occupied in housewifery, dressed in blue linen; their short-sleeved dresses leaving their well turned arms and necks uncovered, and their ruddy or auburn hair decently twisted up to a knot. At a little distance, on a mound, whose venerable central tree and sacred stones mark off the spot from the other parts of the town, is a large gathering of men, for the most part dressed in skins, either tightly fitted or clasped at the neck, and falling loosely over the person, variegated with dyed spots, and ornamented with strips of fur. Every man is armed with sword, spear, or axe; and every left arm has on it a dark round shield: and now, a clash of weapons signifies their approval of what is proposed by a speaker, who seems to hold the office of chief or king, and who is supported by persons whose appearance is that of priests. The men, generally, are large-bodied and well formed, with firm look and stern blue eyes, except here and there a brilliant hazel. A family likeness appears to pervade the whole; and the entire scene gives an impression of compactness, order, domestic chastity, and comfort; a little advance in the cultivation of peace, with most watchful readiness for war. But where are we? and who are these? This is a German Mark, with its organized tribe, assembled with their priests and Graff in solemn council; and these warlike agriculturists and herdmen, gathered in the midst of their homes, are our Teutonic forefathers; one of the many families of that race from which we derive our distinctive character and our dearest rights.

But let a hundred years pass away, and then we suppose ourselves to be standing on some more northern point, from which we command the eastern coast of the Cimbrian Chersonesus, now known as Jutland. Within the variegated bays which look towards the Baltic, there are many scattered villages of low-roofed huts; and some of the wooded hills are crowned with the fastnesses of northern chiefs. On some spots groups of figures

may be observed in rude armour closely fitted to the body, each furnished with a long sword, or axe, or heavy mace. Down some of the valleys which wind to the sea, a few horsemen appear, dashing over brake and stream; each small-headed glossy bay animal expressing, through his full dark eyes and large slit nostrils, his sympathy with his fearless rider. But let us cross the peninsula, and survey the marshes and sandy shores which are washed by the Northern Sea; and there we find many lonely or clustered homes, occupying portions of cultivated marsh, or little green patches amidst the sandy plains, or standing between the salt-pools which dot the low-lands. These habitations are peopled by a kind of amphibious race, the primitive marines of Europe. Armed like their brethren on the shores of the Baltic, they are prepared to assist them in invading the fields and forests of Thuringia; while they can leap into their airy ships, and dart from the mouth of the Elbe, or from the creeks of the islands which stand off the sandy shoals of the coast, fearlessly brave the storm, and laugh at the breeze as it plays with their flaxen locks, or whistles beneath the nose-peak of their tight little helmets. The scene before us is the true 'Old England;' and the people who seem to be at home both in 'the battle and the breeze,' are our ancestors, the Jutes of Jutland, the Angles of England, and the Saxons of Sleswic Holstein. They made themselves known in the fifth century as the gay masters of the Britannic seas. Hides sewn together, and stretched on a frame of light wood or wicker-work, formed their homes on the sea. Every man could be rower or captain, just as the case demanded. They became expert under mutual instruction; and were ready for any call, either as leaders or privates, seamen or soldiers: ever on the alert, they were a match for the most vigilant and courageous; and whether they attempted a surprise, or tracked the fugitive, or retreated before superior force, their designs were sooner or later fulfilled. Danger was despised. Shipwreck became a mere inconvenience. They appeared to be as familiar with hidden rocks and shoals as they were with the open billows. Their confidence gathered with a storm; and they gloried in the tempest, because it afforded an opportunity of unexpected descent on the shores which they had marked for invasion. They formed the family type of those who in after years manned the 'wooden walls of old England.' Like their relatives, the Northmen of a somewhat later day, they were 'sea-kings.' Their passion for a maritime life was peculiar to their race; and the early settlement of such families on this Island had much to do with the formation of that nautical taste and disposition which now make up so distinctive a part of English character. The Saxon who managed

his *ceol* during the fifth century, was at once the hardy parent and rough model of the English tar. And when we watch the movements of those compact military households, which in the third century were the terror of Gaul, and a match for the legions of Rome; who, though small in number, swept back the tide of Scotch and Pictish invasion in Britain; who to-day would measure out their allotments of land, and to-morrow hew their way with sharp axes and long swords into further scenes of conquest; who, by turns, cultivated their Marks, and drove back Kelts on the one side, and Danes on the other, until they had fixed themselves as the lords of English soil;—we have before us the early models and ancestry of the troops who in more modern times have become most remarkable for steady push and passive courage.

To inquire for the original seat of this race, or to attempt to track their footsteps or their line of emigration, formerly involved a speedy passage into the region of mere conjecture, where, groping like one who can only 'see men as trees walking,' we were content at last to take the hand of such guides as Herodotus or Strabo. They beguiled us with stories about what Greek authors had said of the Scythians; or of what the older geographers revealed of the lands beyond the Euxine, the Danube; and Adriatic Sea, where the *Hyperboreans*, *Sauromatæ*, and *Arimaspians* were found; or with tales about the *Messagætæ* and *Sacæ* beyond the Caspian, or the *Germanii* in Persia, where we brought ourselves to believe we came upon the primitive home of the *Sakai-Suna*, or the sons of the *Sakai*, in the rich district of Sakasina. And yet even then, perhaps, our faith was scarcely proof against Higden's curious etymology: 'Men of that cowntree,' he says, 'ben more lyghter and stronger on the sea than other scommers and theeves of the sea, and pursue theyr enemyes full harde both by water and by londe, and ben called Saxones of *Saxum*, that is, a stone, for they ben as harde as stones, and uneasy to fare with!' When, at a later day, the literature of the East was partially opened by the great leaders in Oriental research, we thought our ancestors were found among the *Sakas*, who, with the *Yavanas*, *Pahlavas*, *Chinas*, and others, are placed by the Laws of Menu among the races of the *Cshatryas*, or soldier-class, which, 'by their omission of holy rites, and by seeing no Brahmins, have gradually sunk among men to the lowest of the four classes.' Nor have we been unwilling to think that the name *Sakas* might have some reference to their sacred origin and early wandering from the family seat; as the celebrated Gótama Budha was called *Sakya* because of his purity and mendicant life; while his disciples were soon

known as the sons of *Sakya*. Thanks, however, to the master spirits whose magic power has drawn forth the long-veiled mysteries of human language, a more certain clue is now afforded us to the earlier relations and wanderings of our forefathers. Where history fails, philology comes to our aid, and teaches us to read with comparative ease the records of our early kindred, and the tales of our fathers' dispersion. Under her guidance we trace the Anglo-Saxon, with the other branches of the Germanic family, to the Sanscrit and Zend, the direct father of the modern Persian. The Persic, more than any other of the Asiatic tongues, seems to be closely allied to the Teutonic group; indeed, it appears to form the base of their etymology. If the radical words of the Persic be estimated at 12,000, not less, perhaps, than 4,000 of these are to be found, with more or less of change, in the Germanic dialects; while a striking conformity prevails as to inflection. The languages of modern Europe may at the same time owe something to ancient Armenia; and the presence of Hebrew roots might indicate an old connexion between the western emigrants and those whom Assyrian power once transplanted from Samaria to 'the rivers of Gozan and the cities of the Medes.' 'The close relation of the German language with the Persian,' as Schlegel remarks, 'distinctly indicates the point at which that branch separated from its parent stem; and the numerous radical words common both to the Teutonic and Turkish languages may afford indications of the migratory path which the former people pursued, and which is proved by other and historical evidence to have followed the direction of the river Gihon or Araxes, along the shore of the Caspian Sea, bearing constantly towards the north-west.' A few scattered remains of their speech still linger on their line of movement,—in the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the neighbourhood of the Caspian; and 'the mixed construction of the dialects now used in those districts marks them as links filling up the space which intervenes between the Indian and Persian on the one hand, and the Germanic families on the other.'

Where then was the real starting-point, the great source of this emigration? The double alliance of our western languages with the Persian and the Sanscrit might incline us to hesitate between Persia and Hindostan; were it not that by very ancient Brahminical laws migration from India was forbidden, and that the continent was subdued at an early period by a superior race who came down into it from the north-west. Persia, therefore, seems to be nearest to the cradle of nations. The Plain of Iran was the home from whence the first pilgrim-multitudes moved off, some to the west, and some to the east. But when each

later 'wandering of the nations' began, or in what order they followed, who can say? What kindled up their desire for change, or what impulses hastened their steps, there is no certain voice to tell us. The languages of Europe, however, like tidal wave-marks on the soil, show that the successive floods of human life came with the greatest rapidity and force over the north-west. Into this great basin Kelts, Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and Slavonians came rolling on, bearing the precious materials for future civilization and moral power. There were ages of repeated shifting. Changes passed over the state and position of tribes. For many generations they would move hither and thither under the pressure of various circumstances. Names came up and vanished. States were formed and swept away. Wars, and seditions, and conquests would mark the years of discipline, during which the western tribes were learning to become the rulers of history, the patterns of healthy social action, the teachers of science and practical philosophy, and the commercial and religious harmonizers of the world. In the mean time, the emigrants who had taken an eastern turn from the common starting-point, crossed the old Eastern Caucasus, and, rushing through the passes of Afghanistan, and over the rivers of the Punjaub, seized upon the fruitful plains of India.

Never were the character and destiny of these two kindred branches of early emigration sketched in a single page with more vigour and beauty than by Mr. Dasent, in the Introduction to his translations from the Norse:—

'The western wanderers,' he says, 'though by nature tough and enduring, have not been obstinate and self-willed; they have been distinguished from all other nations, and particularly from their elder brothers whom they left behind, by their common sense, by their power of adapting themselves to all circumstances, and by making the best of their position; above all, they have been teachable, ready to receive impressions from without, and, when received, to develop them. Their lot is that of the younger brother, who, like the younger brother whom we meet so often in these *Popular Tales*, went out into the world with nothing but his good heart and God's blessing to guide him; and now has come to all honour and fortune, and to be a king ruling over the world. He went out and *did*. Let us see now what became of the elder brother, who stayed at home some time after his brother went out, and then only made a short journey. Having driven out the few aboriginal inhabitants of India with little effort, and following the course of the great rivers, the southern Aryans gradually established themselves all over the peninsula; and then, in calm possession of a world of their own, undisturbed by conquest from without, and accepting with apathy any change of dynasty among their rulers, ignorant of the past and careless of the future,

they sat down once for all and *thought*—thought not of what they had to do here, that stern lesson of every-day life from which neither men nor nations can escape if they are to live with their fellows, but how they could abstract themselves entirely from their present existence, and immerse themselves wholly in dreamy speculations on the future. Whatever they may have been during their short migration and subsequent settlement, it is certain that they appear in the *Vidas*—perhaps the earliest collection which the world possesses—as a nation of philosophers.....In this passive, abstract, unprogressive state, they have remained ever since. Stiffened into castes, and tongue-tied and hand-tied by absurd rites and ceremonies, they were heard of in dim legends by Herodotus; they were seen by Alexander when that bold spirit pushed his phalanx beyond the limits of the known world; they trafficked with imperial Rome and the later Empire; they were again almost lost sight of, and became fabulous in the Middle Age; they were re-discovered by the Portuguese; they have been alternately peaceful subjects and desperate rebels to us English; but they have been still the same immovable and unprogressive philosophers, though akin to Europe all the while; and though the Highlander, who drives his bayonet through the heart of a high-caste Sepoy mutineer, little knows that his pale features and sandy hair, and that dusk face with its raven locks, both came from a common ancestor away in Central Asia, many centuries ago.'

Next to their language, the mythology of nations affords the most interesting and instructive evidence of original kindred. Language, perhaps, opens the most impressive views of that swelling energy of thought, that fresh activity, quick discernment, and rich contrivance and invention, which would distinguish a race while yet entire in its first home, and ere the early springs of thought or action have been weakened or spent; but mythology gives us a curious insight into the silent efforts of scattered and wandering branches of the great household to retain some remnants at least of that primeval faith which had hallowed the home of their fathers. Nor can we pick up the fragmentary relics which we find at the extreme limits of human migration, and compare them, without finding pleasure in making them fit to each other as parts of the same original creed. The visions of Teutonic heathendom are comparatively dim; but their floating forms, when carefully watched, are seen to melt into shapes of Eastern fashion, and to claim an affinity with the more elaborate imagery with which Oriental wanderers adorned and concealed the first principles of revealed truth. Much of the mythology held sacred by the German tribes who peopled this island, must be sought for now in popular tales and legends; those things that were so dear to our childhood, but which, now-a-days, we think ourselves too far advanced in man-

hood to love and cherish. Let it not be thought, however, that our old nursery tales are mere fooleries to charm or awe the infantile thinker. Many of them have a meaning which the philosopher should gladly record; and beneath the surface of what has been all but banished from our juvenile literature as unworthy of an enlightened age, there is a science which may help us to 'look to the hole of the pit from which we were digged,' or to examine our family connexion with far-off populations, until the true old feeling of kindred becomes warm enough to aid us in the exercise of Christian love and duty. Who, even among the oldest of us, but must recal with pleasure the glowing delight with which his young soul used to revel amidst the magic scenes of our old-fashioned nursery tales or the legends of our native place? The charm and power of these are still unrivalled. Perhaps, this indicates an analogy between our individual youth and the first age of a people. The one has sympathy with the other; and therefore the mythic creations of young, fresh, and sensitive races afford distinctive enjoyment to the new-born but deep instincts of the boy. But our attention is now drawn to our native myths and stories as they show the marks and tokens of the fatherland, or parent stock, of the tribes who brought them through all the wanderings of their national childhood as a portion of their inheritance, and have now left them to be encased and studied by a maturer age. We are indebted to Mr. Dasent for enlarged means of identifying the legends of Teutonic heathendom with those of the prolific East from which the earliest versions sprang. By making us familiar with the Norse tales, which are still on the lips of those who represent the northern kindred of our Saxon progenitors, he has augmented our store of material, and, indeed, has confirmed us in the belief that the groundwork of the old popular narratives both of Europe and Asia is one and the same; that they were all learnt in the same nursery, and used to be told there long, long before time had so changed the children's speech, that the story with which all would be familiar came to be rehearsed by one in a dialect which none of the others could understand. To quote from the translator's beautiful pages,—

'The tales form in fact another link in the class of evidence of a common origin between the East and West; and even the obstinate adherents of the old classical theory, according to which all resemblances were set down to sheer copying from Greek or Latin patterns, are now forced to confess, not only that there was no such wholesale copying at all, but that, in many cases, the despised vernacular tongues have preserved the various traditions far more faithfully than

the writers of Greece and Rome.....There can be no doubt, with regard to the question of the origin of these tales, that they were common, in germ at least, to the Aryan tribes before their migration. We find traces of them in the traditions of the eastern Aryans, and we find them developed in a hundred forms and shapes in every one of the nations into which the western Aryans have shaped themselves in the course of ages. We are led, therefore, irresistibly to the conclusion that these traditions are as much a portion of the common inheritance of our ancestors, as their language unquestionably is; and that they form, along with that language, a double chain of evidence which proves their Eastern origin. If we are to seek for a simile or an analogy, as to the relative position of these tales and traditions, and to the mutual resemblances which exist between them, as the several branches of our race have developed them from the common stock, we may find it in something which will come home to every reader as he looks round the domestic hearth, if he should be so happy as to have one. They are like, as sisters of one house are like. They have what would be called a strong family likeness; but besides this likeness, which they owe to father or mother, as the case may be, they have each their peculiarities of form, and eyes, and face, and, still more, their differences of intellect and mind. This may be dark, that fair; this may have grey eyes, that black; this may be open and graceful, that reserved and close; this you may love, that you can take no interest in. One may be bashful, another winning, a third worth knowing, and yet hard to know. They are so like and so unlike. At first it may be, as an old English writer beautifully expresses it, "their father hath writ them as his own little story;" but as they grow up, they throw off the copy, educate themselves for good or ill, and finally assume new forms of feeling and feature under an original development of their own.'

We scarcely know which to admire most, the pure bright naturalness of Mr. Dasent's translation, or the fresh English style of his thoughtful and suggestive Introduction. We have had many a refreshing laugh over the Norse tales; and, in spite of attempts at philosophy, have felt ourselves young again, as the fairy dreams of boyhood came around us, peopled with so many dear and familiar features. Thanks to the author who has courage to cheer the few who are sometimes parched and weary amidst cotton-dust, hot steam, and what not.

Nor will the lover of our native tongue fail to be grateful to one who has successfully shown that deep philosophical thought and the results of critical research may be expressed in clear, chaste, and graceful English. The instructive chapters on Saxon heathendom, in Mr. Kemble's volumes, furnish additional evidence as to the original identity of Eastern and Western myths. We can trace the influence of climate and other circumstances in the varied shaping of the traditions; and here

and there we may detect the coarse and disagreeable images which the gross and fanatical zeal of missionary monks forced into combination with the earlier legends; yet we cannot wander amidst the ruins of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon, especially when it is seen in the light of old Norse theology, without recognising the kith and kin, not only of those forms which once peopled the sacred abodes of Greece and Rome, but also of the dreamy groups which still float in the glowing atmosphere of Hindostan. The shadows vary a little as we shift our point of sight; but in every aspect they dimly reveal some remaining element of a great primeval faith. Other proofs of the family relation between East and West are continuously suggested by Mr. Kemble's pages. And as Saxon institutions are brought up before us, restored by his magic touch, from amidst the crumbling memorials of pre-Norman times, or as the interpretation of some ancient law is made to throw light upon the social condition of the early Teuton settlers in England, our thoughts are ever and anon carried to the East, and memory produces some answering clause in the Institutes of Menu, or some Indian customs which remain unchanged through all changes, and yet stand like fossils in the rock to indicate the family relations of a former age. It might be supposed, for instance, that when the Teutons entered on the soil, and each family or tribe drew around its settlement the sacred 'mark,' and fixed the hallowed signs, the 'stone,' or 'mound,' or remarkable tree, either ash, beech, thorn, lime, or 'marked oak,' they still felt the influence of the old Eastern precept concerning 'the large public trees,' and piously obeyed the command recorded by Menu: 'When boundaries first are established, let strong trees be planted in them, *valas, pippalas, pildas, salas,* or *talas*, or such trees as abound in milk..... Or mounds of earth should be raised, or large pieces of stone..... By such marks the judge may ascertain the limits.' The Saxon regulations as to folc-land and pasture, as well as the custom respecting margins of property or space for eaves, might remind us, too, of sentences in the same Oriental code, providing that 'on all sides of a village, or small town, a space be left for pasture, a breadth either of four hundred cubits, or three casts of a large stick; and three times that space around a city or considerable town.' An intelligent reader of *The Saxons in England* will think perhaps of Sir C. T. Metcalf's description of village communities in India, and of Mountstuart Elphinstone's sketch of their growth and constitution, while he refreshes himself with pictures from the real life of early German settlers in this island. Nor could we fail to observe how curiously Mr. Kemble's enume-

ration of the seven classes of slaves among the Saxons answers to a legal statement in Menu. The class of serfs, says the English writer, was composed of 'serfs by the fortunes of war, by marriage, by settlement, by voluntary surrender, by crime, by superior legal power, and by illegal power or injustice.' The eastern authority affirms: 'There are servants of seven sorts; one made captive under a standard or in battle, one maintained on consideration of service; one born of a female slave in the house; one sold, or given, or inherited from ancestors; and one enslaved by way of punishment on his inability to pay a large fine.'

The emigrant families, who had gone off right and left, were long divided. At length, however, the descendants of the younger branch found their way around to the land where the elder brethren of the dispersion had settled. There was a meeting, and a feud, terrible for a time, as family feuds too often are; but now, a lady from the royal line of the Western Islanders holds her sceptre over the scene of strife, and illustrates the beautiful title of the Anglo-Saxon woman, *Freothowebbe*, 'the weaver of peace.' We are led to recur again for a moment to the mythology of the East, which may throw some light upon the first movements of the German race towards the north-west, when they started, as we suppose, from a point somewhere on the borders of Persia. A veneration for the north, a deep impression of its glory, seems to have prevailed among eastern minds. This was not a mere circumstance, but a favourite idea or cherished feeling. It is constantly showing itself in their poetical creations, and appears to be interwoven, in many cases, into their sacred literature. We might be inclined to infer, that the first movements of the German families in that direction resulted, not so much from the impulse of necessity, as from the influence of the traditions and doctrines which they fostered and revered as divine. On this subject, however, we can only speculate at present. Whatever the motive under which their migration began, they appear to have passed out of Asia into Europe over the Kimmerian Bosphorus, north of the Black Sea, about six hundred and eighty years before Christ. Herodotus records their attack on the Kimmerians about that period. In the old historian's own time, just four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, they were on the Danube, and were moving towards the south. Tacitus speaks of their victorious arms against the Romans one hundred and thirteen years before Christ. Sixty-three years later, in Cæsar's time, they were known as Germans, and had established themselves so far to the west as to oblige the Gaulish tribes to withdraw from the eastern

banks of the Rhine. The Saxons were as far west as the Elbe in the days of Ptolemy; and a little more than one hundred years from that time, they united with the Franks against the Romans; while in the fifth century they were peopling the region of the Elbe in connexion with the Angles and Jutes. It would seem that for some years before Cæsar's descent on Britain, an active intercourse had been kept up between the western districts of Gaul and our southern and eastern shores. The first landing of the Roman invader was, perhaps, the result of his discovery, that his Gallic foes sometimes recruited their strength by the aid of their British kinsmen and allies; while the plan of his hostile visit was probably formed on the information gathered on the coast from those who were commercially related to the markets of Britain. When Roman power was established on both sides of the Channel, the ancient bonds would be renewed, and there would be a growing familiarity of communication. During the Augustan age, the exports from this island must have been respectable in variety and value. In Nero's time, London, though not a colony, was noted as a commercial station; and was, perhaps, the chief attraction to the merchants of Gaul. While this friendly relation was maintained across the Channel, it may be supposed that, as the German tribes advanced along the valleys of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine, some of them would find their way to the British shores. Indeed, Cæsar's allusion to emigration from the Continent, Ptolemy's notice of the Chauci as having reached Ireland, and the tradition of the Welsh Triads as to the Coritavi who came to Britain from a Teutonic marshland, all go to render the supposition more probable. It is well known that the Roman Emperors recruited their legions from among Germanic tribes; and they may have seen that their safer policy would be to billet their Teutonic ranks on the fertile valleys of this island rather than on the other side of the water. Marcus Antoninus drafted crowds of Germans to Britain. When Constantine was elected to the imperial dignity, his supporters included Erocus, an Alemannic King, who had accompanied his father from Germany. And still later, there was an auxiliary force of Germans serving with the legions in this country. In addition to this, there is the remarkable fact, that among the Roman officers here, there was the 'count or lord of the Saxon shore.' His jurisdiction extended from a point near the present Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk; and under him were various civil and military establishments fixed along that range of coast. Now as the term 'Saxon shore' was applied to that district on the Continent which was occupied by the Saxon confederacy, we may take it in much the

same sense with respect to this island. It would refer then to that part on which Saxons had settled. The facts thus enumerated go to show that long previous to the fifth century there had been some admixture of Germans in the population of this country. It is certain, however, that about the middle of the fifth century a considerable movement took place among the tribes that peopled the western coasts of Germany and the islands of the Baltic. Whether they were disturbed by the inroads of restless neighbours from behind, or agitated by the difficulties of increasing population, or moved by a rising spirit of adventure, it is not easy to decide; but a great emigration began, and Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, crossed the sea in search of new settlements. Britain at that time was fertile and defenceless; rich with the fruits of a long peace; but abandoned by the Romans, and ill prepared for self-defence. Nothing could be more inviting to the swarms of hardy adventurers who now pressed toward her shores; and, disorganized, enervated, and so far disarmed as to be incapable of a very spirited or stubborn resistance, her soil was soon occupied by those who made up the successive expeditions which legend has associated with such names as Hengist, Horsa, Ella, Ossa, and Cerdic. The new comers were not likely to find land vacant for their occupation among the Saxons who had previously settled on the coast; but they might secure the co-operation of their kindred in driving the British from the interior fields. There would be many skirmishes; and sometimes victory might be dearly bought on the side of the Teutons; but they steadily advanced from east to west, and from south to north, until the unfortunate people who had called the land their own, were driven to the barren extremities of the country, or reduced to the necessity of mingling with the fierce strangers in any capacity which the conquerors might demand.

We can never approach that period of our history which now opens on us without plaintive feeling. We have been bereaved. One who has given us a deeper insight into the principles and institutions of Saxon life than any of his fellows, has fallen in the midst of his work, and left us in grief, once more to prove how strangely our joy in real gains sometimes melts into sorrow over blasted hopes. The volumes which Mr. Kemble lived to publish form one of the richest boons which ever called forth the gratitude of those who wish to understand the history of a great people; and therefore our disappointment and mournfulness are the deeper at the fact, that his pen had scarcely inscribed the promise of further light upon the laws, commerce, science, literature, and homes of

Saxon England, ere it was dropped for ever; leaving none to use it as he could, or to save us from realizing the truth of the saying, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Mr. Kemble, in his first book, opens the principles on which Teutonic settlements were formed in England. In attempting this, his difficulties were great; but it is instructive to see how an unflinching and patient spirit overcame them one after another. Where contemporary records had but little to say of the emigrants' early fortunes, and where there were but few means of tracing the development of their original plans, the writer gathers up facts from the history of their kindred, collects such fragments of old institutions as still bear the mark of a primitive age, and have not entirely lost their distinctive influence; and, examining these in connexion with the natural movements of social life in every time and place, he brings up, by a truly philosophical process, the real elements of that system which rose on the ruins of Romanized Britain. In the second book, these principles are seen unfolding themselves through the historic period, of which we have a sufficiency of written memorial. Here we may watch the slow growth of the kingly power, and measure the gradual accumulation of royal rights. The formation of the English Court and household is well drawn. The original county authorities and courts are called up. The old foundations of our popular government are cleared out for our inspection. A chapter on 'The Towns' affords some most interesting details, and most beautiful sketches of truly restored life. The hostile claims of religious parties who have kept up strife over the history of Christian Saxondom are calmly and admirably balanced; while those who feel an interest in modern poor-laws may find much that is curious and suggestive in the provisions for an overplus population, in those days when legislation was in its youthful vigour and simplicity. We rose from the perusal of these chapters confirmed in the impression that the change from the Saxon to the Norman style of social life was gradual and slow. 'Few things in history,' says our author, 'when carefully investigated, do really prove to have been done in a hurry. Sudden revolutions are much less common than we are apt to suppose, and fewer links than we imagine are wanting in the great chain of causes and effects. Could we place ourselves above the exaggerations of partisans, who hold it a point of honour to prove certain events to be indiscriminately right or indiscriminately wrong, we should probably find that the course of human affairs had been one steady and gradual progression; the reputation of individual men would perhaps be shorn of part of its lustre; and though we should lose some of the satisfaction

of hero-worship, we might more readily admit the constant action of a superintending Providence, operating without caprice through very common and every-day channels.' Mr. Kemble seems to have been singularly qualified for the work on which he had entered in his two volumes. The structure of his mind, the range of his studies, and, not least, his habitual mode of using his material, all combine to inspire his readers with confidence; and while we follow him in his researches, we get to feel ourselves under safe guidance, and learn to repose in the certainty as well as beauty of the results. His predecessor in this department of literature, Sir Francis Palgrave, who still continues to regale us with his utterances on Norman history, fails, we think, to inspire so deep a trust. He is perhaps more brilliant than Kemble, but not so accurate. Had we no other means of judging, we might be powerfully swayed by the voice of such an authority as Hallam, who, though, according to common phrase, dead, will live as long as our language lives, as the confidential companion of all who love truthful history. The venerable historian, for instance, sometimes detected Sir Francis shifting his opinions between his first and second volume; and quietly remarks, 'I cannot assent; the second thoughts of my learned friend I like less than the first.' Indeed, the mode of composition which Hallam's friend adopts, on his own showing, would scarcely bespeak our entire confidence, as it tends to make an author's pages racy and pleasant at the occasional sacrifice of exactness. At every stage of the work, the *History of Normandy and England*, it appears, 'has been spoken; that is to say, written down by dictation, and transcribed from dictation. The author therefore appears somewhat in the character of a lecturer who prints his lectures as they have been repeated under his direction. He trusts he shall obtain the indulgence granted to those whose position he assumes.' For our own part, we cannot make the historian any such allowance.*

Mr. Kemble's accuracy reminds us of Hallam, with whom he generally agrees. Like him, he appears to 'write on oath.' He excels, however, in the art of restoring old forms, and has

* It is hardly fair that this learned and esteemed author should weave up into the text of his recent volumes such references to his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth* as make the reader feel that some acquaintance with that work is very important, if not necessary, to a full understanding of the subject before him; while it is well known that the pages referred to have been long out of print, and that a single copy can scarcely be found. Now surely if a writer, and especially such a writer, thinks and tells his readers that the full benefit of his later works cannot be enjoyed without some knowledge of his earlier productions, he ought either to run the risk of repeating himself for the public good, or afford proper means of reference by keeping an edition of his advertised books in the market.

the greater power to aid us in realizing the true life of early times. The writer on *The Middle Ages* deals with his material in a way which makes us think of a scientific geologist who identifies the bones of an extinct race, and refits them so as to demonstrate their distinctive character and class; but our younger author was more like Miller, who could clothe the dry bones and make them live, and call up before us the very scenes of that world which the strange generation peopled. We could have wished that Mr. Kemble's wide acquaintance and close familiarity with Latin authorities had exerted less influence on his style, which, to our taste, sometimes departs too far from that pure and transparent standard which his own Anglo-Saxon people would call classic. This is seen particularly when he indulges his philosophical bent. If he attempts to sketch Saxon homesteads or market-towns, he always succeeds; for he becomes more Saxon in his speech, and there is a freshness and a clear beauty about his pictures which the truly English soul must always relish. We are sure, therefore, that his pen need not have run at any time into a style which, though supposed by some to be best adapted for expressing fine shades of meaning, most frequently leaves the reader in doubt as to what the writer means. Our author's deepest reasoning and reflections might have found expression in a style quite akin to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. One who writes on the Saxons in a Saxon style is always in good taste, and pays the highest compliment to his theme. It is true that the Saxon is not the only element of the English language; Keltic, Roman, Norse, and Romaunce, are woven here and there into the rich but substantial fabric; and in this we glory as much as our favourite Camden; indeed, we will adopt his strain: 'Whereas our tongue is mixed, it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinewes, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lippes, for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestically, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the Divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, we gather the honey of their good properties, and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulnessse, fulnesse with finesse, seemlinessse with portlinessse, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other

than full of all sweetness?' The Englishman may well be proud of his language; which, while it opens such literary riches to the world, ever reminds him of his family connexion with those from whose speech it derives its greatest strength. We are inclined to be jealous of the lordship of Greek and Latin. Can it be possible to forget that the Anglo-Saxon is the immediate and most plentiful source of all that gives distinctive power to our national expression? Five-eighths of our words are from that origin. To that our English owes its force, not only as to the number of words which it furnishes, but also as to the character and importance of those words, and their influence on grammatical forms. Here we find words to mark most of the objects of sense; those which make up our table talk and way-side chat; all which express our brightest and most lively thoughts, our dearest relations, our deepest and most tender feelings. Our language of business in the shop, the market, the street, the farm, and in every-day life; our proverbs, our favourite jokes; indeed, everything in our tongue which fastens most certainly on the mind and most surely touches the heart, we owe to the Anglo-Saxon. With the help of other languages we may form a brilliant style; but it is often like the sun-beam of winter, when compared with the equally sparkling, but warm, summer-light beauty of our native speech. Englishmen never fairly speak their own language without proving themselves akin to those emigrants who took possession of Britain in the fifth century of the Christian era.

These emigrants settled on the ground which they seized on certain fixed principles, which had been acted upon by their race from the earliest known period of their history. Two points were never lost sight of,—possession of land, and distinction of rank. These mutually influenced each other; and respect was had to them in all private and public arrangements. In the division of land, it seems to have been provided, that each knot of householders forming a community should hold a certain portion of land; each freeman fixing his homestead on his individual lot, which he cultivated on fixed understood conditions. As armed bands they had taken possession, and as such they divided the spoil. They had been enrolled on the field as families,—one secret of their resistless force,—and as families they continued to occupy the soil. Each kindred was drawn up under an officer, whom they followed in war, and under whom they settled within their allotments. The partition of land would be peaceably effected by the joint authority of the leaders; and all parties would agree to enter quietly on the duties and rights of their new property. We never try to realize the transactions of that

time without finding ourselves carried off in thought to the scenes of Joshua's administration in Canaan. Not that the Teutonic tribes crossed the Channel, as the Israelites did the bed of Jordan, in an unbroken, overwhelming mass; but rather in distinct detachments at various intervals, moving in various directions over the country, under many commanders, meeting with fortunes as different perhaps as their dialects, customs, and bye-laws. Here, they would be clearing the forest; there, entering on fields made ready for their plough; now stretching along the valley immediately beneath the water-shed; and now covering the rich soil of the plains which had been rescued from the surrounding marsh. By and by, the armed colonists fall into the habits, and sustain the character, of quiet farmers; and the whole country is covered with communities, in principle distinct from one another, but each holding its members together by the closest ties. Then England was agricultural rather than commercial; and her population was in no case strongly centralized. There was a gradual change in the character of the people. They had enough to hush their restlessness. Their limits for the present seemed sufficiently wide. The habits and feelings which had swayed them as adventurers of desperate fortunes, began to lose their power; and, apparently content with the conquest they had made, they set themselves to the peaceful task of keeping each man his own little fenced spot, where he might rear his children and make himself a name. Each kindred, or association of families, settled in its own *Marc*, a term which has a deep interest for the student of our social history. The term might be applied to the political body composed of the freemen who were associated within a given space; or to the continuous signs which distinguished the limits of their territory; or to the territory itself, as marked out or defined. Here then is the plot on which a greater or lesser number of freemen and their households fix their homesteads for purposes of cultivation, and for the sake of mutual profit and protection. It comprised both arable and pasture, in proportion to the number of settlers; and as they had no affection for 'the tents of Shem,' and were above the gipsy-like habits of the Scythian, their *Marc* would soon have its houses, villages, and, in some cases, its fortress or castle. Its frontier was protected by a sacred forest or marsh. A large portion would be *Folc-land*, where all had the right of common; while the arable was subdivided into individual estates, known as *Hids* or *Alods*. The possession of land entered so deeply into the constitution of Anglo-Saxon society, that the revolutions of centuries have failed to destroy entirely the traces of early allodial division. Until a very recent period, our

ancestral history was written on the face of the country, our fields were chronicles. That which formed the distinctive beauty of English landscape was the standing and faithful record of early Teutonic proprietary. But alas, alike for beauty and memorial ! in many districts, hedge-row and copse are fast melting before the influence of model farming and capital ; and we are losing our familiar clue to that state of things which prevailed in the palmy days of pure Anglo-Saxon life. Old land-marks are broken down. Little portions are gathered up into great estates ; agricultural interests are centralized around fewer points ; and masses are brought into more entire dependence on the representatives of money-power.

Some nooks yet remain, however, in which we may move amidst untouched relics of a former social condition. It is a fact as interesting as it is curious, that in the Orkneys, where the old Norse customs have had so little interruption, and where the kindred of the old Saxons is still represented, there is much that would help us to realize the days when England was parcelled out in hids of thirty acres or thereabouts, cultivated each by the family of its freeman or *ceorl*. 'The permanency of the population,' says the late Hugh Miller, 'is mightily in favour of old use and wont, as the land is almost entirely divided amongst a class of men called *Pickie* or petty *Lairds*, each ploughing his own fields, and reaping his own crops, much in the same manner as their great-grandfathers did in the days of Earl Patrick ; and such is the respect which they entertain for their hereditary beliefs, that many of them are said still to cast a lingering look, not unmixed with reverence, on certain spots held sacred by their Scandinavian ancestors.' In many parts of England, nothing is left to show what once was, but the local names which, though meaningless to many who now swarm on the soil, are recognised by the aid of early charters and deeds as the patronymics which distinguished ancient *marcs*. Nor would it be difficult, in some neighbourhoods, to pace the bounds not only of *marcs*, but of individual *alods*, where the settled habitations of our forefathers are still marked as *-háms*, *-túns*, *-worthigs*, and *-stedes* ; while *-den*, *-holt*, *-wood*, *-hurst*, and *-fáld*, show us the site of the forest where the swine fed, or the out-lying pastures where the cattle ran. A study of such old land-marks must always be interesting to Englishmen, while their national welfare is so dependent on the soil. It is possible for those who live within great centres of modern activity, to forget that the trade and commerce which have been so marvellously developed in later times, form only one feature of the nation's greatness. Our social and political structure owes more even now to the possession and cultivation of

land, in which the larger part of our population has the deepest interest, and in the encouragement or depression of which our continued existence as a prosperous people is deeply involved. Indeed, should any circumstances melt away the sympathy between town and country, or any political changes result in the subordination of landed interests to those of mere manufacturing districts or commercial classes, as if these were the only sources of political power, England would soon lose all that has rendered her distinctive; and however notorious she might become for some things, her true old national glory would be lost. So says history, our divinely sanctioned teacher.

But let us pass from the landed interests to the social ranks of Saxon times. It is not our intention to enter into the complications peculiar to the later days of the period; complications arising under the difficulties of growing population, or springing up beneath the widening power of the crown, or resulting partly, perhaps, from the influence of the Church. We keep to the original division of Saxon freemen into *earl* and *ceorl*, 'gentle and simple.' The chief, or king, with whose accumulating rights we become familiar in the course of Saxon history, was one of the people, but the first in rank, at the top of the social scale. As one of the people, he was called *Theóden* from *Theód*, 'the people;' as of highest birth, his name was *Cyning*, from *Cyn*, 'race;' he was the representative, the impersonation, the embodiment of the race. As the commander of the *Dryht*, or household troops, he was known as *Dryhten*; and as head of the first household in the realm, he was emphatically *Hláford*, 'bread dispenser;' his Queen being *seo Hlæfdige*, 'the lady.' The next class below was that of the *earl*, the noble, who, in addition to his own privileges, enjoyed every right of freemen in the fullest degree, as he belonged to the highest order. Then came the main body of the state, the class of *ceorls*. Nothing more strikingly marks the relative position of these classes than the relative amount of their *wergýld*, or life-price, on which the peaceful settlement of feud was based. A sum, to be paid in money or in kind, was fixed on the life of every freeman. The amounts differed in the several kingdoms, and changed, probably, with the variations in the value of life and property; but generally they stood in the relation of fifty, twelve, and six. 'As it is obvious,' remarks Mr. Kemble, 'that the simple *wergýld* of the freeman is the original unit in the computation, we have a strong argument, were any needed, that that class formed the real basis and original foundation of all Teutonic society.' Around the *ceorl*, then, very deep interest gathers; and we confess to a strong liking to one who had so much to do with our strength and life as a people.

Perhaps no man ever had more just notions of what is truly distinctive in English character than Oliver Goldsmith. A studied historical accuracy will be found under the graceful charms of his style more frequently than at first might be supposed. His are not fancy portraits, but family likenesses; not daubs, but breathing, speaking, acting, really companionable pictures. Nor were his scenes and sketches random creations of his own imagination; they were taken from nature, so that they are true to ancient as well as modern life. His forms are typical; they seem made to show those ancestral features which are mysteriously reproduced in the family line from age to age; and are, for the most part, so correctly drawn, as to be verified by the antiquarian critic at a glance. His Farmer Flamborough, for instance, is the type of a class which, in his time, represented the *ceorlische* rank of freemen in young Saxondom. 'The place of our retreat,' says the amiable old vicar, 'was a little neighbourhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas Carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve.' The foundation of this interesting class was formed in England in the fifth century; and was made up of elements brought from the forests and marshes of Germany. The exemplar of our Flamboroughs was the ceorl. Not the rude, surly, ill-bred niggard, who passes with us under the name of 'churl;' although some, as Kemble complains, have unfairly lowered the *ceorlische* standard until it has been all but churlish. In doing this, however, they have been unconsciously influenced, it may be, by the altered signification of the word. We hope they have not pleaded inspired authority, and doggedly maintained their own doctrine at the expense of their forefathers' honour, by repeating to themselves: 'The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be bountiful.' Whatever the ceorl was not, he was the freeman; man, erect, free, open, and generous. *Frigman, Frihals*, 'free-neck,' the hand of a master has never bent his neck. He was a *wæpened*-man. He carried arms as the signs of his freedom. Long hair was the ornamental token of his rank, as he walked over his estate of between thirty and forty acres; or performed his domestic and

civil duties; or exercised his right by voting in the *Marc-môt*, or assembly of his fellow markmen. He had originally a voice in the election of his chief; could share in the celebration of public religious rights, and take a part in passing or executing laws. Pledged to obey the law, he was free under its protection. At home he was a kind of patriarch; the lord and parent of his free alod. Around his dwelling were the cots of his poor dependents. They work in his fields, with his aid, and under his oversight. Beneath his countenance they nestle; and out of his store they are fed, and clothed, and paid. 'On the upland and in the forests they tend his sheep, oxen, or swine; look after the horses; or within the circuit of his homestead produce such simple manufactures as the necessities of the household require. The spinner and weaver, the glover and shoemaker, the carpenter and smith, are all parts of his family. The butter and cheese, bread and bacon, are prepared at home. The beer is brewed and the honey collected by the household;' and those who helped to store their master's larder, took their proper share in the daily consumption. We have often thought we could realize this social condition while wandering among the unpretending homesteads of that border-land where Devon joins the north-east of Cornwall; and where the utmost settlements of the West Saxons are still to be found marked as *-worths*, with the family name prefixed. How often has it been our joy to share the hospitality of the *ceorl*, when his table has been surrounded by his entire household,—wife, children, and dependents! There had been but little change in the style of cookery since the days of Egbert. The honey still supplied the luscious mead, the northern wine. For a time we thought there must have been an improvement in brewing, as they had learnt to make distinctions in the quality of ales; a mild ale being the ordinary drink, while the extra glass, on grand occasions, was filled with something brighter; but an extract from a deed dated 852, given by Mr. Kemble, reveals the curious fact, that malt liquors are distinguished in Devon now just as they were in the days of Ethelwolf. 'Twenty hides of land at Sempringham were leased by Peterborough to Wulfred for two lives,' on a rent charge in kind to the abbot. Among other things there were to be 'fifteen mittan of bright ale, and fifteen of mild ale.' Another of the all but unchanged features of *ceorlische* life has at times amused us. 'I am come to look at the clock, mistress,' said a labourer, as he entered the farm-house where we sat by the open hearth: the man belonged to the homestead; but he proceeded to dissect the clock. While thus employed, he said to the good wife, 'How is the cow to-day? The physic I gave her did her

good, I reckon?' and then, almost in the same breath, he told us that he had just now drawn a tooth for one of the girls. Not till then had we observed that he was mending the clock with an old pair of surgical forceps. This may serve to indicate, at all events, that there are circumstances under which society may retain its primitive manners for generations, and remain many centuries without a step toward a division of labour. And after all, we should scarcely like to be left without some social nook, where the necessities of daily life press people's strength and skill into their own service, and constrain them to help themselves. Genius, perhaps, is more widely diffused in such society than where scientific division of labour leaves the mass in growing conformity to the machines which they drive, or by which they are driven.

Nothing more clearly shows the former importance of the ceorl's social position than the remarkable institutions called *Gylds*, or *Tithings*, and *Hundreds*. The name of 'England's darling,' Alfred, has been associated with this system; but it is of much earlier origin. 'The object of the *gylds* or *tithings* was, that each man should be a pledge or surety as well to his fellow-man as to the state for the maintenance of the public peace; that he should enjoy protection for life, honour, and property himself, and be compelled to respect the life, honour, and property of others; that he should have a fixed and settled dwelling where he could be found when required, where the public dues could be levied, and the public services be demanded of him; lastly, that if guilty of actions that compromised the public weal, or touched upon the rights and well-being of others, there might be persons especially appointed to bring him to justice; and, if injured by others, supporters to pursue his claim and exact compensation for his wrong. All these points seem to have been very well secured by the establishment of the *tithings*, to whom the community looked as responsible for the conduct of every individual comprised within them; and, coupled with the family obligations, which still remained in force in particular cases, they amply answered the purpose of a mutual guarantee between all classes of men. It stands to reason that this system applied only to the really free. It was the form of the original compact between the independent members of an independent community. And it is evident that better means could hardly have been devised in a state of society where population was not very widely dispersed, and where property hardly existed, save in land and almost equally unmanageable cattle. The summary jurisdiction of our police magistrates, our recognizances, and bail, and binding over to keep the peace, are developments rendered necessary by our altered circumstances; but they are neverthe-

less institutions of the same nature as those on which our forefathers relied. The establishment of our County Courts, in which justice goes forth from man to man, and without original writ from the crown, is another step toward the ancient principle of our jurisprudence in the old Hundred.' These *gylds* were composed chiefly of *ceorls*, so that, simple as were the manners of that class, though their mode of life was in some sense rude, they were truly the 'free and independent electors' of the *marc* and *scir*, the real 'yeomanry,' the 'freemen' of old England. And, if we are to judge from the impression which, as a class, they have left on the political, social, and domestic character of the nation, they must have been marked by strong sense, courage, generosity, honest purpose, moral dignity and power, as well as pure family feeling, such as we fear are very far from being the virtues of those whom some modern constitution-mongers would introduce as specimens of English 'freemen.' The 'freemen' or 'electors' of some-theorists seem to be a variety as indefinable as the races of Isaac Taylor's spiritual world. 'The analogies of the visible world,' says that philosopher, when trying to account for the noises in the elder Wesley's rectory at Epworth, 'favour the supposition, that there are around us, not cognizable by our senses, orders or species of all grades, and some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or than pigs. That these species have no liberty, ordinarily, to infringe upon the world is manifest; nevertheless, chances or mischances may, in long cycles of time, throw some over their boundary, and give them an hour's leave to disport themselves among things palpable.' Verily, the 'chances or mischances' of political life may, in some reforming cycle of our history, 'throw over their boundary' some strange and uncouth *ceorls* to 'disport themselves among things palpable.' Seriously, however, we fear for some classes of our population, that the true qualifications of freemen, such as our fathers were, will have to be learnt under the hard discipline of a second feudalism, whose symbols are capital and mill, instead of castle and sword.

The first principles of Teutonic life were worked out with most consistency and freedom during the first hundred years after the settlement of the German tribes in this Island. During that time, the two classes of freemen, *earl* and *ceorl*, preserved their integrity most entire; the *ceorl* rising by industry and prosperous seasons to the rank of a gentleman more frequently than he sank into the condition of a *theow* or slave through crime, misfortune, or caprice. The introduction of Christianity marks the period of growing power on the part of the crown.

Perhaps, the influence of the Church favoured that growth. As royalty enlarged its claims and widened the range of its power, many social changes began, which issued in submission to the feudal form of government. The changes were comparatively slow. Freedom, however, was held tenaciously by the *ceorls* class, and, indeed, lingered among them in attenuated form until its faint life was trodden out by the Norman and his companions. The conscientious Hallam sums the evidence, which he had fairly examined, and pronounces as to our favourite *ceorls*, that, at the worst, 'there were *ceorls* with land of their own, and *ceorls* without land of their own; *ceorls* who might commend themselves to what lord they pleased, and *ceorls* who could not quit the land on which they lived, owing various services to the lord of the manor, but always freemen, and capable of becoming gentlemen.' The process of social change at this period of our country's history is not obscure. The principle of allotment on which the freemen originally settled was scarcely capable of withstanding the pressure of a rapidly increasing population. Households were at first planted, each on its own estate; but as the families increased, a surplus population had to be provided for; the younger branches of each house must find room and means of existence. This became increasingly difficult, and the weight of the difficulty necessitated great alterations in the relative condition of classes. From the beginning each *marc* had its earl, who might be considered in some cases as a petty king or chief. When several *marcs* became united, they formed a *gá* or *scír*; each of these had, by and by, its *ealdorman*, and his deputy, the *scír gerefa*, or sheriff. Several *scírs* would form a kingdom, having its *cyning* or king. In all these, however, law was supreme; and each class was governed on fixed principles, such as belonged to a free people. At length, an institution which Tacitus mentions as peculiar to the race during its earlier history, became largely developed. This was the *comitatus*. A king, or, in some cases, even an earl, might surround himself with armed and noble retainers, whom he would attract by his liberality or his civil or military fame. These he fed at his own table, and lodged under his own roof. They performed certain duties in his household, and, in fact, were sworn to his service, in peace and in war, and were his companions and defenders to the death. Deeply interesting cases are recorded, in which they have faithfully sacrificed themselves rather than survive their prince; and, in one instance, at least, we know of a *comes* who rushed between his king and the assassin, and saved his patron's life by the loss of his own. The Saxon name for a member of this body was *gesth*, from *stith*, a 'journey,' literally

denoting one who accompanies another. His function and position, however, led to another title, that of *thégn* or thane, strictly, a 'servant or minister,' and 'noble only when the service of royalty had shed a light upon dependence and imperfect freedom.' From the relation between the prince and the *gesíth* is derived the title of the former, *hláford*, 'lord, bread-giver.' The *gesíth* had nothing, therefore, but by gift or charity from his lord. The notion of freedom in his case was lost; it was replaced by the doubtful motive of honour or of station. At length, perchance, he would get possession of land, the gift of the king, parcelled out probably from the folc-land or common, over which the prince began to exercise the right of might. Still the *gesíth* was not free. His land could not be held like the original alod of the free ceorl. In course of time it became more honourable to be the unfree chattel of a prince than the poor free cultivator of the soil. It was the ambition of a young man to be a *comes*. Here, then, a refuge was open for those who could find no settlement on the land in any other way. And as this noble body-guard increased, and became powerful, forming, in fact, the nucleus of a standing army, their favour was naturally courted even by the free marc-men. Many entire marcs would even place themselves under their armed protection, and yield to their influence, and allow them to assume a kind of leadership, which in its relation to the liberties of the protected party was, perhaps, analogous to the silent sway of a modern nobleman, who is known to keep a look out upon the registration of electors. Thus in return for freedom the *gesíth* secured a certain maintenance, the chance of royal favour, a brilliant kind of life and adventure, with all its train of pillage, feasts, triumphs, and court life. The use of common land led to their fixed possession of it; and as royal favour concentrated upon them, they formed the groundwork of the royal household of modern days. The old hereditary noble as well as the landed freeman sank in the scale of honour, and the *gesíth* rose with the claims and power of his royal chief. Those offices which had already passed from the election of freemen to the gift of the crown were now conferred upon him, and ealdorman, duke, gerefa, judge, and even bishops were at length selected from the ranks of the comitatus. Finally, the nobles by birth themselves were drawn into the ever-widening whirlpool. From time to time the freemen, feeling that the old landmarks of their order were disappearing, and finding it increasingly difficult, even amidst ceaseless toil, to gather up the necessary supplies, yielded sullenly to the yoke which they could no longer avoid, and commended themselves, as they said, to the protection of a lord;

until, a complete change having come over public opinion, and social relations having consequently shifted, a new order of things was brought about; so that the honours and security of service became more highly esteemed and earnestly sought than a needy and unsafe freedom. The alods, the possession of which was once the glory of *ceorlsche* life, were at last surrendered to be taken back as *bóc-land*, or perhaps even as *læn-land*, lands held 'on chief,' or on condition of some service under a lordship whose shadow offered safety, and whose wealth promised to make life more easy. 'Towards the closing period of the Anglo-Saxon polity,' says Mr. Kemble, 'I should imagine, that nearly every acre of land in England had become *bóc-land*; and that as, in consequence of this, there was no more room for the expansion of a free population, the condition of the freemen became depressed, while the estates of the lords increased in number and extent. In this way the *ceorls* or free cultivators gradually vanished, yielding to the ever growing force of the noble class, accepting a dependent position upon their *bóc-land*, and standing to right in their courts, instead of their own old county *gemótas*; while the lords themselves ran riot, dealt with their once free neighbours at their own discretion, and filled the land with civil dissension, which not even the terrors of foreign invasion could still. Nothing can be more clear than that the universal breaking up of society in the time of Ethelred had its source in the ruin of the old free organization of the country. The successes of Swegen and Cnut, and even of William the Norman, had much deeper causes than the mere gain or loss of one or more battles. A nation never falls till "the citadel of its moral being" has been betrayed and become untenable. Northern invasions will not account for the state of brigandage which Ethelred and his witan deplore in so many of their laws. The ruin of the free cultivators and the overgrowth of the lords are much more likely causes. At the same time it is even conceivable that, but for the invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries, the result might have come more suddenly. The sword and the torch, plague, pestilence, and famine, are very effectual checks to the growth of population, and sufficient for a long time to adjust the balance between the land and those it has to feed.'

It may be supposed that, as the process of centralization went on, and landed property was gathered up into large estates under the powerful few, the *ceorlsche* privileges of the old *marc-mót* would dwindle, and soon leave nothing but a name. The action of the *scír-mót*, however, continued up to a later period. In the reign of Æthelstán, among other cases, the *gemót* in Kent met to receive a report of law enacted by the King and his

witan; and to express their approval, and give a pledge of obedience, on the great principle of Teutonic legislation, that laws are enacted by the King, and put in force with the consent of the people. The meeting replied to the King: 'Dearest! thy bishops of Kent and all the thanes of Kentshire, earls and ceorls, return thanks to thee, dearest lord, for what thou hast been pleased to ordain respecting our peace, and to inquire and consult concerning our advantage, since great was the need thereof for us all, both rich and poor. And this we have taken in hand with all the diligence we could, by the aid of those witan whom thou didst send unto us.' A century after this, the practice was kept up; for Cnut writes to the gemót in Kent: 'Cnut, the King, sends friendly greeting to Archbishop Lyfing, Bishop Godwine, Abbot Ælfmær, Æthelwine the sheriff, Æthelric, and all my thanes, both earls and ceorls.'

It is in the Witena Gemót, the great council of the nation, that we find the most important check on the growing influence of the crown; and though it was not strictly an elected body, it may be viewed as the ground-work of a Parliament, and as taking a deep share in the formation of our more perfectly balanced constitution. In the absence of a strict definition of this council, and from the occasional introduction of the queen, lady abbesses, priests, deacons, and even the commonalty, it may be inferred that while its leading members came by royal summons, it had been gradually shaping itself into this more compact form, in which it represented the earlier folc-mót. It is easily conceived that the claims of home would have increasing power over the scattered population of freemen, and incline them to remain among the stuff, and attend to their business, rather than incur the labour and expense of frequent journeys to the gathering-place of the people. The task of minding politics would be restricted to those who had more leisure, means, and inclination for such pursuits. And though they were thus quietly helping to damage the position of their class, they were wiser, after all, than those who violate the obligations of domestic life, while they fiercely clamour for political power, which they have neither wisdom nor virtue enough to wield for good. The dignitaries of the Church, the ealdorman, geréfa, and the thanes, seem to have composed the Witena Gemót. The people, however, who were in the neighbourhood, perhaps collected in arms during the sitting, were allowed to attend, if they thought it worth while, and even to express themselves in shouts. A charter of Æthelstán's records a meeting at Abingdon, where a grant was made to the abbey; and when the bishops and abbots present solemnly excommunicated any one who should disturb the grant, the people cried, 'So be it! so be it! Amen!'

The powers of the witan were large. In general, they had a voice in consultation; a right to consider any public act which could be authorized by the King. They deliberated upon new laws; held joint authority with the King in enacting them; could form alliances, make treaties of peace, and settle their terms; might elect a King, and depose a Sovereign, if his government was not conducted for the good of the people. The King and witan conjointly appointed bishops, levied taxes for the public service, and raised land and sea forces when called for. The witan could regulate Church affairs, appoint fasts and festivals, and decide upon the levy and expenditure of ecclesiastical revenue. They had the power to recommend, agree to, and guarantee grants of land, and might permit the conversion of folc-land into boc-land, or otherwise. The lands of offenders and intestates could be declared by them to be forfeit to the crown; while they might act generally as a supreme court of justice both in civil and criminal causes. It is interesting to be able to trace the business order of this remarkable body. The Witenagemot, on a royal summons, joined the King at one of his villas at Christmas or Easter; when ceremony, business, and festive pleasure divided their time. When special business required their attendance, notice was given by royal message appointing the time and place of meeting. The session was always begun with Divine service, and a formal profession of attachment to the Catholic faith. The King then laid his proposals before them, and, after discussion, they were accepted, modified, or laid aside. The reeves attended sometimes, perhaps, with other commissioned officers, carried the chapters into the several counties, and took a *werd* or pledge from the assembled freemen, that they would abide by the law. The possession and exercise of rights like these must at times have given the Witenagemot great advantage over the prince; while they could not fail to hasten that accumulation of aristocratic power, beneath which the people lost much of their social vigour, and by whose disproportionate weight one joint of the constitution after another was made to give way. Still the life of the Saxon people, though 'cast down,' was 'not destroyed.' The national character must have had wondrous elasticity. Like a master mind it bore up under fearful pressure, and, in spite of circumstances, left its undying impress on our political forms, our laws, our language, and our national taste. And that the social breadth and liberty of old Saxondom did not rest on wrong principles, is evident from the fact, that the leading features of its institutions have outlived all intervening changes, and now form the living characteristics of every thing which we love as distinctively English.

The physical character of the race was remarkable. It prepared them for a noble career. Their broad hips and chest, thick-boned well-shaped limbs, strong heels and ankles, with large feet bearing up a tall muscular form, and a singularly well-balanced temperament, marked them as fit for ceaseless activity and long endurance. Though children of the East, they were soon acclimated in the forests and marshes of Germany; live under the Italian sun; learn to be at home on the sands and around the salt pools and lakes of Jutland. Then they live on the ocean as if the sea had given them birth; and indeed seem to defy alike the tropics and the poles. Their mental type is equally distinct. The English Teuton has accurate, rather than quick, perception; comparative slowness, but depth and penetration of mind. His wit may not be brilliant, but he is acute. He values independence more than equality of condition or rank. He is clean, cautious, provident, and reserved; hospitable, though not sociable on a large scale; conservative in his bent; has a distinguished respect for woman; is sincere and placable, and has a spirit of enterprise and daring. The fine balance of their character strikes us as especially worthy of notice in the Anglo-Saxons. The versatility of their genius is perhaps equal to that of any other race; but, unlike some others, they unite with it a large amount of native common sense. They can turn their hand to anything, but somehow always find a solid reason for their variations. The rash and impassioned Kelt will bring his wit into play at the expense of the Teuton, or condemn him as too grave and phlegmatic; but he only seems to be so to those whose warmth is not tempered, as in his case, with an awkward modesty. He has warmth, but it is so regulated as to render him notorious for steady determination and great passive courage. There is enough of nationality to render his loyalty proverbial; and yet there is a liberality so unsuspecting, that those who do not understand him have laughed at his simplicity, or ridiculed his credulity. His manliness is like his favourite oak; but there is enough of the gentle to make him tenderly alive to the weakness which craves his protection.

But it is their family virtue and domestic habits which ever recommend the Teuton tribes to our hearts. 'The German house was a holy thing; the bond of marriage a sacred and symbolic engagement. Woman was holy even above man. In the depths of their forests the stern warriors had assigned to her a station which nothing but that deep feeling could have rendered possible. This was the sacred sex, believed to be in nearer communion with divinity than man.' And during the palmy days of the Saxon dynasty in this island, the lady was fond of indicating her dignity by her personal appearance. Her graceful form

was rendered more elegant by her violet-coloured under-vest of fine linen, and her scarlet tunic with full skirts and wide sleeves and hood, both striped or faced with silk. Her hair curled over her open forehead. Gold crescents adorned her neck; jewels sparkled on her fingers and arms; while red leather formed the decoration of her feet. Perhaps Saxon ladies became too partial to rich and gaudy colours, and might sometimes try to improve their complexion by the use of stibium. Woman, however, as an individual, was thought to be a being of a higher nature, though her chosen and dearest sphere was the private circle of her family, in which, as a member of the state, she was represented by her husband, upon whom nature had placed the happy burden of her support, and the joyful duty of acting as her guardian. She was the acknowledged bond of social life. While she was honoured, children were taught obedience, and the family was thus kept in affectionate and enlightened obedience to the state. Saxon society, then, was made up of families maintaining their sacred rites, and living in neighbourly union. Each freeman, the husband of a free woman who shared his toils, soothed his cares, and managed his house, became the founder of a family, and sent out through the spreading branches of his lineage the virtuous influence of domestic chastity and order. The Roman State, burdened in its last days with the vicious fruit of a false civilization, had lost the power of recovering itself, because it had ceased to cherish the idea of family or pure domestic life. There was an end of sound morality, both in private and public. The world, Britain not excepted, had become the home of complicated vice, and was ripe for the judgments which, under a just and merciful Providence, were at once to punish iniquity and renovate the scene. The influx of the German tribes infused new life into the corrupt system. The strangers brought with them the principle of man's dignity as a member of the family; and, with their deepest feelings enlisted on behalf of this principle, they were prepared to become the founders of permanent Christian states, and were themselves the wonder of the philosophers and theologians of Rome, Africa, and Greece; examples, indeed, held up to the degenerate races whom they had subdued. Among those who were so distinguished by domestic principles and feelings, we might expect to find that generosity which, in the more full development of Teutonic character, and under the sacred influence of Christianity, became a remarkable characteristic of the race. Most of the pictures of bloody extermination and unmixed cruelty which we find in the traditional literature of conquered nations were, perhaps, overdrawn. So it is, pro-

bably, with the sketches left by those whose ancestors suffered from the inroads of the Teutons on British soil. But, after all, the mass of the people at the time of the invasion, accustomed to Roman domination or the tyranny of native princes, were not likely to suffer much by a change of masters. True, they had, in many cases, to come down to the grade of serfdom; but, considering all the circumstances, their condition was comparatively fair and easy, and would be rendered hard in those instances only where unsuccessful efforts were made to regain their lost advantage. Some of the earliest laws show that Britons might enter the privileged class; old charters give dignified places to names which must have been Celtic; and the personal appearance of our peasantry, in many parts of England, still indicates a quiet intermingling of the conquered and the ruling race. In some cases, no doubt, the conquerors would appear to be hard enough; but they were not without kind dispositions. Their institutions bear marks of benevolence; and now that those institutions have ripened into maturity, England shows an example of generosity and kind-heartedness, which, if equalled, has never been surpassed by any people, ancient or modern. The character of the race has answered to its name, Teutonic; the derivation of which points at generous and active life; and such life may be traced in the civil, domestic, literary, and religious history of Germany; while it is found in every scene which England has peopled during her eventful career. 'That which ought most to recommend the race,' says Montesquieu, 'is, that they afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe; that is, to all the liberty that is among men. Jornandes, the Goth, calls the north of Europe "the forge of mankind;" I should rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the *south*. It was there those valiant nations were bred, who left their native climes to destroy tyrants and liberate slaves; and to teach men, that, nature having made them equal, no reason could be assigned for their becoming dependent but their mutual happiness.' In short, wherever these tribes appeared, liberty prevailed. They thought and acted for themselves. They were free, and loved the language of freedom. And England, above all countries, has reason to be grateful to her ancestors; while she feels proud that she is now free to enjoy and to do all the good to which Christian benevolence prompts her soul. England is one of the most favoured homes of the now widely spread family of Teutons; and we live to see the future destinies of our lineage sketched upon the widest and noblest continents of the earth.

- ART. V.—1. *The English Language*. By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Walton and Maberly.
2. *A Grammar of the English Language, together with an Exposition of the Analysis of Sentences*. By J. D. MORELL, M.A., one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.
3. *An English Grammar, including the Principles of Grammatical Analysis*. By C. P. MASON, B.A. Walton and Maberly.
4. *The Elements of the English Language*. By ERNEST ADAMS. Bell and Daldy.
5. *A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue*. By ERASMUS RASK. Translated from the Danish by B. THORPE. Copenhagen. 1830.
6. *An English School Grammar; with very copious Exercises*. By ALEXANDER ALLEN, Ph.D., and J. CORNWELL, Ph.D. Simpkin and Marshall.
7. *Elements of English Grammar*. By F. G. FLEAY, M.A., Vice-Principal of the Diocesan Training College, Oxon. London: Stanford.

'WORDS,' said the philosopher of Malmesbury, 'are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.' There are those, however, who would reverse this *dictum*. It is not the wise man certainly who thinks that words are the representatives of value only, but have no worth or preciousness in themselves; and we believe that in the history of an age, as in that of every thoughtful man, increase of knowledge and experience only brings with it a deeper sense of their value and significance. There is a perennial interest in all inquiries which are concerned with the history and principles of language. What are these utterances of ours, and how do they fashion themselves? Do they form the garment only of the spiritual body, or are they a part of its organization, and an element in its life? Are they representations only of the images and conceptions which the mind has formed, or have they themselves had any share in the formation of those images and conceptions? Is the Divine gift of speech included as an essential part of the gift of reason, or is it only the complement and appendage to it? What are the laws which give language its validity and its marvellous power over the human soul? How far are we masters of our words, and how far are we their slaves? While history passes, and carries away the record of many questions, once full of interest, now solved and forgotten for ever; such questions as these still come surging up, in one form or other, to the surface of modern

thought, and still demand solution as much as in the old time before us. An inexhaustible mystery still belongs to human speech. Down deep in the nature of every man are feelings, and hopes, and wishes, and fears, and 'thoughts that wander through eternity;' yet these are shapeless and bodiless things, utterly incommunicable to others, and even incomprehensible to their own possessors, until they become objectively represented in the form of words. The process by which these mere sounds and combinations of letters convey the inward thoughts of one human being into the mind of another, is not the less awful and mysterious because it is familiar. It betokened a sympathy worthy of special commemoration in the loving record of a noble friendship, when—

'Thought leaped up to wed with thought,
Ere thought could shape itself to speech.'

There is but one relationship in life in which this speechless intercourse is even partially and occasionally realized; and then only when delicate insight is united to the profoundest moral sympathy and the tenderest love. But, for all other intercourse, human nature is fain to fall back upon the expedient of communicating by symbols more or less inadequate, and is dependent for its knowledge on the clearness with which it can interpret and the skill with which it uses them.

It would seem needless here to vindicate on *à priori* grounds the importance of verbal study as an element in education, were it not for the fact, that the principles on which its claims are founded have been long taken for granted, are seldom called in question, and so have suffered much of the neglect which, as Mr. Mill assures us, often befalls universally admitted truths. Could we contemplate the phenomena of human speech with fresh eyes, we should perceive that the study of its fundamental laws may be made to serve many purposes, besides those which are most obvious and practical. Regarded as an element in moral discipline, for example, it possesses eminent value. For one of the highest requisites in the moral life of man is veracity; a wholeness and unity of character; a perfect and faithful conformity between thoughts, words, and acts. George Herbert has condensed this thought into a characteristic sentence:—

'Let thine heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thine actions to them both;'

and, indeed, there can be few nobler aims in education than to secure the triple harmony thus described. The perfect correspondence between objective realities and subjective conceptions,

constitutes substantial truth. The accordance of inward convictions with habitual practice constitutes truthfulness of character; while to bend all thought, will, and action, into conformity with the Divine mind, is the highest aspiration of a devout and truthful man. But that language should be a faithful, intelligible, and unmistakeable representation of the ideas for which it stands, is a condition indispensable to the attainment of any form of truth whatever. And this is a condition which is best secured by insisting on the minute and accurate study of words, their meanings, functions, and mutual relations. A training which gives the learner, at the outset of life, a sense of the sacredness which lies in words, and which makes him hesitate to use them carelessly, must always play an important part in moral discipline; for it cannot fail to strengthen the love of truth, and to facilitate its attainment.

Few subjects present a wider or more interesting field for speculation than the history and growth of a nation's speech. There are principles of grammar lying at its root; but these principles are concealed from view. They control its formation and growth; but at first they are unexamined, and, indeed, imperceptible. In the early and unconscious stage of a language, it is seen to be the spontaneous outgrowth of the national character, and to represent, with unerring exactness, the primitive wants and notions of the people, the kind of objects which surrounded them, and the life they lived. In Chaucer, for instance, are revealed the rough, healthy instincts of a community conscious of power, but unconscious of the sources from which it sprung, using a speech which they had not learned to analyse, but which, nevertheless, perfectly embodied their character, and vividly illustrated the nature of their life. A second period succeeds, in which the capabilities of the language are further developed. It no longer contents itself with the representation of things as they actually exist, but seeks to grasp thoughts beyond the range of ordinary experience. It ceases to describe men, and aspires to the knowledge of *man*; it breathes forth fancies, and utters poetry. It gives birth to a Homer, a Shakspeare, or a Dante, whose reach of thought is wider, and by whom language is made more comprehensive. 'In this second era,' Archdeacon Hare has said, 'there are other sympathies, and deeper harmonies and discords, than those which belong to ordinary life; and for this its new creation, language, endeavours to devise fitting symbols in words. This is the age of genial power in poetry, and of a luxurious richness in language' But it marks a still further advance in the development of human speech when it comes to be used as an instrument of reason and

reflection; when it seeks to express abstract conceptions, and regards attributes and actions as separate entities and objects of thought. In this third stage, its structure becomes more compact; connective and other words indicative of relations between ideas become of more importance; the native vocabulary proves to be inadequate, and many words are borrowed from an earlier tongue.* Yet what is thus gained in scientific precision, is apt to be lost in vividness, conciseness, and force; and, to the uneducated, the language of literature will appear at this period forced, pedantic, and artificial. In our own history this is especially true. From the time of Sir Thomas More to that of Clarendon, there was a constant endeavour to bend our Saxon speech to the genius of the language supposed to be superior. The words were English; but the arrangement was Latin. Notwithstanding an occasional and somewhat capricious use of coarse, home-born idioms, the style of English, during the period we have named, was overlaid with ornaments borrowed from an earlier cultivation. That a reaction in favour of the vernacular speech should follow such a period, is not only antecedently probable, but is in accordance with the actual facts. Dryden and Pascal were almost simultaneously endeavouring to banish learned phraseology, in their respective countries, and to show the sufficiency of the ordinary language of educated men for all the purposes of literature. When a nation has passed through all these phases of its literary history, it becomes more conscious of its own resources: it learns to be proud of them, and seeks to measure them. If it possesses a rich and abundant literature, it finds its vocabulary sufficient; it therefore ceases to acquire new stores; it betakes itself to criticism, to philology, and to the making of dictionaries. Not that there is necessarily any limit even then to its further development. Latin degenerated, it is true, after it had reached this stage; but the countrymen of Tennyson, of Ruskin, and of Macaulay, have a right to hope that their own language will not only survive the era of criticism, but also put forth new energies, and achieve mightier conquests.

As a question of purely historical interest, therefore, the examination of the successive phases through which a language has passed, is a study of no ordinary value. Every invasion or foreign conquest has left its traces in the vocabulary, and has more or less affected its structure. Peace, too, has had 'her victories no less renowned than war;' for every period of repose has fostered some new art or science, or form of thought, and

* See *Guesses at Truth. Second Series.*

thus demanded new words and idioms. That portion of the history of a nation's life which may be traced in the successive changes of its language, is by no means the least significant or instructive, although it is not superficially legible, and, in the order of time, is often the last portion which is read.

But the history of speech is still more curious, because it embodies a record of psychological facts. The development of every derived word from a primitive root is precisely analogous to the development of a rudimentary conception in a human mind. The inflection and history of the word form a key to the growth of the conception. The laws of thought are reflected as in a glass in the laws of language: the genesis of ideas in the mind is traceable in the structure of a word, or the analysis of a sentence. We cannot propose to ourselves a question in the science of grammar which does not touch some deeper question in the science of mind, underlying and giving significance to the mere verbal inquiry. The questions, for example, 'How many parts of speech are there?' and, 'In what order should they be arranged?' are only equivalent to the more important inquiries,—'What are the elementary conceptions which the mind forms?' 'What are essential, and what non-essential? and in what order are they developed?' We cannot distinguish a common from a proper name without being invited to consider the process of mental generalization; nor examine the structure of an abstract term without learning something of the act of mind by which qualities may be detached from objects, and thought of as if they possessed a real existence. Every process of thought, from the humblest act of comparison between natural objects, to the loftiest flight of imagination, results in the birth of a new form of language. The simple formation of a concept results in the making of a term. An act of judgment or comparison embodies itself in a sentence. Every modification of an assertion requires a corresponding modality in expression. The perception of each new logical relation calls into existence its appropriate connective or expletive particle. And hence it is not too much to say, that the scientific study of language must ever afford an important clue to the knowledge of mental laws. Grammar, in a certain sense, *is* psychology, and words, in their structure, their combinations, and their arrangement, furnish the truest index to the discovery of the laws of thinking, and the conditions of our knowledge. It is not by accident that the progress of true grammar has been coincident with the development of mental science; that Hobbes, Condillac, the Port-Royalists, Locke, Harris, and Mill, have been distinguished not only in metaphysical speculation, but as inquirers into the science of words; and that it is mainly by the

researches of German scholars, by Thiersch, Buttmann, and Matthiæ, that the grammar of the Greek language has of late been systematized and elucidated.

The obvious practical inference from the fact, that the study of grammar as a science brings with it so much incidental knowledge, and is so suggestive of valuable thought, is, that it is entitled to a high place in every comprehensive scheme of education. It is not, however, as a key to the knowledge of facts merely that it possesses the greatest value. It is far more important as an instrument of mental culture and discipline. For, if we regard words merely as the representatives of thought, it is of the last importance that those who use them should have been taught to examine their meaning, and attach precise meanings to them. If truth be, as it has been defined, the accordance of the representation with the thing represented, it behoves the thinker to acquire the habit of comparing his words constantly with his thoughts, and with the realities which both profess to represent. Indefiniteness and haziness in the use of speech are the source of much indistinctness of thought, and of untold errors and confusions of opinion. The natural remedy for these evils is that minute attention to the powers and significations of words which is involved in grammatical study. To one who has received no training of this kind, precision and exactness of thought are almost unattainable.

But words are something more than representations of ideas ; they form the mechanism by which thought is carried on, and, in fact, by which it becomes possible. That a system of determinate symbols is an indispensable condition of all thought is a thesis which we are not concerned here to maintain, although many eminent authorities might be quoted in its favour.* It

* 'Language is evidently, and by the admission of all philosophers, one of the principal instruments or helps of thought ; and any imperfection in the instrument, or in the mode of employing it, is confessedly liable, still more than in almost any other art, to confuse and impede the process, and destroy all ground of confidence in the result.'—*J. S. Mill, Logic*, i., 1.

'That language is an instrument of human reason, and not merely a medium for the expression of thought, is a truth generally admitted..... It is the business of science to investigate laws ; and, whether we regard signs as the representatives of things and of their relations, or as the representatives of the conceptions and operations of the human intellect, in studying the laws of signs we are in effect studying the manifested laws of reason. Although, in investigating the law of signs, *à posteriori*, the immediate subject of examination is language, with the rules which govern its use, while, in making the internal processes of thought the direct object of inquiry, we appeal in a more immediate way to our personal consciousness,—it will be found that in both cases the results obtained are formally equivalent. Nor could we easily conceive that the unnumbered tongues and dialects of the earth should have preserved, through a long succession of ages, so much that is common and universal, were we not assured of the existence of some deep foundation of their agreement in the laws of the mind itself.'—*Boole's Investigation of the Laws of Thought*, ii., 1.

suffices here to say that language is essential to steady, continuous, accurate, or communicable thought. To extend a man's vocabulary is to increase the number and range of his conceptions, by giving him a *catalogue raisonné* of those which other men have formed. But it is to do much more than this. Until he acquires sufficient command over language, his own conceptions are indistinct, shadowy, and purposeless: he is unable to use them, to group them together, or to make them the rudiments of new thoughts. Every act of mind implies and requires the means of registering its result, before it can be rendered available in any new operation. Increased command over language, and discrimination in its use, are practically equivalent to an extension in the area of a man's knowledge, and to his improvement as a reflecting and reasoning being.

It is for this reason that a man's words represent more faithfully his character and life than any other indication he can give. It is a trite thing to say that by λόγος is primarily meant mere vocal utterance; and secondly the reason, the thinking power, the whole mental energy which is in a man. But the truth embodied in this common-place is one of abiding value. The real physiognomy of a man lies in his speech more than in his countenance. There is no test at once so compendious and so safe of a man's character, as the words he uses. By his choice of these is revealed his power of mental and moral discernment; by his command over them, the range of his thoughts, his intellectual flexibility and promptitude; by the structure of his sentences, the orderliness of his mind; by his pronunciation, his refinement and breeding; by his tones, the amount of self-restraint and moral force which lies in him. The speech is the life, not only its true representative and outcome, but also, by a strange reciprocal action, the instrument of its formation, and the material of its development.

There is, we may confidently hope, no danger that these elementary truths will ever cease to be recognised in English education, or that the study of language will ever become neglected or despised among us. Yet we are constantly subject to influences which tend in this direction. Modern science, with its material triumphs and its locomotive vigour, is daily filling up a larger segment of the circle of our knowledge, and making greater claims upon our attention. In the midst of a society which mainly respects the growth and diffusion of 'useful knowledge,' the claims of a study which is chiefly, if not solely, valuable as an instrument of subjective development, are constantly liable to be overlooked. We associate the thought of national progress too exclusively with mechanical discoveries,

and with an increase in the sum of human knowledge. Yet it must ever remain true, that all real national progress must be based on individual progress. The collective advance of society, if it means anything, and is not a misleading and rhetorical common-place, must be brought about by the increase of worth and thoughtfulness on the part of the several units which compose that society. It can never be promoted more effectually than by a branch of study which possesses the characteristics we have described. Inward strength and clearness, analytical skill and general mastery over thought, can never be otherwise than helpful in the growth of the individual, and must therefore be of the highest value to the community. That the study of language is mainly valuable as a means of subjective development, is in fact its chief recommendation. That it seems to contribute little to the advantage of society collectively, and nothing to the world's material resources, is a special reason why we should be on our guard against all temptations to undervalue it, or to overlook its importance.

There can be little doubt that the value of verbal studies, regarded in this light, was fully recognised by the Greeks. No one can study the Dialogues of Plato without discovering how eminent a position that philosopher and the master whom he venerated assigned to verbal criticism and definition. Many of Socrates' dialogues, both in Plato and Xenophon, are largely taken up with discussions as to the meaning of words. The honour accorded to Hermes, the praise universally given to oratory, not merely in the later days of Athenian disputation, but in the Homeric ages, serve to indicate that *ῥήματα* were felt to embody a real power in Greece, and a power which men sought to wield efficiently. However sophists and philosophers might differ in aim and in the method of their teaching, they all concurred in placing logic, grammar, and rhetoric at the basis of all liberal education, and in seeking rather to strengthen the discerning and constructive powers of the mind than to impart mere information. Yet it is worth remembering that the instrument thus employed for mental discipline was a vernacular tongue, the history of which was scarcely discussed, and the relations of which to other tongues was absolutely unknown. Philology as a science was not cultivated. Etymology, requiring as it does patient and comprehensive induction, was not suited to the genius of the Greek mind, even had the materials for it been accessible; and no sense of the value of foreign languages as a means of communicating with neighbouring nations seems to have existed. Intellectual culture was the only thing contemplated in the Greek schools by the study of

language, and the end was attained by the laborious examination of the rules and *formule* of one language, and without any discovery of the principles of philology generally. We do not except the well-known chapters on the choice and use of words in the *Rhetoric* and *Poetic* of Aristotle; which, although full of valuable hints as to style and expression generally, are only concerned with language as a vehicle for the communication of thought, rather than as being itself a subject worthy of investigation *per se*.

We are scarcely entitled to draw any positive inferences from the scant allusions to grammatical studies which occur in Latin writers; but it is well known that the Greek language was the fashionable study and the prime element in the liberal education of the Roman youth in the Augustan age. Long before this, however, Roman writers had received their best inspiration from those of Greece; and the taste for verbal speculation and dissection which is so well illustrated in the philosophical writings of Cicero, was evidently a tradition in the schools of Athens, which lingered long, and did much to mould the intellectual character of the Empire. Grammar was laboriously taught to Horace by the '*plagossus Orbilius*,' and probably to other Roman youths by pedagogues of a similar stamp. It acquired new value as a key to Greek literature and culture, but it gathered no added importance as an object of separate inquiry. The great Latin writers after Seneca, such as Tacitus and Quintilian, did not, it is true, cease to be philosophers, but they were no longer pure and formal philosophers. And hence the application of philosophy to practical life assumed in their eyes more importance than speculative inquiries which seemed to lead to no visible result. Amid all the changes which followed the disruption of the Roman Empire, it is remarkable to notice that wherever learning was cultivated at all, the knowledge of verbal niceties continued in high esteem. St. Augustine complains bitterly that in the days of his youth offences against the laws of grammar were visited more severely than offences against the laws of God. The very name of the Nominalist and Realist controversy, and the most cursory view of the history of Abelard, Occam, Duns Scotus, and Peter Lombard, recal to us a time when word-splitting was considered the great business of scholarship. The last of these great schoolmen, better known as the '*Master of the Sentences*,' is, perhaps, the most remarkable for the subtle and refined distinctions on which he insisted, and for the degree in which his works illustrate the tendency of the age. In this period, Mr. Maurice says, the '*Universities* were almost exclusively word-laboratories;' and there can be

little doubt that the rhetoricians and sophists of this period valued mere verbal quibbling to an extent which had been unknown among those of earlier times. Throughout Mediæval Europe language was minutely studied as a help to clearness of speech, and as a safeguard for theological and philosophical precision; but comparative philology continued unknown; while the heaps of *scholia* and commentary which were laboriously accumulated upon the most popular writers certainly added little to the attractions of scholarship, and less to its germinating and progressive power.

The revival of learning may be regarded in some respects as a reaction from the excessive deference to mere *formal* truth, and as a movement of the mind of Europe towards the investigation of actual realities instead of the mere relations between words. Thus it happened that the increased love of Greek learning and literature, while it widened the range and deepened the character especially of English scholarship, did not reproduce the enthusiastic ardour for verbal discipline which had characterized the older civilizations. The eminent writers even of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who vindicated the study of the ancient languages, mainly confine their defence of that study to the practical advantage of acquaintance with the classic authors. Milton, in his elaborate but impracticable scheme of study, includes not only the best known classic writers, but Cato, Varro, Columella, Vitruvius, Mela, Celsus, Aratus, Nicander, Theophrastus, Oppian, and Dionysius. He proposed to teach agriculture and physics through the medium of Latin and Greek writers, and in fact exhibits, throughout the whole of his famous tractate, a preference for ancient authors, not only as instruments of culture, but *as sources of information*. We cannot doubt that his own genius and taste led him to set up a standard of knowledge utterly unattainable, except to a few, and concealed from him the true and abiding difficulties of elementary education.* John Locke, who, in his thoughtful and elaborate book on this subject, may be said to be

* Yet what can be wiser in aim or worthier in motive than Milton's theory as shown in the following extract?—'But here the main skill and ground work will be to tender them such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages; that they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with—what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example—might, in a short space, gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their own breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men.'

the worstiest representative which his age produced of advanced views on education, and whose works, though now almost forgotten, anticipate many improvements which it has been reserved for Lancaster, Pestalozzi, Pillans, and Arnold, to carry into execution, has described at great length his reasons for giving grammatical study a high place in his ideal school. But his reasons are limited to considerations arising out of the value of the languages themselves as means of communication. Latin and French he would teach by conversation; he would 'trouble the child with no grammar at all, but have Latin, as English is, *talked* into him without the perplexity of rules. He learns English without master, rule, or grammar; and so might he Latin too, as Tully did, if he had somebody always to talk to him in this language.' He goes on to discuss the practical utility of Latin, which he holds to be indispensable to gentlemen, because of the necessity of reading many books in that language, but wholly unnecessary to persons engaged in trade. He especially deprecates what he calls 'puzzling children by asking such questions as, "Which is the nominative case?" or demanding what *aufero* signifies, to lead them to the knowledge of what *abstulere* signifies, &c. In sciences, where their reason is to be exercised, I will not deny,' he adds, 'that difficulties may be proposed on purpose to excite inquiry, and accustom the mind to employ its own strength and sagacity in reasoning; but in learning of languages there is least occasion for posing of children. For languages being to be learned by rote, custom, and memory, are then spoken in the greatest perfection when all rules of grammar are utterly forgotten.....I know not why any one should waste his time and beat his head about the Latin Grammar who does not intend to be a critic or make speeches and write dispatches in it.'

There is here no perception of any disciplinal end to be served by the study of grammar. The practical business-like end—ability to speak, write, and read the language—is plainly all that Locke contemplates. It is manifest that on these principles the philosopher, had he lived in our own day, and perhaps even Milton himself, would have discarded the study of Latin altogether. The practical utility of that language as a key to valuable acquirements, and as a medium of communication between learned men, has been steadily diminishing during the last two centuries; and Locke's reasons for teaching it would be repudiated, in part, at least, by every enlightened teacher of modern times. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the Greek and Latin languages retain their rank in the curriculum of modern education on other than mere practical grounds.

In all our higher schools and colleges, the critical and grammatical study of the two ancient languages is regarded as the best means of mental discipline and of general culture. The principles which we have laid down as applicable to the systematic investigation of language generally, find their recognition in this country in the form of an almost exclusive preference for Latin and Greek. Notwithstanding the occasional protest of a Rousseau or a Sydney Smith, and the modern attempts to make other studies the objects of academic distinction; it remains true that those languages have continued to monopolize to themselves the name of scholarship, and that ignorance of them, however it may be compensated by the possession of other knowledge, is considered to indicate imperfect education and inferior social position.

It is impossible to discuss the true merits of such a question, without fairly admitting that the flower of our English youth are educated on this hypothesis; that our literature is mainly the work of men who have received classical education; that men are naturally grateful to a system by which their own intellectual nurture has been effected, and so are blinded to its defects; that few men like to confess ignorance of that which is generally regarded as an essential part of a gentleman's education; and that, in fact, the social status of a man in this country is partly dependent upon his knowledge and opinions on this point. All these circumstances combine to discourage the utterance of a perfectly impartial decision on the subject, and render it especially difficult to look at the question with fresh eyes. If the current opinion as to the paramount importance of what is generally called classical learning be unsound, it is certain that the peculiar nature of the subject, the prejudices of education, and the *esprit du corps* which must ever exist among those who have had a liberal training, and who feel themselves socially elevated above the multitude, must have a tendency to perpetuate the error, and to give it an artificial and mischievous vitality.

We believe that these circumstances, however, only render it the more incumbent upon us to examine the claims usually made for the Latin and Greek languages, and to ask whether those claims are tenable. It is, perhaps, better frankly to avow our own conviction, that the systematic study of our vernacular tongue has been unduly depreciated, and that much of the time now given to the classics would be much better devoted to English. But in fairness it seems necessary that we should set clearly before us the main arguments on which our present practice is based. Those arguments have been so frequently

and fully stated in the writings of Professor Pillans, Dr. Whewell, and others, that it will be easy to present them in a condensed form. Latin and Greek are preferred as instruments of mental discipline and æsthetic culture to modern languages on the grounds,—

1. That, on account of their more perfect organization, both as to inflexion and structure, they form better types of language, and are better fitted to exemplify the primary laws of human speech.

2. That the single fact that they are *dead*, and therefore unchangeable in their forms, gives them greater philological value by preserving them from deterioration, from vulgarism, and from modern, ephemeral, and accidental associations.

3. That the literature to which these languages introduce us is itself of the highest value, affording unrivalled materials for cultivating taste, and for suggesting thought; and that it is only by learning the languages that access can be attained to the mind of antiquity, and that the treasures of its poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, can be appropriated.

4. That even for the true comprehension of our own tongue, it is necessary to study the ancient languages; partly because so large a number of English words is derived from them, partly because our own literature is so saturated with classical allusions and modes of thought, but principally because any modern language is best studied through the medium of an ancient one, and can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison of its forms with those of a more perfect type.

5. That it is desirable to preserve the ancient literature from neglect and oblivion, and it is therefore necessary to encourage those traditions which preserve among us the sense of its value, and which enable us to retain an organized body of scholars qualified to hand down that literature to posterity.

Various as these reasons have been at different times, we believe that they constitute the fundamental principles which, whether explicit or implied, are at the root of the estimation in which Greek and Latin are held among us. There is also, it must be owned, a sufficient element of truth in them to render the fallacy of the general conclusion especially difficult to detect. Admit the necessity for mental training by means of language, and the rest of the argument is supposed to follow necessarily; the classic tongues are held to be universally indispensable, and all the youth of our middle and upper classes, whatever may be their intended destination, are to be compelled to go through the same course of drilling in the Latin grammar, and in the construction of Greek iambs, and to employ

seven or eight of the best years of their lives in acquiring those accomplishments. We, on the contrary, think it possible to admit the premises, and yet to demur to the conclusion; we are convinced that discipline in the right use of the vehicle of language is of great and essential importance, but we are just as strongly convinced that in a large number of cases this discipline might be more profitably obtained from other sources than from the study of the Greek and Roman classics.

If the Latin and Greek grammars were taught philosophically in our grammar schools, there would perhaps be some ground for confining all verbal studies to those languages; but it is notorious that grammar is generally taught simply as a collection of empirical rules. The Eton Latin Grammar, which is, we believe, the handiwork of Camden, and dates as far back as 1595, is still a popular book, and furnishes a good example of the hard unintelligent way in which grammar is often taught, even by those who defend its study on the ground of its value in mental training. The science of grammar labours under the disadvantage of an unscientific terminology which has descended from the writings of early scholiasts to our own time, and which seriously mystifies the student and impedes his progress. Such words as Active, Neuter, Relative, and Preposition, are all used in grammar in a purely technical sense, which differs from their obvious meanings. Attempts have been made at times to simplify the rules of grammar, and to give it a nomenclature more likely to render its fundamental principles intelligible; but the conservative instincts of teachers, and the traditions of the great classical schools, have proved too strong; and to this hour we believe that many classical teachers consider it a valuable part of the discipline afforded by grammar that its difficulties are multiplied and unexplained at the outset, that it demands a severe exercise of memory and a total suspension of judgment during all its elementary stages, and that the phraseology employed throughout the whole study appears arbitrary, unintelligible, and unattractive. Far from increasing the control a student has over language generally, and encouraging a voluntary pursuit of verbal investigation, we believe that the classic grammars, as generally taught, produce disgust in the learner, and conceal from him the true use of the science of words. Wordsworth was certainly not insensible to the value of verbal discipline, yet he declares that classical studies, as they were pursued in his youth, both at school and at the university, were not only not helpful but positively a hindrance to its

attainment. To how many persons does the record of his experience sound like an echo of their own ! 'I was,' he says,

' Mised in estimating words, not only
By common inexperience of youth,
But by the trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous craft of culling term and phrase
From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart,
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity, what sense.'

Prelude, book vi.

Nothing but dry, soulless, empirical teaching could leave an impression like this upon a mind constituted like Wordsworth's. Perhaps it will be urged that his tastes specially unfitted him to enjoy classic learning, or to avail himself of it; but, in this respect, he surely represented a very large majority of those who are subjected to such training. The truth is, that the whole theory of 'classical instruction' rests on the hypothesis, that it is pursued far enough to become an instrument of culture. To those who will, hereafter, have leisure to receive a complete university education, all the preliminary discipline in grammar and versification is indispensable. The superstructure and general character of thought which an accurate scholar obtains, require such a foundation; but to those who will never rear any edifice of scholarship at all, the foundation is of no value. Up to a certain point, the study of the ancient languages is felt by most to be a wearisome task-work; after that point has been once reached, the student begins to *feel* the language, to think in it, to catch its genius and spirit, to become partaker of the mind of Rome or Athens, and to enjoy communion with it. He who has reached this point is richly rewarded for his toil; and, in his case, we cheerfully grant that all the advantages contemplated in classic study are fully realized. But we doubt if one in fifty of those who, under our present methods, are studying Latin and Greek, ever advances so far. To the rest, who struggle painfully through a Grammar and *Delectus*; who, after just contriving to hammer a little meaning out of Cæsar, Ovid, and Xenophon, are absorbed into commercial or professional life; their classical schooling is a mere piece of pedantry; a burden which they soon shake off, and which is ever after associated in their minds with remembrances of wasted time, and with feelings of vexation, if not of disgust. To how many thousand Englishmen in the middle and upper ranks of life are the reminiscences of τύπτω, of aorists and pluperfect tenses, of

the *Gradus*, the Latin verses, and the whole paraphernalia of gerund-grinding, simply repulsive!

The reason for this deserves a little investigation. A certain portion of every systematic study must needs be technical and empirical; but at a given stage the subject acquires a new character, and demands the independent energies of the student. This is the point at which acquirement passes into culture; the mind ceases to be receptive merely, but becomes generative and active. Then, and not till then, knowledge is assimilated, becomes a part of the mental life of the possessor, begins to reproduce itself in new forms, to colour his thoughts, to fashion his speech, to influence his manners. Now the particular era at which this is possible differs much, according to the nature of the subject taught. In some, and especially in the humbler and simpler departments of education, it occurs early, in mathematics later, in classical study later still. But unless progress be made up to this point, no study is worth pursuing at all. Every thing taught should have either a practical or a disciplinal end; and just as reading, writing, and arithmetic are worth nothing, unless they be carried far enough to serve some useful purpose in life, and to become instruments in the hand of one who can employ them for himself; so the higher subjects of education, which are designed to cultivate the judgment and the taste, are utterly valueless if they fall short of the limit at which routine ends and culture begins. We believe, however, that this is the case with the immense majority of those who; in our own country at least, learn the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages. They never go beyond the rudiments. They do not advance far enough to obtain any intellectual equivalent for their labour. Before their classical studies have had time to react upon their tastes, or to affect their style either of thinking or expression, those studies are finally abandoned; and the acquirement has been a barren and worthless one, simply because it has been acquirement merely, and has never become anything more.

We do not dispute the necessity of keeping up a reverence for the ancient literature, and of encouraging a body of students to devote their time to the task of perpetuating and illustrating it. It is impossible to estimate the loss we should sustain if the link which binds us to the ancient world were severed, or if it should become the fashion among us to think slightly of the intellectual treasures which we inherit from the past. But let us confine the task of digging for those treasures to those who can reasonably hope to appropriate them. There will always be a large class, and we trust a constantly increasing one, of

students able to pursue classical studies beyond the point we have described;—men destined for literary pursuits, or for the higher professions, or otherwise willing

‘*Curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum,*’

and fitted, by habit and circumstances, to avail themselves of the advantages which such discipline can afford. But this class will always be a limited one; and it is as cruel as it is impolitic to give to ninety-nine children a training unsuited to their actual wants, in order to secure that the hundredth one shall be duly qualified to take his part in recruiting this exclusive class.

As to the supposed necessity of learning the principles of language in connexion with a dead and unchangeable tongue, rather than with a living and fluctuating one, we cannot do better than quote the words of an able writer in the *Westminster Review*, who says:—

‘It is a mere truism to affirm that the classic tongues are now, that is, henceforward, unchangeable, while the modern tongues are liable to future change; but changes which have not yet occurred are clearly no more to us than changes which can never occur. A language, at any given point of its history, is just as much fixed as the classic tongues are now. Our own language, for example, is, to us at this moment, something equally fixed, whether it shall be exactly the same or widely different a century hence. On the other hand, the “classic” tongues, no more than any modern language, are free from the changes which time has wrought in everything human. Is there no change in the Latin tongue perceptible in Tacitus or Juvenal as compared with Ennius or Plautus? Is the difference much less than that between Chaucer and Cowper? If there be still a classic standard of good Latinity among scholars, so that they can at once distinguish an archaism or a neologism, is there not a similar standard of good “classic” English, or French, or German, at any point of those nations’ progress,—for example, at this day?’*

There can be no doubt of the immense importance of comparison in the study of grammar. The principles of language which underlie the rules of a particular grammar can never be adequately understood from the study of a single language. One great part of the discipline which grammar is meant to give lies in the distinction between those rules which are common and necessary to all human speech, and those which are accidental. But in order to exhibit this distinction, it is sufficient to select any two languages which are not exactly cognate. For

* We are glad to find that this admirable and exhaustive article, ‘Classical Instruction: its Use and Abuse,’ has been reprinted, and is now published in a separate form.

example, a boy will gain as much knowledge of the principles of language by learning French and English together, or French and German, as by studying Latin and Greek. Except that the best grammarians happen to be those whose knowledge of the subject has been derived from the study of the ancient tongues, there is no reason whatever why grammar should be mainly pursued in these days through the medium of those languages. And this one reason, being an accidental one, cannot form a permanent or valid argument in favour of our present practice.

The truth is, that the claims which Latin and Greek make for pre-eminence in education, are traditional and historical; and mainly applicable to an earlier time, far more than to our own. When Latin was the language of the universal Church, as well as the medium of all theological and philosophic controversy, it possessed an unquestioned dignity and importance, which gave it a right to hold a foremost place in education. And when, in still later times, it continued to be not only the key to all the accumulated wisdom of antiquity, but also the common language of educated Europe, its claims were scarcely diminished. But a modern Erasmus or Descartes would not write in Latin. No new Bacon or Newton would promulgate a *Novum Organum* or a *Principia* in that language. Its value as a means of communication among the educated men of Europe is practically extinct. We doubt if another Dr. Johnson, travelling on the Continent, would find it available for colloquial purposes. The few Latin prelections and orations, which the custom of our older universities continues to demand on special occasions, are listened to with an impatience which proves that few of the hearers have acquired the habit of *thinking* in Latin; and except as mere exercitations of memory and exactness, Latin composition, both in prose and verse, has ceased to possess any practical value. We are far from urging these things as reasons for abandoning the study of Latin; but we are sure they are good reasons for reconsidering its claims to hold its present place in education. *Absolutely*, classical study is as valuable a discipline as ever for the human mind; but, *relatively*, it must hold a lower and lower place as the stores of knowledge and the means of mental culture are multiplying in other directions. We are sure that no one, looking with fresh eyes on modern Europe, its wants, and its intellectual resources, would come to the conclusion that the languages of Greece and Rome constituted exclusively, or even mainly, the key to the highest mental acquisitions. And even if it were assumed that the average student of Latin and Greek becomes acquainted with

the literature as well as the grammar of these tongues, and so receives a kind of æsthetic culture, we should hesitate to allow that such culture was not attainable in the languages of Goethe and Schiller, of Dante and Tasso, of Racine and Corneille, or of Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

On all these grounds, we believe that for the vast majority of those who in this country are initiated, at great expense of time and labour, into the study of Latin and Greek, the systematic study of the English language and of our vernacular literature would prove a more useful employment of time. In Germany, while Latin and Greek still hold the principal places in the curriculum of the *Gymnasia*, or higher schools, modern languages are substituted in the *real-Schulen*, in which those students are admitted who are not intended for professional, but for commercial, life. In the former places of education, students remain until the age of nineteen; but, in the latter, as the period of training terminates, on an average, at fifteen or sixteen, it is thought better not to lay a foundation on which no superstructure is likely to be reared. Evidences are not wanting that public opinion in our own country is undergoing a change, which will, hereafter, produce an analogous modification* in the current system of education; but we are still much hampered by traditional usage, and far from a true recognition of the real state of the case.

A very serious objection to any attempt to substitute English for Latin as a grammatical discipline has long existed. It has been said, and with great justice, that books on English grammar have been worthless and unphilosophical; filled with arbitrary rules, and utterly unfitted to impart any mental training whatever. So long as Murray, Lennie, and Vyse, were the text-books, the complaint was a just one. These books, and, indeed, all the ordinary manuals on what was called English grammar, appear to have been written in profound ignorance, not only of the scope and meaning of grammar as a science, but also of the special history and structure of English. It would seem that the writers of our school grammars had received more or less of a classical education, had derived their notions of what grammar meant from the study of the classical grammars alone, and had transferred to their own books such of the well known rules of Latin etymology and syntax as appeared to have any counter-

* It is an important and significant fact, that in the examinations recently instituted at Oxford and Cambridge, for students who are not members of the University, English Language and Literature, French, German, Physical Science, and Drawing, are admitted as alternative subjects with Latin and Greek, and that acquaintance with the latter subjects is not indispensable in obtaining the honours of those examinations.

part or relation, however remote, in the English language. But until recently no attempt appears to have been made to investigate the structure and peculiarities of English from a non-classical point of view, or to discuss its relations to the Teutonic tongues generally. This is one of the fundamental errors which have been most common in the treatment of this subject, but it is by no means the only one.

It has been usual to define grammar at the outset, as the 'art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety.' Now, if grammar be an art, its only object is to secure the right choice and arrangement of words according to the existing usage of educated persons. Hence, rules telling the student what to say and what to avoid, constitute the only practical outcome of such teaching, and are in fact often regarded as its ultimate and legitimate purpose. But, in fact, grammar is not an art, but a science; its object is not to lay down empirical rules, but to investigate principles. It is not meant to tell us what to do, but how to think. Spelling, pronunciation, punctuation, and the arrangement of words in a prose sentence, as distinguished from the measure allowable in verse, are matters of custom and accident, based on no principles of logical relation or sequence, and seldom traceable to any laws of thought. It is very desirable to know these things, and, indeed, it is a disgrace to be ignorant of them, but they do not constitute grammar. Moreover, if they are learned at all, it is from habit and practice, from the conversation and usage of the society in which we live, and not from books or rules. The power 'to speak and write the English language with propriety' is the result of having good models before us, and of endeavouring constantly to imitate them. It is a question of tact, of perception, of good breeding and manners: but not one of science. Our speech is regulated by the associations we form, and the company we keep, not by the rules we have learned from books. If the *art* of grammar alone were worth acquiring, scarcely any such rules or definitions would be wanted; for it would be acquired like all other arts by imitation, by watchfulness, and by constant practice. This fundamental error in the definition of the subject affects its whole treatment, and constitutes a cardinal vice of the old-fashioned school grammars.

Again, there is no clear distinction made in the ordinary books between the province of logic and that of grammar properly so called. Grammar is a formal science. It is concerned with the forms of words and the structure of sentences, but it is not concerned with their meanings. The distinction, for example, which is retained in all our popular school-books between a

proper and a *common* noun, is a purely logical one. It descends to us as a relic of the old scholastic distinction between universals and particulars, and connects itself with metaphysical inquiries of undoubted interest. But it has no place whatever in grammar. Except by the accident that the proper name is generally recognised by the size of the initial letter, there is nothing distinguishable in the forms of the two classes of words. The question is not one of etymology; for in the structure of the common and proper nouns there is no uniform difference: nor is it one of syntax; for there is no kind of concord or government which characterizes the one class and not the other. It is purely a logical question, and to place the distinction under the head of grammar is to confuse the learner's perceptions as to the true province of the study, and as to the kind of questions which it undertakes to solve. This one example is only a type of a larger class of distinctions which in a similar manner ought to be discussed from a purely grammatical point of view. Thus the relation in which a person or thing stands to the fundamental assertion made in a sentence is wholly a matter of logic. In distinguishing the subjective from the objective relation, and both from such other relations as the classic grammarians call ablative, dative, or vocative, the mind is concerned with the meanings, not the forms, of words. If any one of these logical relations is indicated by an inflection, as it is in Latin or Greek, the question becomes one of grammar, but not otherwise. Among English nouns, for instance, there is no grammatical distinction of nominative and objective case: there is, indeed, a very real distinction between subject and object, and one to which the student's attention ought to be directed; but the question is one of logical analysis purely, and not one of grammar. So also the distinction of sex is a physical one, and has in itself no title to form part of the science of words. It is only when that distinction is marked by a corresponding distinction in the form of a word that it becomes grammatical, and gives rise to *gender*. Between such words as 'father' and 'mother,' 'brother' and 'sister,' 'uncle' and 'aunt,' there is no etymological relation; and in such cases therefore gender does not exist. The fundamental fault of our grammars is that they seldom or never inquire into the limits of grammatical inflection; that having once pointed out the logical relation of the terms of a proposition, or a physical distinction, such as sex, they assume that the grammatical or formal distinctions of case and gender are co-extensive with the real distinctions themselves, and thus introduce confusion and vagueness into a study which is specially intended to cultivate precision of thought.

It is a still more serious fault that within the legitimate range of grammar itself, so many inconsistencies disfigure the current treatises. Grammar does not really deserve the name of a science unless it teaches a careful distinction between the provinces of etymology and of syntax. Such distinctions of meaning as are represented by the inflection of a word are matters of etymology, and those which are represented by a combination or concord of words are matters of syntax. Thus the idea of past time in an English verb (awake, awoke; hear, heard) is expressed by an etymological change, while that of future time (I shall awake, I will hear) is expressed by a syntactical change. To assign the names 'past' and 'future' tense to these two modifications of meaning, as if the word *tense* stood in both cases for the same thing, is to mystify a student, by confounding things essentially different. 'Ancient languages,' says Bacon, in the *Advancement of Learning*, 'were more full of declensions, cases, conjugations, tenses, and the like; the modern commonly destitute of these, do loosely deliver themselves in many expressions by prepositions and auxiliary verbs.*' It is the proper function of verbal science to distinguish carefully between these two modes of expressing ideas; and in Bacon's time this was thought to be an important part of grammar. One of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, has left behind him a useful treatise on English grammar, (published in 1640,) which, though it does not constitute his chief claim to a place in our literature, is in many respects a noteworthy book. Throughout this work, the distinction between accident and syntax is clearly kept in view. Of *case* Jonson says, that 'the absolute and the genitive are the only accidents of English nouns;' but in pronouns he of course recognises the existence of an objective. Future and perfect tenses are relegated to syntax, the past only being treated under the head 'etymology.' In comparing adjectives, it is said that in words like 'strong, stronger, strongest,' there are three degrees of comparison, but that in the case of other adjectives (*e.g.*, beautiful, more beautiful, most beautiful) there is no inflection, the same notion being expressed 'by a syntax,' and with the help of adverbs. We do not hesitate to say, that in scientific insight, and in the methodical arrangement of rules and principles, the old Grammar of Ben Jonson, though written by one who had derived all his notions of grammar from that of the Latin language, and who was perfectly ignorant

* Bacon adds to this, 'May it not be conjectured that the wits of former times were more subtle and acute than ours are?' We do not concur in his inference, but the importance of showing the essential difference between these two forms of expression appears to us to be unquestionable.

of Anglo-Saxon, contrasts most favourably with Lindley Murray, and most of his successors.

A confusion scarcely less important is visible in the ordinary grammatical text-books between rules of syntax and rules of rhetoric. Syntax is concerned with *concord*, by virtue of which one word agrees with another, and demands a corresponding inflection; with *government*, by which one word influences another, and causes it to assume a particular form; and with rules of *construction* generally. But it is rhetoric which teaches the order in which words can be most effectively arranged, which discusses the effect of a double negative, points out the propriety of placing the emphatic word first in a sentence, or warns us against using adjectives for adverbs. It is here that a mistaken view of the true province of grammar often proves most mischievous. Generally it may be said that all rules of syntax, properly so called, are rules of universal grammar, founded on principles lying near the root of the science of human speech. But the rules which determine the order of the words and the idiomatic usages of a particular tongue, are purely accidental, and are seldom traceable to any principle at all. We do not say that rules of this latter class are useless, but only that they should be carefully distinguished from those of the former. There are in the grammars of all languages some rules which regulate the speech of a people, and some which are themselves regulated by that speech. The former lay down the principles on which all language should be formed; the latter are meant to legalize practices and idioms, which, whether right or wrong theoretically, have become current, and have proved too strong for the grammarians. In English grammars these two classes of rules are indiscriminately mixed, they are all illustrated with the same amount of elaboration and care, exercises are generally given on all of them alike; and no attempt is made to convey to the pupil any sense of the difference between that which is right in itself and that which is right by accident; between the primary laws which control usage, and the secondary laws which usage makes for itself; between grammar and rhetoric; between the principles of a science and the rules of an art.

Almost all grammars commence with an enumeration of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and with some unintelligible sentences about diphthongs, triphthongs, and semivowels. Now, since orthography and orthoepy are generally considered to lie outside the area of strict grammar, and since the spelling of English words is seldom determined by rule, but is liable to constant and capricious changes, it is difficult to know what purpose is served by such an enumeration. The truth is, that an

investigation of the *powers* of our letters would serve some very important purposes in grammar. Why, in the case of the two plurals, 'hat, hats,' 'road, roads,' the letter 's,' though the same to the eye, should give two different sounds; (*hatce*, *roads*;) why, in the past tenses of the verbs 'hope, hoped,' and 'love, loved,' the one should be sounded like *t* and the other like *d*; why *sapor* should become *savor*, and *camera*, *chamder*, in passing from Latin to English; and why we should say *imperfect* and *illogical* rather than *imperfict* and *inalogical*; are questions which deserve investigation in grammar; and which are only to be solved by those who can perceive the true powers of letters, and the phonic relations of the several sounds, as distinguished from the mere forms and names of the characters which represent them. Yet it is rare to find any attempt made in books to give the simple and elementary lesson by which this knowledge could be acquired. On the contrary, such reference as is generally made to the alphabet is wholly misleading and absurd. To the ear, for example, the vowel sound is the same in the three words, *could*, *wood*, and *full*. To the eye there is a difference. Science is, of course, concerned with the sound, not the spelling; yet, although the sound is a simple and indivisible one, grammarians call it a diphthong in the two former cases, and a vowel in the third. In 'duty' and 'beauty' the sounds are identical. Why should the sound be called a vowel in the former case and a triphthong in the latter, when it is neither the one nor the other, but a diphthong produced by the combination of *e* with *oo*? If the student be led to discover the true relations of our elementary sounds, and to free himself from the false associations suggested by our anomalous alphabet, the attempt to discuss the question of vowels and consonants is a lawful one; but if the impressions of the eye be confirmed instead of corrected by such teaching, it would be far better to omit it altogether.

Throughout the whole of that part of the English grammar which treats of etymology, constant reference is needed to the forms of Anglo-Saxon grammar: and care should be taken not only to discover what fragments of a more perfect structure yet remain with us, but also to show to what extent the grammar of our mother tongue recognised distinctions which are overlooked in modern English. The philosophical student of language meets with few more interesting and suggestive inquiries, than that which concerns the change of structure experienced by every language in the course of its history. That language, unlike all other products of human thought, is more perfect in its beginning than in its development; that, like Minerva, springing all

armed from the head of Jove, it is equipped in its early stages with a wealth of varied inflections, which is lost as years advance, are facts of great significance; and there can be no true study of grammar unless these facts are duly noted, and the influence of increased communication with other nations and of increased refinement be duly traced. Our own language furnishes an admirable study in this respect. Yet the materials it possesses are often overlooked. We see it in the works of Alfred and of Cædmon, with dative, ablative, and accusative cases, with a far more ample structure of the verb, with adjectives and articles inflected so as to agree with the nouns they qualify, with more strongly marked genders, with a special mode of declining adverbs, and with a grammatical mechanism of a very complete and elaborate kind. We trace it in Layamon and in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and find its vocabulary far less enlarged than might have been expected as the result of the Roman invasion, but its structure gradually losing finish and precision. At each successive step,—at Chaucer, at Spenser, at the translation of the Bible, at Milton and Johnson,—the loss of some significant affix, or the gain of new words from foreign sources, marks the fact that increased power of expressing thought is not incompatible with a decline in grammatical exactness. Ben Jonson, for instance, complained, that in his time the distinctive termination of the plural forms of the verb had gone out of use. He says,—

‘The persons plurall now keep the termination of the first person singular. In former tymes, till about the reign of King Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by adding *en*, as *we loven*, *you sayen*, *they complainen*; but now, whatever is the cause, it hath now quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not set this afoote againe. Albeit, to tell you my opinion, I am persuaded that the lack hereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing tyme and person be as it were the right and left hands of a verbe, what can the maiming bring else but a lameness to the whole body?’

In like manner, the history of many other inflections which have perished, or left but faint traces in our speech, is full of instruction, and deserves to be carefully recorded in our school-books. From a comparison of the two forms, *writan*, and *to writanne*, in Anglo-Saxon, with each other and with the modern forms of infinitive, the learner may get as true an insight into the distinction between a simple and gerundial infinitive, and into the logical difference which underlies that distinction, as from a comparison of *scribere* and *ad scribendum* in Latin. The entire system of Anglo-Saxon demonstrative and personal pronouns is as complete as that in Latin, and as well calculated to

convey to the scholar a true notion of the fundamental needs of language in this particular. What Coleridge calls the 'resistance of the inward and metaphysic grammar to the tyranny of formal grammar,' is illustrated as often and as completely in our own mother-tongue as in either of the classic languages. A single instance of this will suffice. In Latin and Greek, as is well known, the form of the accusative differs from that of the nominative in the masculine and feminine genders, but is identical with it in the neuter. On this fact Coleridge has remarked, 'Observe that a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one, that is to say, the same word with the accusative. The reason is, a *thing* has no subjectivity or nominative case, it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.'* But in the Anglo-Saxon pronouns the same fact is noticeable,—*Ic* (I), *Thu* (thou), *He* (he), *Heo* (she), *Ge* (ye), *Se* (Ille), *Seo* (Illa), *Hwa* (who), have all accusative forms clearly distinguished from the nominative; but *Hil* (it), *Thæt* (that), and *Hwæt* (what), are the same in both cases. Since the same remark applies to the nouns in Anglo-Saxon, it is manifest that a due investigation of the earlier forms of our own speech would furnish matter for inquiries on philosophic grammar, not inferior in suggestiveness and interest to any which arise out of the study of the classics.

It is to the utter neglect of our older grammar that we owe the frequent use of the word 'irregular' by the writers of ordinary school-books. No form is really irregular, if it can be referred to a rule. Whether the rule be a common or a uniform one, it is not of primary importance to inquire; the business of the scientific grammarian is to discover the law, if there be one, and to refer every variation to it. But that this duty has been systematically neglected will be sufficiently apparent, if we select the single instance of 'irregular verbs,' as they are called. In Anglo-Saxon there were two main orders or conjugations of verbs, the one of which formed its imperfect tense by an external addition, and the other by an internal change. We may take 'love' (*Ic lufige*), with its variation 'loved' (*Ic lufode*), as an example of the former or weak conjugation, and 'tread' (*Ic trede*), with its past tense 'trod' (*Ic træd*), as a type of the strong verb. Each of these two classes falls into several subdivisions, and all of them are equally subject to rules. It is the office of English grammar to elucidate and lay out these rules clearly; to observe uniformities and resemblances; to detect the laws which govern them, and to reconcile apparent exceptions. It is

* Coleridge's *Table Talk*, p. 170.

sheer ignorance, or culpable carelessness, to select one of the many variations which an English verb may undergo, and to say, 'This alone is normal: all verbs which conform to this type are regular, and all others are irregular.' Yet this is precisely what is done in the majority of elementary books on the subject. The weak verbs, though in fact not a whit more regular in their formation than others, are erected into a superior class; and all others are dismissed together under the comprehensive, convenient, but slovenly appellation of 'irregular.' Ben Jonson exhibited a far juster perception of the nature of the case when he grouped English verbs into classes or conjugations, of which one consisted of those which formed the past tense in *d*; another of those which underwent a change of vowel; and a third of those which, like '*will, would,*' or '*hear, heard,*' partook of the character both of weak and strong verbs. There can, in fact, be no perfect irregularity when there is any etymological relation whatever between the past and the present, or when it is possible by any law, phonetic, historical, or otherwise, to account for the change. Irregularity actually exists where, as in the case of *go* and *went*, or *earl* and *countess*, the fragments of two defective words are pieced together, and made to do duty each for a modification of the other's meaning; but the epithet 'irregular' should be carefully reserved for such cases, and never used when it would have the effect of concealing from a student any one of those general truths which, after all, it is the main business of science to detect and to expound.

With this view of the true scope and functions of English grammar, it is pleasing to be able to record, that a marked improvement has recently taken place in the character of our text-books on the subject; and that the works whose titles are prefixed to this article are among the most prominent indications of a wholesome reaction against the dry pedantry of Murray, and of a return to truer principles and more valuable practice in this respect. We believe that the publication of Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary and Grammar* was the first effective step towards the right understanding of the history of our own tongue, its relations to the great Teutonic family of languages, and the extent to which its structure once conformed to the rules of a more perfect grammar, and has since departed from them. An English translation of Mallet's *Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc*, containing a translation of the *Edda*, and a very learned and, on the whole, accurate view of the relations of the Scandinavian to the Teutonic languages, had previously done something to interest English scholars in the languages most nearly akin to our own, and to prepare the

way for investigating them. The Anglo-Saxon Grammar by Professor Erasmus Rask, of Copenhagen, was, we believe, first translated into English and published in 1830 by Mr. Thorpe; and since that time much interest has been excited on the subject of our earlier literature by the writings of Dasent and others, and more especially by the publications of the Philological Society, to which an extended reference was made in the pages of this Review in October, 1858.

English scholars owe much to the first of the works we have named at the head of these remarks. Dr. Latham is an accomplished ethnologist, who has paid great attention to the history and peculiarities of the English tongue; and his work has done much to popularize the subject among students who would perhaps have shrunk from the task of commencing the study of Anglo-Saxon, and who were yet thankful to receive in a simpler and attractive form some information respecting it. Yet his work must be regarded rather as a collection of valuable materials for a future systematic treatise on the English language, than as a satisfactory and standard book. The author himself seems not to be clear as to the object at which the work aims. Each new edition has been cast into a new shape, apparently re-written, and certainly much enlarged. It would seem as if every new speculation in which the author indulged respecting the distribution of races, and every new book of logic or metaphysics which he read, suggested to him some important modification of his original plan, and induced him to alter the form of his book. The fifth edition is at least twice the size of the first; is overlaid with ethnological disquisitions; is preceded by one dissertation on the logic of grammar generally, another on the structure of the vocal organs and the nature of elementary sounds, and a third on the 'early German area.' Each of these subjects was treated in a less recondite and, to our mind, more satisfactory manner in the first edition, from which, however, the remarks on logic as applied to grammar were excluded, as they then formed a separate tract. It is not unlikely that some of our readers may be misled by published lists of 'Dr. Latham's Works' on English language. There is a smaller English Grammar, a *Handbook of the English Language*, a *Grammar for Classical Schools*, a *Grammar for Ladies' Schools*, and one called *Logic, in its Application to Language*. But every one is more or less a *réchauffée* of some portion of the larger book on the 'English Language.' Dr. Latham has published one very useful book, but he is constantly trying new 'permutations and combinations' with its contents; so that it is difficult to say what course of instruction he would really advise a

student to pursue. The uncertainty of purpose which marks his books affects their arrangement very injuriously, and interferes with their usefulness. Some of the most difficult questions in the subject are treated first in order, and no attempt appears to be made in his works to graduate the pupil's lessons, or lead him on by a regular course adapted to the development of his understanding and his wants. The absence of exercises and of concise definitions in a rememberable form is another drawback to the general usefulness of his works as teaching manuals. But perhaps the most important error is his habit of hasty generalization from a narrow range of particulars. It would not be difficult to find many statements put forth positively in the earlier editions, but retracted or explained away in the last. We shall content ourselves with one example, in which, however, the error is only partially mitigated in the subsequent editions. Under the head of 'Pronouns,' Dr. Latham discusses a few anomalous and peculiar forms, and among others examines at length the compounds formed of the syllable '*self*.' In the second edition the question is thus treated:—

'*SELF*.—In *myself*, *thyself*, *herself*, *ourselves*, *yourselves*, a substantive, (or with a substantival power,) and preceded by a genitive case. In *himself* and *themselves*, an adjective, (or with an adjectival power,) and preceded by an accusative case. *Itself* is equivocal; since we cannot say whether its elements are *it* and *self*, or *its* and *self*; the *s* having been dropped in utterance. It is very evident that either the form like *himself*, or the form like *thyself*, is exceptionable; in other words, that the use of the word is inconsistent. As this inconsistency is as old as the Anglo-Saxons, the history of the word gives us no elucidation.

'In favour of the forms like *myself*, (*self* being a substantive,) are the following facts:—

- '1. The plural word, *selves*, a substantival, and not an adjectival form.
- '2. The Middle High German phrases, *min lîp*, *din lîp*, my body, thy body, equivalent in sense to myself, thyself.
- '3. The circumstance, that if *self* be dealt with as a substantive, such phrases as my own self, his own great self, &c., can be used; whereby the language is a gainer.

"Vox *self*, pluraliter *selves*, quamvis etiam pronomen a quibusdam censeatur, (quoniam ut plurimum per Latinum *ipse* redditur,) est tamen plane nomen substantivum, cui quidem vix aliquod apud Latinos substantivum respondet; proxime tamen accedit vox persona vel propria persona, ut *myself*, *thyself*, *our selves*, *your selves*, &c., (*ego ipse*, *tu ipse*, *nos ipsi*, *vos ipsi*, &c.,) ad verbum *mea persona*, *tua persona*, &c. Fateor tamen *himself*, *itself*, *themselves*, vulgo dicti pro *his-self*, *its-self*, *their-selves*; at (interposito *own*,) *his own self*, &c. *ipsius propria persona*, &c." (*Wallis*, cap. vii.)

- '4. The fact that many persons actually say *hissself* and *theirselves*.'

Accordingly, Dr. Latham concludes that 'self' is a noun; and that the forms 'himself' and 'themselves' are abnormal. If we now turn from this conjectural explanation to the actual fact, as it is set forth in Rask's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, we find the following:—

'If it be required to determine the reflective signification of any of the three persons more specifically, *sylf* (self, seolf) is added, which is declined like an adjective, both indefinitely, as, *with me sylfne*, ("beside myself,") and definitely, *se sylfa cwellere*, ("the slayer himself.") *Sylf* is usually added to the personal pronoun, in the same person and gender, as, *ic-sylf hit heom*, ("It is I myself,") *ic swerige thurh me-sylfne*, ("I swear by myself,") *fram me-sylfum*, ("of myself,") *We sylfe gehyrdon*, ("We have heard him ourselves,") Likewise, *Thu-sylf*, ("thyself,") *Ge-sylfe*, ("yourself," nominative,) *Eow-sylfe*, ("yourself," dative,) *He-sylf*, ("himself," nominative,) *Hine-selfne*, ("himself," accusative.) Sometimes, however, the dative of the personal pronoun is prefixed to the nominative of *sylf*, as *ic com me-sylf*, ("I came myself," Ælfric,) *Ær thu the-self hit me gerehtest*, ("Before thou thyself didst explain it to me.") In the definite form it has, also, the signification of *the same*, like the German *dasselbe*, as *on tha sylfan tid*, ("at the same time,") *Doth ge hin that sylfe*, ("Do ye the same to them.')

It is quite evident here that the theory which Dr. Latham rejects is the true one;* and that an examination of the actual history of the termination in question would have sufficed to correct the error. In fact, a fuller and more accurate study of the genius and literature, as well as of the grammar, of Anglo-Saxon, greater care in generalization, a less bald and disjointed style, and a more methodical arrangement of the materials at his command, would have secured for Dr. Latham's work a higher and more enduring place in our literature than it is likely to hold. It has the merit of containing, among other things, a very accurate investigation of the system of articulate sounds, a considerable mass of facts respecting the history of our inflections, and a clear and just analysis of English metres. It is, moreover, the first modern book pervaded by a clear discernment of the several provinces of etymology, syntax, and logic. But we regard it only as the precursor of some future and better text-book, in which the study of our vernacular language will be treated as a science, and in which the record of

* This may be further verified by reference to Hickes (Gr. A. S.): 'They say, *ic-sylf*, ego ipse, *min sylfes*, mei ipsius, *me-sylfne*, me ipsum, *Petrus sylf*, Petrus ipse,' &c. And to Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Language of Chaucer*: 'In the age of Chaucer, *self*, like other adjectives, was become undeclined. He joins it with substantives in the sense of *ipse*, as the Saxons did, e.g., *In that selve grove*, in illo ipso nemore; *Thy selve neighbour*, ipse tuus vicinus. The metaphysical substantive, *self*, of which our more modern philosophers and poets have made so much use, was unknown, I believe, in the time of Chaucer.'

curious and isolated facts about the subject will be made duly subservient to the exhibition of its fundamental principles.

The work of Mr. Ernest Adams is, in our opinion, more satisfactory as an introduction to English philology. It is manifestly founded on Latham, but it is more methodical; its illustrations are more numerous, and many of them are very happily chosen. The author has investigated the subject for himself; and has a scholarly acquaintance with kindred languages, and with our own literature. Yet the value of this book is seriously diminished by several inaccuracies and inconsistencies. Of the former, we may mention his exposition of 'Case,' (page 40,) which is neither consistent with the theory, that all logical relations are 'cases,' nor with the theory that only such relations are 'cases' as are indicated by inflection; and his statement that 'all adjectives were originally nouns or pronouns.' We are aware that this latter assertion has on its side the somewhat doubtful authority of Horne Tooke; but it is, nevertheless, very wide of the truth. It is undoubtedly true that in the phrases, '*annulus aureus*,' '*a wooden box*,' '*a sunny day*,' '*a fearful story*,' the adjectives are derived respectively from the nouns '*aurum*,' '*wood*,' '*sun*,' and '*fear*.' Such adjectives are types of large classes, and must not be overlooked by the grammarian. The name, 'noun-adjective,' if applied in such cases, would indicate an important fact in the genesis of such words. But in the phrases, '*mens sana*,' or '*wide ocean*,' or '*pure English*,' the adjectives cannot be traced to any nouns whatever. The nouns *sanitas*, *width*, and *purity*, or *pureness*, are later in chronological development than the adjectives, and it cannot be doubted that they are also subsequent in order of thought. When from the notion of a thing the thought of a quality is generated, the adjective thus formed is a noun-adjective; but when the quality is first recognised by the mind as an attribute of an object, and subsequently abstracted and conceived as having a separate existence, the word is a *pure* adjective, having nouns derived from it, but not itself derived from any. This is only one instance in which the etymological investigation of a word is nearly akin to an inquiry into the origin of our ideas; and in which a careless or hasty generalization about the one leads to a serious misunderstanding of the other.

Mr. Adams's book exhibits also a needless multiplication of tenses. He not only recognises all those modifications of time which are produced by auxiliary verbs as tenses; but goes further, and admits such phrases as, *I am going to write*, as constituting a separate tense. Thus we have Present Intentional, and Present Continuous, &c. Yet the same author does not recognise the existence of a Potential Mood, on the ground, we

presume, that it is not formed by inflection. There is great inconsistency and confusion here. The province of syntax is made to include logical synthesis and analysis, and to extend far beyond the legitimate boundaries of grammar, while some of the rules are either unmeaning or absurd. What end, for instance, can be served by the statement, that 'adjectives are attracted into the same gender, number, and case as the nouns they qualify,' when English adjectives possess neither number, gender, nor case? In fact, the book presupposes a knowledge of other languages, and would, we fear, be unintelligible to those who had not learnt grammar before. The obscurity of some of its definitions, its meagreness of statement in regard to those theories which, like the meaning and use of the *gerund*, are novelties in English grammar, and the entire absence of exercises for the student, are serious defects in this book, and will materially prevent its usefulness.

The grammar published by the late Dr. Allen, in conjunction with Mr. Cornwell, in the year 1841, has reached its twenty-eighth edition; and is, therefore, we presume, a favourite book with teachers. It is marked by several peculiarities which may very reasonably account for its popularity. Its definitions, rules, and main statements, are concise and remarkably clear; its exercises are well varied, and are so arranged, that, as soon as the learner is called upon to receive any truth, he is required to illustrate it in practice, either orally or in writing. It contains an admirable section on the formation and structure of English words, accompanied by lists of Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek roots. It was, we believe, the first grammar published in English, which recognised the distinction between weak, strong, mixed, and contracted verbs, laid down the laws which govern their formation, and confined the term 'irregular' to those verbs which conformed to no fixed rule. It has adopted, also, the best practical compromise on the subject of Tense; for, while recognising in the main the philosophic truth of Harris's division, it has yet declined to admit the Inceptive or Intentional form as a tense, and has left the three main tenses, each with its indefinite, incomplete, and complete variation, to constitute the nine subdivisions of the verb.* Like most other

* Harris says, '*Indefinitely*, we have three Tenses: an Aorist of the Past, an Aorist of the Present, and an Aorist of the Future. Definitely, then, we have three Tenses to mark the *Beginnings* of the three Times, three to denote their *Middles*, and three to denote their *Ends*; in all, NINE.' He then divides them as follows:—

	PRESENT.	PAST.	FUTURE.
Indefinite or Aorist.	I WRITE.	I WROTE.	I shall write.
Inceptive.	I am about to write.	I was about to write.	I shall be about to write.
Middle, or extended.	I am writing.	I was writing.	I shall be writing.
Complete.	I have written.	I had written.	I shall have written.

grammarians, the authors have brought together, under the head 'Syntax,' a great number of miscellaneous rules and statements respecting language which do not legitimately belong to that subject; and no attempt has been made to mark the distinction between such rules as are essential, and those which are unimportant. In this department of the work, scientific accuracy has been sacrificed to the authors' view of practical usefulness; for the exercises appended to the rules are mainly designed rather to regulate speech and writing than to exhibit principles. It is, however, a small, unpretending, and professedly elementary book, and must be judged rather by what it contains, than by what it does not attempt. Viewed in this light, it is one of the most satisfactory books on the subject which we have seen; and will prove, in the hands of most teachers, an effective guide to the methodical and thorough treatment of the rudiments of language generally.

Mr. J. D. Morell, who is well known as one of the most energetic and clear-sighted of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, has produced a work which no teacher of grammar will be able to read without great advantage. It aims higher than ordinary school-books, and, in many respects, is a great advance upon its predecessors. Its definitions are generally clear; it contains an abundance of admirably chosen examples; and the distinction between the 'fundamental' and the 'special' laws of syntax is duly recognised. The book, nevertheless, has very grave defects. Its attempt to discuss the phonetic value of our alphabetical characters completely fails. It innovates on the usual terminology of grammar, in many cases, to little purpose, especially when it speaks of a 'factive noun,' or a 'middle voice' in English verbs. Its theory of 'indirect objects' is bewildering and unsound; it retains the use of the word 'irregular,' in the sense in which we have shown it to be open to objection; and it abounds in elaborate and wire-drawn distinctions which belong to logic and not to grammar. To divide Intransitive Verbs into, (1.) Active Intransitive; (2.) Neuter Intransitive; and, (3.) Inceptives; to arrange Adjectives into Qualitative, Quantitative, and Distinguishing; and to subdivide the first of these classes again into three, viz., Sensible, Rational, and Relational; and to treat all the parts of speech with a like elaboration, may be very serviceable as suggesting logical exer-

On this table we will only remark, (1.) That it is an exhaustive representation of the several forms which the idea of time can take in the mind. (2.) That, in an etymological sense, the forms in capitals are the only true tenses. (3.) That the forms in *italics* are expressed by auxiliary verbs. (4.) That the inceptive modifications are expressed by a circumlocution. And, (5.) That, on the whole, the best compromise is that which admits all in the two former classes as tenses within the meaning of grammar, and dismisses the inceptive forms to the province of logical analysis.

cise, but can be of no value as a part of grammar. We have no right to attribute to confusion of thought the constant encroachment of logical distinctions upon the limits of grammar which characterize this work. We cannot doubt that they are intentional, and that, in the author's judgment, he has taken the best course for teaching the elements of grammar and of logical analysis simultaneously; but we regard the course as a mistaken one, and one which is likely to prove alike embarrassing to teachers and to scholars.

In the preface to Mr. C. P. Mason's *Grammar*, the author expresses a general sympathy with the plans and theories of Mr. Morell's work; and declares that his design has been 'to give the learner an accurate system of grammatical definitions and principles, which, though applied in the first instance to English, hold good in the main of the other languages of the same family.' We think that this design has been, on the whole, faithfully and skilfully carried out. The work is superior to Mr. Morell's as a scientific manual, and bears evidences, on every page, of the actual experience of an accomplished teacher, who has been seeking to make the study of English a means of giving unity, coherence and intelligence to the learning of languages generally. As an introduction to comparative grammar, and generally as a manual of the subject for use in those schools in which other languages are studied, Mr. Mason's book appears to us to be at present without a rival. The exhibition of the general theory of tense (in which he follows Harris, and Drs. Allen and Cornwell) by means of a comparative table in English, Latin, French, German, and Greek, and the continual references in foot-notes, and otherwise, to analogous idioms in those languages, give the work considerable value, especially for use in the higher class of schools. The chapter on Composition and Derivation is also one of the fullest and most methodical we have seen. Nevertheless the work is by no means faultless. Its exercises are neither so copious, nor so well chosen, as those in Mr. Morell's book. It is as misleading and unintelligible, in the department of orthography, as the feeblest of its predecessors. The main truths which deserve special attention, and which ought to be committed to memory, are not always compendiously stated, and are not sufficiently distinguished from the somewhat lengthy remarks which constantly occur by way of further elucidation. In not a few cases a further reference to Anglo-Saxon grammar would have explained matters which are unsatisfactorily treated, and would have added much to the scientific claims of the book.* Moreover the author has adopted

* A curious instance of this occurs on page 23. Mr. Mason, in enumerating the second personal pronouns,—'Nominative Plural *You or Ye*, Possessive *Your*, Objective,

the mischievous practice of giving false spelling to be corrected, and sentences in bad English to be re-written by the pupil in an amended form. We had hoped that this absurdity had died out with Lennie and his contemporaries, and were greatly surprised to see it revived in a book otherwise so thoughtful, so practical, and so philosophical, as Mr. Mason's. When will teachers understand that the eye and ear should be furnished with good models of expression only; and that every time a bad example is presented to either, there is a danger of its being remembered and imitated when the correction is forgotten?

Perhaps the very worst specimen of mere book-making on this subject is the little treatise of Mr. Fleay. It is full of typographical errors, and is as badly arranged and as carelessly revised as a book could possibly be. It will startle orthodox teachers to find sentences treated first in order; then the relation of words to sentences; while 'word-building,' as the author calls it, and the investigation of the powers of letters, are reserved to the last. Yet this analytic mode of treatment, this steady procedure from the concrete to the abstract, has its advantages, and will be found by many teachers to be in closer harmony with the actual history of their own knowledge than the plan usually adopted. Mr. Fleay's fault is excessive condensation. His book might possibly be a satisfactory one in his own hands or in that of any other teacher who was able to supplement its instructions by abundant knowledge and varied illustration from other sources. We imagine that it has been written for adult students rather than for beginners, and in its present form it would be wholly worthless as a school-book. But the acquaintance exhibited by the author with the essential principles of language, and the general accuracy of his statements, have impressed us with a belief that a really important contribution to our present stock of grammars, large as it is, may reasonably be expected from Mr. Fleay. The abandonment of some needless refinements, the simplification of the technical language, ampler illustration, and a general expansion and revision of the author's entire plan, would make this work a popular one; while even in its present form it will be welcomed by many of the more thoughtful teachers, as contain-

You or Ye,—adds a note: 'Several grammarians maintain that *ye* is exclusively *nominative*; but the best writers in the language use *ye* as an objective case.' We suppose that no grammarian has ever maintained that *ye* is always used in the nominative case; but every student of Anglo-Saxon knows that *ge* was Nominative, and *eow* Accusative, in that language; and that the two words were once as carefully distinguished as *we* and *us*,—a fact surely too important to be completely overlooked in the solution of the question.

ing hints and suggestions on the philosophy of the subject, which are often overlooked, and which can be turned to very profitable account.

To three of the authors we have named we are also indebted for attempts to render the systematic study of English composition and analysis an important adjunct to that of grammar. Dr. Cornwell, Mr. Morell, and Mr. Mason, (we believe, in the order of time in which we have placed their names,) have published systems and exercises on Logical Synthesis and Analysis, which only differ from each other in slight and unimportant details. In the case of the two former authors, this has been done by distinct works; but Mr. Mason has incorporated the subject in his Grammar, and merely illustrated it by the separate publication of Cowper's *Task*, with special Notes on the Analysis.* We have no space to inquire here into the manner in which this subject should be made ancillary to that of mere formal grammar. The two classes of mental exercise are distinct, yet they are reciprocally helpful; and we believe that it is now the practice of all good teachers to pursue them simultaneously. In the French schools *Analyse Logique* has long held a high place as a part of the general discipline of language; but it was not till a comparatively recent period that it became acclimatized among us. We observe that special attention to this subject is now demanded from the candidates for the new degree of A.A. at Oxford, and in the examinations of the Civil Service Commissioners; and there is little doubt that it will soon form a recognised part of the curriculum even in our humblest schools.

We are now beginning to recognise, for the first time, the claims of our own vernacular tongue upon the attention of teachers, and its capabilities as an instrument of mental discipline. 'What a treat it would be,' said Dr. Arnold, 'to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would after a time almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance! And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing as the proper medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted? because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes

* The later editions of Mr. Morell's book also combine the subjects of Grammar and Analysis, but at first the two works were distinct.

us.' We are convinced that the next best thing to that which is here desired, is the careful grammatical and logical investigation of passages from our best authors. Shakspeare and Milton can never furnish 'translation lessons' for English boys in the same sense as Homer and Virgil; but they may furnish discipline precisely analogous to it, and scarcely less valuable. In the exercise of paraphrasing, which requires the weighing of every word in detail, and the comprehension of the meaning of each sentence as a whole, before the passage can be reproduced in a modern form, in the examination of all its allusions, the investigation of all archaic forms and forgotten idioms, the analysis of its metrical structure, the detection of the mutual relations of each word and phrase, the student cannot fail to receive the same kind of training as in construing a chorus of Euripides, or an ode of Horace. In the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge tells us of Dr. Bowyer, his master at Christ's Hospital,—

'At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, which required most time and trouble to bring up so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable not only for every word, but also for the position of every word.'

Here is, in truth, the great *desideratum* in English education. We ought to inculcate reverence for our national literature, and to give the power of intelligently appreciating its merits. But this can only be done by recognising the fact that our language is worthy of detailed study; by treating it as an object of scientific investigation; and by bringing the learner into constant contact with the works of our best authors. That it is practicable to give to the study of our own language and literature an academical character is becoming daily more evident. That with the help of the best modern books on the subject, it may now be done more easily than ever, we trust, we have sufficiently proved. And we may fitly close this article by an extract from the testimony of one who was especially qualified to speak upon the subject, and whose premature removal from the chair of English Language and Literature at University College to a wider sphere of work at Manchester, disappointed many persons who had hoped much from the devotion of his extensive scholar-

ship and delicate taste to the elucidation of our vernacular tongue :—

‘Why,’ says Professor A. J. Scott, in a published lecture, ‘should the existence of a passage in Spenser, or the structure of his poem, be a fact less valuable than a passage in Lucan, or the structure of the *Pharsalia*? Why should the date of Chaucer’s writing be less worth knowing than that of Ennius’s? If the exercise of memory be somewhat less when our own authors are in question, we have but to require a knowledge more extensive and practical, and that defect is remedied. If the language be more easily understood, we have but to insist that it be better understood. If facts are familiar that illustrate the author up to a certain point, we have only to start from that point, and require the more complete illumination that lies beyond. Instead of saying, “It is easier to understand Shakspeare than Sophocles,”—say, “A more full understanding of Shakspeare than of Sophocles is attainable for an Englishman;” and propose to attain it. And in the case of the English author a more complete and satisfactory knowledge is attainable: the fitness of his word or phrase, and his intention in using it, can be more thoroughly known; the intellectual gratification, and the culture of nicer delicacy of perception, must, when other things are equal, bear a direct proportion to this clearer light. And to what end all this detail? That the pupil may discern the great mind to be throughout earnest and effectual in regard to the end it proposes; perceive that the highest praise of the highest work is to be in all things to the purpose. The young musical composer is reproached by the discovery of a steadfast development in the works of Mozart, or Handel, where each thought is generated by that which went before, and gives birth to its successor; and abjures, as blemishes, whatever is superfluous and incoherent in his own productions, however graceful had it stood apart. The young painter enters into the spirit of a composition of Michael Angelo or Leonardo, and strikes indignantly out of his own work an eye-trap imitation here, a decorative figure there, which contributed nothing to the general aim of the piece. The lesson he has learned is for all thought, for all action, for all life. And the highest intellectual form in which it can be studied is in the highest achievements of literature: the most direct and impressive, in those of our national literature.’

- ART. VI.—1. *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath.* Achtzehnte Auflage. Stuttgart und Augsburg. 1857.
 2. *Zwischen den Garben.* 1849.
 3. *Neuere politische und sociale Gedichte.* 1851. &c., &c.

POETRY is not one of the progressive arts. In the course of a single generation, and that one of the earliest in a nation’s

history, it will often attain to a power and excellence which no future efforts may surpass; and the accumulation of one age is so far from proving an assistance and a benefit to the next, that it rather enfeebles its successor, inducing it to place a false reliance upon resources not at its command, and acting as a stimulant to extravagance of effort only to produce poverty and perishableness of result. As a general rule, poetry may be said to be passing through three processes which everlastingly repeat themselves. First is the rough period when intellect and fancy are sufficiently awakened to strive vainly with the obstacles of undeveloped language. Then the era of triumphant genius, which makes all the materials around it flexible to its will, and of its own instinct lights upon the combinations and the laws which insure lasting success. Then follows the age of merely imitative effort, when men strive rather to be something like that which their predecessors had been than to rival them in new fields. Soon people find out the way of producing something which looks so like the originals bequeathed to them, as to pass current for a material combining equal excellence with the advantages of far greater ease and cheapness of manufacture. This goes on until the imitative invention has been run to utter exhaustion, until production becomes so easy that every one can produce; and then the natural effect takes place. The reaction sets in with a sudden stopping and stagnating; and at last new forces break away into a fresh path of their own, and a new era of genius begins, to be imitated, and to pass away, as before.

English poetry has passed through several of these rotations, as Greek and Latin had done, until they rolled away into the past altogether. German poetry has lived long enough to go through one such process of revolution, the closing period of which is our own age. From its rough, struggling youth, it bloomed up to a sudden and splendid maturity in the era of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Lessing, and Herder. Poetry then seemed to become an art made invitingly easy. It was difficult, indeed, to achieve in a new direction what any one of these men had done in his own; but fatally easy to produce endless verses which looked and sounded very like Schiller's or Goethe's, and which, considering their greater cheapness of production, might, in the eyes of many, seem quite as good as the original article. Then we have Tieck, Matthiessen, Salis, Lenau, and numbers of others. Passion is not there; but does not sentiment supply its place? Pathos is gone; but maudlinism draws probably more tears, and touches its mark more easily. Deep appreciation of the human heart and manly energy of creative power have passed away; but we have in their stead readier sources

of popular sympathy,—craving, diseased self-examination and hectic egotism. At the present moment this class of poetry may be said to have had its day. German literature has reached the pause,—the quiescent or stagnant era; and, when time enough shall have gone over to allow new forces to gather, we may look for a fresh and healthy issue in a new direction.

Where, however, there is native force of genius at all, literature does not in any era settle down into utter stagnation and inanity. Compared with the glorious days of its first prime, Germany may now, indeed, seem poor of poetic genius. But even in our own days she has had men who possessed rich and far-reaching fancy, if not the very highest range of imagination; men whose strength, if not of the greatest, was at least their own, unborrowed from external stimulant; whose path, if it does not pretend to scale the highest peak, has, at least, not been trodden down by the feet of forerunners. We are not inclined to range Uhland—although the noble old minstrel still lives and looks upon the earth—among this class. Uhland belongs to the greater era which has passed away; and, although not indeed the foremost, or even among the foremost, of that age, his genius yet gave him a distinctive place in it. But of our own age peculiarly, and having no connexion other than our own with the great Weimarian era, there are men who have produced clear, fresh, and sweet streams of song, which deserve, and must have, an unfading memory in literature. One of the most remarkable of these, in every respect, is the poet to whom we desire to call attention in the present paper.

Most of the great men who made Germany a name and a power in literature, had been laid in earth before Ferdinand Freiligrath began to write; although his poetic career commenced at a very early age, and seems to have closed after a very short period of creative activity. He belongs wholly to our own age, and now, in presence at least, to our own country. He is one of the many eminent men whom collision of political opinion with established government has driven from their native land, to be swallowed up in the noise and business of London. Freiligrath was born in 1810, at Detmold in Northern Germany; and is not, therefore, by any means beyond the borders of the poetic years, although, so far as we know, he has not for a long time added anything to his celebrity. He is one of the few men who have combined an active commercial life with high poetic production. The main part of his career has been passed in counting-houses, in Germany, in Amsterdam, and, of late, in our own metropolis. He was a very young man when his poems began to create a stir in Germany; and the

generous recognition and appreciation of eminent literary friends helped to spread his reputation. Chamisso and Schwab, both celebrated in German poetry,—the former, however, best known in England by his legend of *Peter Schlemyl*,—were among the first to point out his rising claims. Chamisso wrote of him, in 1836, as ‘inferior to none in peculiarity, originality, strength, and fulness of the poetic element;’ and declared him to be one who ‘by the sheer force of his poetic genius compelled, unsupported by factitious aid, that attention which he merited.’ Unfortunately, perhaps, for the quiet development of his powers, Freiligrath devoted his genius to political objects. The pro-Russian tendencies of the Prussian government, the retrogressive policy which began to manifest itself, the censorship of the press, and some peculiar grievances of which the people of Rhenish Prussia complained; these and other grounds supported Freiligrath in entering upon the path of political contention. He had for some time enjoyed a pension from the Prussian King, who was rather fond of patronizing men of genius; but he flung the gift away, published a volume of political poems which had been some time before secretly printed, became the mark for a prosecution, and had to quit Germany. This was in 1844. For a short time he lived in Belgium and in Switzerland; but, in 1846, found a home in London. In 1848 he returned to Germany, agitated for a while, and fought bravely with dashing political poems; but was imprisoned again, brought to trial, acquitted indeed, but still a mark for such annoyance and threatened persecution, that it was not believed either useful or prudent for him to remain longer in his native country. He, therefore, settled in London, as the manager of a banking-house, and is not likely, we presume, again to leave England. Thus much of a brief outline may convey all that it imports the general reader to know of the career of a man whose life is yet in its prime. We have no intention of writing a detailed biographical notice of one who follows his daily occupations within a few hundred yards of our own publishing office; and only intend to invite our readers to consider the productions, not the personality, of the poet. They who are not acquainted with the former will find themselves well repaid if they follow up the track which we shall suggest to them. Englishmen have so large and varied a current literature of their own, that general readers may be excused if their attention requires to be especially directed to some eminent foreign writers. Moreover, although many of Freiligrath’s poems have been translated in stray periodicals, no collection of them has ever appeared in English. In the specimens which we select, we shall use our own version; having no

convenient means of obtaining any other, even where others exist. The poems are of three classes: the miscellaneous, the political poems, and the translations. On the second depended, perhaps, the most important events of the author's life, and a wide part of his present reputation; but we have no doubt that his fame, as a poet, will, when the memory of recent events has faded, entirely rest on the miscellaneous pieces. To this class, then, of the works of Freiligrath we shall almost exclusively apply ourselves.

The miscellaneous poems are contained in a small volume some three hundred pages in extent, less than many a prolific writer will contribute to a magazine in a twelvemonth; yet this little volume contains as many evidences of fresh and luxuriant fancy, of vivid picture-power, of deep and sensitive impressibility by the aspects and the influences of silent, outward nature, and of all that can make a true poet, short of the very highest class alone, as any of the present day, English poet or foreign, can show. No taint of the recent weaknesses of German literature clings to it. Egotism, morbid self-exposure, exhausting subjectiveness, and effeminate bewailings,—these have no place in the manly verse of Freiligrath. On the other hand, no writer we know of is more healthily free from the artistic vice of the popular English ballad of the present day, which makes poetry only a mechanical jingle of versified moral maxims, and holds itself up to be judged by the directness of its practical scraps of wisdom. Freiligrath is thoroughly original; sometimes, it must be owned, even to extravagance, in his peculiar love of nature. He does not, like Wordsworth, delight in the hills and streams of a plain country landscape. He does not, like Thomson, express a prim, well-regulated joy in the fair lawn and the trim grove, the sheep bathing in the stream, and the sly glimpse of an Arcadian nymph preparing to do the like. He does not, like Walter Scott, find pleasure in the grey ruin, and the moonlight streaming upon abbey arch and donjon keep; nor, like Byron, does he love nature only because he can make her his unresisting *confidante*, and fly to her company when out of humour with every other. Freiligrath loves nature the more as her greatness swallows wholly up all thought of his own personality. The grand, the stern, the lonely, even the savage and the awful forms of nature, find the closest and the dearest place in his imagination. We have said 'his imagination,' because we believe the scenes he most delights to sing of do not live in his memory. We believe he has never seen the sun shine in its own tropic regions; and yet these are the regions over which the fancy of the poet most lovingly hovers. The lion-land, the

desert sands, the palm-tree, the jungle, the cane-swamp, the lair of the panther, the Sahara caravan,—these are the objects which animate him to a full enthusiasm. His Oriental passion is the most ardent, the most unfeigned, and the most vivid in its expression, exhibited by any poet or prose writer we know. We cannot believe he only speaks the language of poetic affectation, when he declares at the close of one of his songs,—

‘ I linger on a northern strand,
The North is crafty, cold, and slow ;
I would I sang in the desert sand,
Leaning on my saddle-bow ! ’

It is not, indeed, a supremely difficult task to produce a professedly Eastern poem which shall have a certain imitation of Oriental luxuriance, and keep a close adherence to Oriental metaphor. We have many examples to prove that this can be done by many hands in a style far above the mere bulbul and gazelle rubbish of annuals and small magazines. Goethe’s *West-Eastern Divan*, Thomas Moore’s *Lalla Rookh*, Rückert’s Eastern poems, and many others, are evidences of this skill carried to a very high degree. But no one of these remarkable and celebrated productions, however some of them may excel Freiligrath’s poems in other respects, can compare with his in the reality of the feeling, in the verisimilitude, in the genuine spirit and soul of the East, which belong to them. The very air of the desert or the palm-grove seems to be exhaled from some of them. It is difficult to conceive a writer adopting such subjects, singing the glories and the wonders of lands he has never seen, filling his productions with the breath of an atmosphere he has never inhaled, without suspecting him of some assumed poetic eccentricity. But in none of his Eastern or Desert poems can we detect the slightest hint of affectation. Indeed, the few only instances where he seems to us to be declining into this kind of weakness, are, where he attempts something of Northern sentiment and German balladist emotion. Freiligrath writes as if he were a genuine child of the sun. The beams of the East have wakened more music in this western singer than ever they drew from the fabled harp of Memnon. Any other effort at Eastern description in poetry seems cold, pale, and sunless, when placed side by side with some of these glowing verses. Hands browned by tropic rays have laboured at descriptions which are unreal and lack-lustrous compared with some of these poems, whose author never saw a palm-tree on its own soil, or heard the roar of the lion among his own whirling sands. It is not probable that Freiligrath at

present really yearns for a desert-life, and a release from the routine dulness of the North, with all the fervour of a younger day; or that even in that younger day the longing was quite as impassioned as the verse. But the enthusiasm was far too warm and full of force to resemble anything assumed in very wantonness. Poets do not succeed best, notwithstanding Waller's ingenious compliment, in what they do not believe. They succeed best, like all other artists and workers of whatever class, proportionately to their strength, in that on which their belief is strongest, and their feelings are most earnest. Freiligrath's Orientalism is, therefore, not an affectation, but an emotion, an idiosyncrasy. It is not merely in the broad and artistically conventional features of tropic scenery that the peculiarity of his genius finds expression. Minute and picturesque details are seized with a keenness which almost suggests direct observation, and thrown in with such a skill as to give a meaning and an effect far beyond the copy-drawing which an ordinary hand might produce. We see the crocodile peering from the stream to inhale the faint air of coolness which evening brings; we know that the distant crash through the trees tells of the elephant's unwieldy path; we mark where the desert sand has been furrowed by the lion's shaggy tail which has just trailed across it; we observe the burst water-skin, and the fragments of dress left on the brambles by the wayfarers of the caravan. Freiligrath is one of the most essentially picturesque poets who has lived for many years. We do not mean to claim the highest praise for a poet when we style him picturesque. Lessing has settled that question long since. A poet may stand among the very highest of the highest rank, and yet furnish few direct subjects for painters; a painter may be among the greatest of artists, and yet suggest few felicitous inspirations to a poet. But to the merit, such as it is, of being eminently suggestive of direct subjects from which a painter may copy, Freiligrath is entitled beyond any living poet of whom we know. His poems are really all pictures; the Eastern and Desert ballads peculiarly so. No example perhaps can serve much better than the following verses from the poem entitled *Mirage*. The opening, which we omit, gracefully and fancifully shows us the harbour of Venice all decked with flags and sails; and a gondola, in which our own *Othello* and *Desdemona* are seated. Like all true German poets, Freiligrath loves Shakspeare with a fervent love. *Desdemona* begs of her wooer for a description of his own land, from whence the ostrich feather came, which droops over his brow; and the Moor thus begins:—

‘Behold, the desert’s burning sand !
The camping-places greet thee of the tribes from whence my sires
arose :
Lo, in her widow’s garb, sun-branded, on thine eyes Sahara glows !
Who last rode through the lion-land ? The print of hoof and claw
is here ;
The caravan of Timbuctoo,—still on the horizon gleams the spear,—
And streaming flags, and through the dust the Emir’s purple honour-
dress,
And the camel’s head o’ertops the throng of march with solemn
stateliness.

Onward, in closed-up ranks, they ride where blend together sand and
cloud ;
Behold, the distance swallows them already in a sulphurous shroud ;
But thou canst follow easily the track of the departing host,
For gleaming through the sands we find from time to time what
they have lost !

And first, a hideous milestone ! see a dromedary lying dead,
A bald-necked vulture pair have lighted on the fallen creature’s head ;
Yon costly turban, in their haste to seize their meal, they little heed,
’T was a young Arab lost it as he galloped on with reckless speed.

And there see fluttering scraps of housings, round the tamarisk’s
thorny bough,
Besides a water-skin rent through, all dusty and exhausted now ;
Who’s he that spurns the gaping thing with passioned curse and
quivering lid ?

It is the dark-haired Sheik from out the land of Biledulgerid !

He closed the rear, his horse fell down, exhausted, he was left behind ;
She is his favourite wife who gasping round his waist her arms has
twined ;

When late he raised her on his steed, how flashed the eyes of his
adored,

And now he trails her through the waste as from a girdle trails a
sword !

The torrid sand at midnight furrowed by the lion’s shaggy tail,
Is swept by the expiring woman’s raven tresses as they trail ;
It gathers in her flow of hair ; it scorches up her dewy lips ;
Its flints are reddened by the blood that from her wounded ankles
drips !

Now even the Emir fails, he reels with seething blood and fiery pains ;
His eyeballs glare, and fiercely throb his forehead’s azure gleaming
veins ;

He stoops, and with one last hot kiss the Fezzan girl to life recalls,
Then, suddenly, with furious curse upon the unsheltering sand he
falls !

But she looks slowly, wondering up, "Thou sleep'st, my lord, awake,
behold!

The sky which seemed just now of brass is clothed in steel, so pure
and cold!

Where is the Desert's yellow glare?—a pure, bright light my vision
cheers:

It is a glitter like the sea, whose waves are breaking round Algiers!

It gleams and ripples like a stream, it cools me with its freshening
smile,

It sparkles like a mighty mirror,—wake, perhaps it is the Nile!

Yet, no,—we surely travelled south,—it must be, then, the Senegal?
Or O, perchance it is the sea, whose surges yonder heave and fall!

No matter,—it is water,—come, see I have cast my cloak away,
Awake, my lord, and let us hasten, and our scorching thirst allay;
A freshening bath, a cooling draught, new life through our poor limbs
will send,

And yonder, where those towers rise, our pilgrimage perhaps will end!

I see the flaunting crimson banners over the grey portals set,
The lances on the ramparts gleaming, lofty dome and minaret;
I see the masts of noble vessels tossing yonder in the bay,
I see the pilgrims thronging to bazaar and caravanserai!

My loved one, wake! The evening comes, my tongue is parching,
let us haste."

He raised his eyes, and hoarsely groaned, "It is the Mirage of the
waste!

A juggle, worse than the Simoom, the evil demon's mocking prank."
He ceased, the vision disappeared, upon his corse the woman sank!"

Although Freiligrath elaborates the components of scenes and groups, so that a painter might take his pencil, transfer them, one by one, to canvass, and so produce a picture, it will nevertheless be perceived that he does not transgress Lessing's famous law, which assigns space to the painter, and time to the poet, as their respective domains. In other words, he does not describe objects, in themselves and their own details; but only some act of motion or event which includes them, and of itself suggests their nature and appearance. Yet the pencil of Lewis is hardly more realizing of the forms of desert life. Fanciful, picturesque, and not without at least a gleam of pathos, is *The Traveller's Vision* :—

'It was midway in the Desert, we were camping on the ground,
And my Bedouins lay sleeping by the unsaddled horses round;
In the distance, towards the Nile, the moonlight fell on mountain
cones,
In the floating sands around us lay dead camels' bleaching bones.

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I was sleepless ; of my saddle a rude pillow I had made,
And my knapsack, stuffed with store of drying dates, beneath it laid ;
With my caftan's ample folds I covered me from feet to ears,
Near me lay my naked sabre, with my rifle and my spears.

Heavy silence,—only sometimes crackled up the sinking flame ;
Only sometimes, o'er my head, a wandering vulture croaking came ;
Only sometimes, in his sleep, a courser stamped upon the sand,
Or a dreaming follower groaned, and grasped his weapon in his hand.

Suddenly the earth was shaken ; dun and heavy shade was cast
O'er the moonlight ; desert beasts, in wild affright, came rushing
past ;

The horses plunged and reared ; our guide, to grasp his flag, half
waking, ran,—

His arm sank nerveless, and he faltered, " Sir, the Spectre caravan ! "

Yes, they come ! The ghastly drivers, with their camels, first are seen ;
Lolling in their lofty saddles, veil-less, graceful women lean ;
And, beside them, wander maidens bearing pitchers, like Rebecca
At the fountain ; riders follow ; they rush by us, on to Mecca !

More, and more yet ! Who can count them ? Has the line no end-
ing, then ?

Horror ! even the scattered bones rise up, as camels, once again !
The swarthy sand, that, whirling, swept in darkling masses through
the plains,

Is changed to shapes of swarthy men, who lead the camels by the
reins !

'T is the night when all who in that sandy sea their death have met,
And whose storm-tossed ashes cling, perhaps, around our tongues
even yet ;

Whose withered skulls our horses' hoofs perchance have trampled
down to-day ;

Arise, and form a pilgrim army, at the Holy Shrine to pray !

Ever more ; and now the last have scarcely passed us on the track,
When, behold, the first already come with slackened bridles back ;
From Cape Verde to Babelmandel's Straits the train has swept along,
Ere my startled horse had time to break away his halter's thong !

Stand, and hold your plunging horses ! Each man by his saddle keep !
Tremble not, as at the lion tremble frightened wandering sheep !

Let them touch you even with their long talares as they fly,
Call on Allah ! and the spectre-train will pass you harmless by !

Wait until the morning breeze around your turban-feather waves,
Morning wind and morning red will give them to their desert graves ;
All these pilgrims of the night will turn to ashes with the day.
See ! 't is dawning now, my horse encouraged greets it with a neigh !'

The metre of these poems is so characteristic that we have
retained it, although it is not very familiar to English ears.

Not merely the poetic features of eastern and tropic nature delight our somewhat eccentric poet,—not merely the banana and the palm, the oasis, the Bedouin, the whirling sand-pillars, and the spectral pilgrims. He takes a wild joy in the ruder and the fiercer elements sometimes. He finds something worthy of poetic commemoration in the legends of African warfare and its attendant deeds and ceremonial triumphs on the banks of the Congo: he wanders by the kraal of the Hottentot: he listens to the squalls which rave and shriek around the Cape of Storms, and the moaning surges which toss the shivers of the wreck ashore on Madagascar. The roar of the lonely lion echoing across the waste, even to Lake Mareotis and the tombs of the Pharaohs; the funereal rites of the Dschagga King, who lies dead upon his copper shield; the flight of the tortured giraffe across the moonlit desert with the fangs of his enemy in his flesh,—these are the themes which filled the brain of this most singular of poets, in the intervals of business, snatched from counting-house occupation, in prosaic and routine-pursuing Amsterdam. Those who feel curious to read some of the wildest and fiercest specimens of this class, may turn to the *Lion's Ride*, *African Homage*, *By the Congo*, and many others which we need not name. It would be almost superfluous to say that such a fancy as this sometimes runs away with its owner into the wilds of extravagance: sometimes even precipitates him into the abyss of mere horror and hideousness. Early in his poetic career Chamisso warned him of such an imminent danger. But all Freiligrath's poems do not breathe a tropic air; and it must be said that many of his ballads have much of softness and sweetness, many an exquisite touch of vague pathos,—gleams of deep sympathy with the very soul of nature, rare in their visitings to any one, and all unutterable to any but the true poet. Freiligrath loves the sea and its shore almost as much as he loves the East. Probably no man familiar from boyhood, as most Englishmen now are, with the sight and sound of the sea, can appreciate its wonderful and mysterious influence upon him who, reared like Freiligrath in a far inland town, comes in full youth to look upon salt waves, and 'the ribbed sea-sand,' for the first time. He is peculiarly gentle and full of exquisite poetic glimpses, when he sings of the great mystic sea. He is skilful in pathos of a peculiar kind; not deep or passionate, but gleaming in stray flashes, touching because of its unexpected tenderness, and almost always arising out of some effect produced by external nature. No man, indeed, who loves the face of the world, can avoid feeling and submitting to the unspeakable pathos of silent

nature. Living nature is cheering, animating, invigorating,—inanimate nature, gentle, subduing, pathetic. You cannot watch the flying clouds, or the waves upon the beach, and feel wholly joyous; you cannot eye the leap of a trout, or follow a flight of pigeons, and be sad. Freiligrath understands this well. In his poems of the class we are now about to introduce, as in the sequence of human emotions, the interruption of anything living and moving breaks the flow of sad thought, and the mind revives into sympathetic activity. The closing lines of the gentle, delicious, dreamy *Sand Songs* will afford an instance. The reader who has to content himself with our translation, must endeavour to imagine the indefinite charm of expression, the untransferable grace of language and of melody, which even far better qualified translators must fail in their effort to render.

I.

- ‘ I SING not of the desert-sand
Where savage herds in contest meet ;
I mean the grains that on the strand
Are crumbling now beneath my feet.
‘ For that is but a breathing curse,
The Desert’s restless, wandering ghost,
Beneath whose death-shroud man and horse,
Camel and driver, all are lost.
‘ Cool and fresh the sea-sand lies,
Furrowed and wet with ocean’s brine ;
A ready table, whither flies
The sea-mew’s brood on fish to dine.’

II.

- ‘ Inward from ocean blows the breeze,
The sands are tossed, the sea-weeds roll :
On fickle, changing sands like these
Wild floating thoughts must fill the soul ;
Flying before the wind and flood,
The whirling sands each other chase :
So flies and strays my restless mood,
And holds to no abiding place.’

III.

- ‘ What a mysterious region this is !
I understand its changes not—
One moment dashing ships to pieces,
The next a peaceful anchoring spot ;
The wearied raven it revives,
And parches up the sea-worm’s tongue ;
The gasping fish of life deprives,
And feeds the sea-mew’s hungry young.

Men too there are would turn away
 From such a shore with wearied air,
 While I could linger all the day
 Building ships and bridges there !'

IV.

' A barren, thinly grass-grown steep
 Behind shuts in my landward view :
 No matter—gazing on the deep,
 My thoughts and glances back are few.
 ' I only know here rolls the sea,
 Tossing its foam-sparks all around,
 And hill and wood and plain for me
 Are all in yonder ocean drowned !
 ' This strip of sand, so small and brown,
 Seems now the only earthly thing :
 I wander lonely up and down
 Like an uncrowned and banished King.
 ' I scarce can comprehend it now
 That once through inland woods I strode,
 Or lay upon the mountain's brow,
 Or over plains of heather rode.
 ' All rest in ocean : there as well
 Repose my hopes, my longing years :
 As on the shore the surges swell,
 Thus swell upon my lids the tears !'

V.

' Am I not like a flood whose spring
 From the far mountain forest gushes,
 Through lands and hamlets wandering,
 At last to meet the ocean rushes ?
 ' O that I were ! in manhood's day
 Greeting the noble roar of seas,
 While in eternal youth still play
 Life's springs among the sacred trees !

VI.

' High above me float
 Three sea-mews, dull and slow—
 I need not lift my eyes,
 I know the way they go !
 ' For on the glowing sands
 That in the sunshine lie,
 With far outstretching wings
 Their darkening shadows fly ;
 ' And a single feather falls
 Downward in their flight,
 That I of the ocean sands
 And the flying birds may write !'

One of the legends which are common to many nations has given Freiligrath a subject for a poem of singular and delicate beauty. The tale of a city magically sunk under a sea or a lake, has haunted literature since the *Arabian Nights*, and even among the prosaic Hollanders has found a holding-place. No one needs to be reminded of Thomas Moore's exquisite ballad of *Lough Neagh*, and the 'round towers of other days' shining beneath its waves. The following embodiment of the story by the poet whom we are at present illustrating, has a peculiar, gentle, undefined melancholy, enhanced to an indescribable degree by the measure of the original, which ripples slowly like the quiet waves beneath whose crystal the lost city lies enshrined.

- 'I float all alone on the silent tide :
No wavelet breaks ; it is glassy and slow :
On the sands, in its solemn and mystic pride,
Shines the old Sunken City below.
- 'In the olden days of which legends tell,
A King once banished his infant child ;
She strayed far over the hills to dwell
With seven dwarfs in the forest wild.
- 'But a poison, mixed by her mother's hand,
Soon robbed of life the poor little maid ;
And her tiny companions, a faithful band,
In a crystal coffin her body laid.
- 'There in her gleaming snow-white dress,
Crowned with flowers, the maiden lay ;
There in unfading loveliness,
And her mourners gazed on her all the day.
- 'In thy crystal coffin thou liest as well,
A bright-robed corse, O lost Julin ;
And far through the waves' transparent swell
Thy palaces rise in their mystic sheen !
- 'There rise thy towers gloomy and hoar,
Silently telling their mournful tale ;
There are thy walls with their arching door,
And the stained church-windows glimmering pale.
- 'Silent all in its mournful pride,—
No pleasure, no sport, no hurrying feet ;
And shoals of fishes uninjured glide
Through deserted market and soundless street.
- 'With vacant and glassy eyes they stare
In through the windows and open doors ;
On the spell-bound dwellers within they glare,
Asleep and mute on their marble floors !

- ‘ I will sink below,—I will yet renew
 The life, the splendour by spells oppress—
 I will break the death-dream of enchantment through,
 With a single breath from this living breast !
- ‘ The field, the mart shall be filled with men,
 The pillared halls shed their festive gleam ;
 Ye maidens, open your eyes again,
 And tell of your long and pleasant dream !
- ‘ Down below ! No further he rows ;
 Lifeless and slack sink arms and feet—
 Over his head the waters close,
 He descends the Sunken City to greet !
- ‘ He lives in the dwellings of days gone by,
 Lit by the crystal and amber rays ;
 Their olden glories around him lie,
 Above the fisherman chants his lays !’

Some of Freiligrath's ballads have more distinct and living themes. A few are dedicated to a noble subject, which might well have animated the heart of a poet and an earnest lover of liberty. Living in Holland, Freiligrath could not but be aroused to feeling by the memorials around him of the gallant struggle which made the name of Dutchman heroic, despite his national and proverbial apathy, at one period of history. The noble resistance which the Hollanders made to their Spanish oppressors might well have given themes to many minstrels, although poets have not sung as many ballads in its honour as they have dedicated to subjects far less chivalrous and inspiring. Conspicuous among the events of the Dutch rebellion are the deeds of that gallant band, the *Gueux*, whose title, first a nickname conferred in scorn, was soon hailed as a word of honour by friends, and struck as much fear to the hearts of foes as the name of Roundhead in the days of Cromwell in England, or that of *Sans Culotte* in those of Dumouriez in France. Freiligrath has produced three or four picturesque and striking ballads in honour of that brave Beggar band. One is entitled *A Gueux Watch*, and is a spirited picture, purposely somewhat roughened, of a night passed in jovial preparation for a march by a body of the patriots in a hostel near Rotterdam. None of the ballads of Béranger is more vivid in its outlines and colours. We see the rough, bearded rebels sturdily drinking their patriotic toasts, and throwing up their caps at the name of William of Orange, which one of their band roars out in a song ; we hear their chorus echoed by the freezing sentry, who peeps in at the window, with his mantle round his ears to keep off the snow ; we follow them

with eyes and ears, while, like genuine Dutchmen, they argue and harangue about the Cause; we note the growl that follows Alva's hated name; we observe the hostess and her lasses with gold-foil ornaments in their hair, moving as busily as some of Burns's gude-wives among the carousing company. A healthier, manlier ballad it would not be easy to find in any literature. Another of the Gueux ballads, *Lieve Heere*, commemorates, in a few dashing verses, a bold, self-sacrificing piece of Dutch courage (not in the popular sense of that equivocal phrase) performed during the protracted siege by the Spaniards of Ziericksee. Somewhat of a sadder note, and indeed of a ghastlier shade, is found in *The Water Gueux*.

'The North Sea vomits high

A corse upon the sand;

A fisher sees it lie,

And hurries to the strand.

'The blood and brine he presses

From the scarf around the dead;

He opens wide the corslet,

Lifts the beaver off the head;

'The beaver with its feather,

Its crescent and its crest;

The sea-sand clots the motto,

"Rather Turk than Priest!"

'Why open wide the corslet,

And bear him high on land?

No more shall sword or rudder

Touch that knightly hand!

'Twas when he clutched the bulwark,

To board the ship of Spain,

The stroke of a seaman's hatchet

Cleft his wrist in twain.

'He fell—the deep received him,

With its sullen, greeting roar;

Here, with the wrist yet bleeding,

It flings him on the shore!

'High on the coast of Zeeland

The gallant corse is tossed;

The hand a fair, sad woman

Finds upon Friesland's coast.

'An anchor, black and rusty,

And wet with ocean spray,

Stands there to mark the distance

The tide swells every day.

- ‘She leans on it and watches,
 If upon ocean gleams
 A white sail or a pennon ;
 Like marble Hope she seems.
- ‘Lo, where the hand comes floating,
 As if her own to meet ;
 The cold and rigid fingers
 Touch her very feet !
- ‘On one white finger gleaming
 A stone of ruby sheen ;
 A falcon and a lion
 Engraved thereon are seen :
- * * * * *
- The dusk of evening gathers,
 I cannot see her face.
- ‘I see not if the tear-drops
 Full in her dark eyes stand ;
 But I see that from the shingle,
 She trembling lifts the hand.
- ‘The bleeding relic folding
 In her veil, along the slope
 Of the shore, she wanders homeward ;—
 No more like marble Hope !’

We need hardly remind our readers that the motto and the figures on the ring are of historic meaning.

Poems such as these are all the more attractive because they denote an amount of human interest not common, it must be owned, in the works of Freiligrath. He has given as strong proof as any man in our day could reasonably give, that he felt no indifference to the social and political concerns of this world, and of his own country in particular ; but a reader who judged of the poet's character by three-fourths of the contents of this volume, could scarcely conjecture that the author felt the slightest interest in anything which was not sea, shore, forest, or tropic desert. A poet more entirely ‘objective’ never sang. His own identity is almost invariably kept wholly out of sight,—a rare merit among modern German poets. All his materials are without him ; are, in fact, a painter's materials. Scarcely any one of the passions or life incidents which have given the greater part of modern poetry to the world, has ever afforded him a subject. He has won his celebrity and produced his poems with scarcely any reference—certainly with none which is not brief and passing—to the emotions produced by love, hate, grief, jealousy, hope, despair, parting, or death. Where he has

touched such themes, he has shown that he can give expression to manly and natural feeling in a poet's words. Two simple and touching poems occur at once to us. One is *The German Emigrants*, a quietly pathetic description of the embarkation of some poor exiles, such as in the emigrant season troop the streets of London and Liverpool, from the poet's native land for the backwoods of America. The second, *The Death of the Leader*, describes the burial far out at sea of the venerable guide and patriarch of the emigrants, who conducted them on their raft-journey down the Neckar to the Rhine, and along the Rhine to the seaport where they embarked; and who, upon a dim, grey, dismal day of mist, is laid with tears and prayers in his ocean bed. One or two poems have a peculiar and personal interest. Such is that which is fancifully entitled *Odysseus*, and which is a lament over the fate of the gifted and eminent Count Platen, author of the *Abbassides*, the *Grave in Bucento*, and other well known poems, and who met a lonely and melancholy death by fever in Syracuse. The poem opens with a description of a Greek vessel bearing the name of the wandering hero of the *Odyssey* upon its prow, which attracts the poet's attention, and sets him musing upon the scenes and seas it has passed. He thus glides into his subject:—

—————'I can make a herald of this island King,
Yes, Odysseus, thou my greeting to a dead man's ear shalt bring!
Where Trinacria's shores are rising brightly from the southern wave,
There, not far from where the Cyclops dwelt of old, thou'lt find a grave!
Flowers shed their incense round it—branches ever greenly cover it—
Thou wilt find it soon, Odysseus, and thy pennants will stream over it!
There—ye in the rigging hear it, sunburnt cheeks and flashing eyes!
To that grave my greetings go, for there a German poet lies!
May he slumber peaceful ever in his tomb among the trees—
Ye, who caught his song's last breathing, be his guards, Abbassides!
With the ringing of your sabres, ye, great Abbas' warrior sons,
Let the shepherds of Theocritus blend their flutes' most soothing tones!
May he slumber calmly there, to whom that early grave belongs—
Silent sleeps he in the south—the north is ringing with his songs!
Could he but know it! Could he hear my mourning tones across the sea!
O catch them up, and bear them hence, ye flapping sails, to Sicily!
Let them murmur on the shore—in softened breath their sounds
repeating—

The exile to the exile speaks, even to the dead a welcome greeting!
Swell again, and tell me when, returning with the west wind blowing,
If as an eternal wreath a laurel on that grave is growing!'

Like all true poets of modern ages, Freiligrath appreciates and loves the language and the poetry of the Bible. His works

teem with allusions to the sacred writings. The *Picture Bible*, the poem composed in the cathedral at Cologne; the quaint, wild verses entitled *Leviathan*; the beautiful, picturesque, and affecting *Nebo*; and many others, evidence the veneration and the love with which the poet clung to the associations of early Scripture training. From the last mentioned poem the following verses are selected :—

- ‘ And then to heaven were lifted
 The pious hands of age,
 To beg a speedy ending
 Of their long pilgrimage;
 And scimitars were whetted
 With bold and nervous hand,
 To fight for the green meadows
 Of the promised fatherland;
- ‘ The land which seemed to wait them
 Beyond, across the stream,
 A smiling, heavenly garden,
 Where plenty’s blessings teem;
 In fancy oft they saw it,
 Through weary desert-sand;
 And now it lies before them,
 The milk-and-honey land!
- “ Canaan,” they shout exulting
 From out their vale of rest;
 By a steep path their leader
 Toils up the mountain’s breast;
 Thick fall upon his shoulders
 His locks of snowy white,
 From Moses’ brow are streaming
 Twin rays of golden light!
- ‘ And when he reached the summit,
 By long and slow ascent,
 With eager eyes and trembling
 To gaze below he bent;
 There shone the plains where Plenty
 And Peace are ever shed,
 Which he may gaze on longing,
 Which he shall never tread!
- ‘ There lay the sunny meadows,
 Where corn and vines were growing;
 There were the swarming beehives,
 The cattle for the ploughing;
 There silver threads of water
 Through emerald pastures ran,—
 The heritage of Juda,
 From Beersheba to Dan!

"Yes, I have lived to see thee !
 Now death may freely come—
 Lord, shed Thy breath upon me,
 And call Thy servant home !"
 Lo, where the Lord approaches
 On clouds all fringed with light,
 To bear the leader upwards
 From the pilgrim people's sight !
 'To die upon a mountain,
 O what a glorious end !
 When clouds are tinged with purple,
 As morning's rays ascend ;
 Beneath, the world's hoarse murmur,
 The forest, field, and stream—
 Above, through opening portals
 'The heavenly splendours beam !'

A more ambitious effort is suggested by some fragments of what appears to have been intended for a lengthened poem, and which is the only indication Freiligrath has given of a desire to test his capacity for such an elaborate production. The fragment of which we speak is entitled *The Emigrant Poet*. Freiligrath at one time contemplated settling in the New World; and some of his hopes and plans, under the influence of that resolution, probably gave birth to these verses. Disappointed love or ambition, or both, have driven the hero of this poem from his native Germany; and he buries himself in the yet uncleared forests of Canada. Some of the descriptions of winter, and of the opening of spring, are extremely vivid, and full of beauty and reality,—thus indicating that the picturesque fancy of the author did not chill and congeal when wandering under northern skies, and over northern snows:—

'In such a workshop labour is but light,
 The forest sparkles in the morning's glance ;
 The bushes all in diamond crust are bright,
 And every fir-tree gleams a rigid lance :
 'The giant mountain-peaks confront the sky ;
 The quiet plains with teeming life are filled ;
 Across the river where the snow-drifts lie,
 His little house I see the beaver build :
 'Antlers are stirring in the thickets round ;
 To lick the freshening snow the bison stoops ;
 The fawn's light tread rings through the frozen ground,
 Above the trees the whirring heath-cock swoops.
 'The bright-eyed lynx comes boldly from his hole ;
 Far through the firs the elk's loud hoofs are ringing—
 I hammer at my work, while in my soul
 New songs arise,—but who will hear me singing ?'

The poet does kindly homage to some of his brethren :—

- ' At evening up the steepest heights I stray,
Alone, save with my love and with my pain ;
The mighty lakes below me far away,
And there I lift full many a heart-felt strain.
- ' The dear old melodies of other days,
Songs I have sung with friends a hundred times,
Oft in these depths of foreign woods I raise,
Which ne'er before have echoed German rhymes.
- ' The peak I lay on trembled to my voice,
And gave it back in chorus loud and long.
How did the rustling forest boughs rejoice
To hear the notes of Ludwig Uhland's song !
- ' The deer pricked up their antlers on the plains,
As far above them on the height I sang ;
As Kerner's, Schwab's, and Körner's glorious strains,
And Arndt's and Schenkendorff's, in echoes rang !
- ' O sadly to the wanderer came the tone
Of home-songs here ! An Orpheus in the brakes
I stood—with others' music, not my own ;
Around me danced not stones, but forest snakes ! '

The exile hunts the bison, and the elk, and muses like another Jacques over a dying deer. He has loved, and he laments his lost love in verses which have much pathos, and form the nearest approach to sentiment in the whole of the volume. The end is in keeping with the sadness which prevails through the poem. We learn from the watch-fire talk of an Indian band that the poet is dead, and has been laid at his own request where his face may turn eastward, even in death, to the land he loved and was never to see more.

We must bound our *excerpts* within reasonable limits. Many other poems, such as the *Dead in the Sea*, *The Dweller in the Forest*, *The Sword-cutter of Damascus*, and others, tempt us, but their claims must be resisted.

As yet, we have given scarcely anything but praise to the contents of this little volume. Many of them, however, deserve other judgment. The poet has, as we have said already, a strong tendency towards the extravagant and the horrible ; and another inclination, scarcely less repelling to natural and simple taste, towards the fantastic. The graceful fancy displayed in *Amphitrite*, and *The Flowers' Revenge*, degenerates into such poor conceits as that which closes *The Frog-Queen*. The ardent imagination of the Desert poems wantons into the extravagance and hideousness of *Anno*

Domini, and the revolting horror of *Scipio*. In the first of these, the poet indulges his fantasy in describing the final fate of our earth, which, according to him, is to be trailed along at the tail of some avenging comet, through unknown spaces and by nameless planet-fires, as Brunhault, in early French history, was dragged, by order of the second Clotsire, at the heels of a wild horse through the icy waters of the Marne and among the camp-fires of Chalons. In the second, a Negro tempts his South American master with a luxurious description of the exquisite enjoyment to be had by the devouring of human flesh! Both these agreeable subjects Freiligrath dwells upon with an astonishing perseverance, reminding one of the determined purpose with which Swift hunts down some abomination to its very remotest lurking-place. Several instances might be found, less painful indeed than these, in which a poem opening with simple beauty is utterly marred towards the end by some inordinate piece of *bizarre* fancy or paltry conceit. The best thing that could happen for Freiligrath's fame would be to have some half-dozen pieces withdrawn from all future collections of his poems. The world would soon forget them; and the extravagances of an exuberant fancy would no longer mar the products of true feeling, taste, and genius.

It is scarcely necessary to our present purpose to enter upon any consideration of the political ballads upon whose publication so much which was personally important to the poet turned. In all, save earnest feeling, they seem to us far inferior to his miscellaneous poems. Despite Fletcher of Saltoun, and his incessantly quoted maxim, it may be reasonably doubted whether the poet's art is on the whole, at least in modern days, a very valuable political instrument. When Uhland became a member of a German council, Goethe wrote with great truth, 'I fear the politician will absorb the poet. Suabia possesses men in plenty who are well informed, well intentioned, clever, and eloquent enough to be members of a council; but she has only one poet of the stamp of Uhland.' A noble engine to stir up a people to war or to resistance of oppression poetry may be, and has been occasionally, in every age from the days of Tyrtæus to the days of Körner; but it is a very different thing to make it the organ of strictly political opinions, and to produce leading articles in verse. The feeling which impels a poet to devote his genius to forward what he believes a great political cause deserves honour: but it is doubtful whether any such cause has thus been truly served, and it is tolerably certain that poems so produced have rarely secured for themselves a permanent vitality. Some men have been

fashioned by nature for war poets, and some for love poets; but we doubt whether nature ever sent out a born political poet. The fame of Freiligrath at least must depend upon those poems which had no purpose, political or patriotic, to serve. His political ballads, although just those for which he is naturally most admired by large classes of his own countrymen, seem to us among the only productions bearing his name which Time has destined for that wallet wherein he carries scraps for oblivion.

Freiligrath has been a laborious translator from English, French, Italian, and Spanish. Most poets of late years begin as translators, and we believe Freiligrath's earliest publication was his version of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*. He has translated from Byron, Shelley, Coleridge,—encountering even the *Ancient Mariner*, and succeeding, save in one or two passages, with singular accuracy as well as fluency,—Burns, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Charles Lamb, Felicia Hemans, Southey, Tennyson, and others. He has displayed a wonderful facility in rendering gracefully almost the literal meaning of his authors, and a peculiar and enviable skill in mastering and reproducing their precise forms of metre.

This is not a day of great poets. No country in the world probably has any man now living and writing whose lyric fame is destined to go on to all posterity, as that of many in the past era will, spreading and growing broader as it descends deeper down in time. England, France, Germany, Italy, have no world-poet singing now. It would be idle to claim any such place for Ferdinand Freiligrath. The highest honour we can assign to him is to say that, on the whole, we believe him not inferior in many important elements of the poetic to any contemporary; and, in some peculiar characteristics, superior to all. He has a vividness and a realizing power of fancy wholly his own, in which no other living writer we know of can be likened to him. He is probably the most picturesque poet of our age. We have shown that he is not possessed of well controlled and equally sustained power. Side by side with some brilliant, glowing piece of fancy, which makes the reader doubt whether nature had not gifted the poet with a range of imagination far beyond anything he has realized, comes not unfrequently some trifling piece of poor conceit far below mediocrity of thought, or far beyond the uttermost stretch which can be conceded to the fantastic and the *bizarre*. He is not a thinking poet. Whenever he touches, as he very rarely does, upon themes which involve deep sinking into human nature and man's relation to creation, he falls at once into inferiority. Poetic feeling is an instinct with him, scarcely seeming to admit of help or develop-

ment from his intellectual faculties. It sometimes overleaps all restraints of culture, and runs wild upon its own strength, to collapse at last, as undisciplined powers usually must, in exhaustion and feebleness. There are, therefore, not many of these poems whose shafts have been sunk so deeply that their influence promises to be a perennially renewing power.' Any readers who cannot be contented with less than the great qualities of genius which most tend to intensify and make eternal the influence of the highest poets will turn away from Freiligrath with disappointment. But they who, with less exacting demand, can derive enjoyment from a very rare combination of high and special poetic qualities, may be delighted and improved by this volume of poems. They who can appreciate a true 'Picture-book without Pictures,' as Hans Christian Andersen entitles one of his works, will find in the productions of Ferdinand Freiligrath a store of beautiful and wonderful groups, scenes, and visions, such as the magic mirror of no other poet of his own day can rival.

ART. VII.—*History of the Old Covenant, from the German of J. H. KURTZ, D.D., Professor of Theology at Dorpat. Translated by REV. A. EDERSHEIM, Ph.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1859.*

THE series of expositions which gives the *Foreign Theological Library* its chief value has been lately enriched by several excellent contributions to the exegesis of the Old Testament. The foundation was laid some years ago by the translation of Hävernicks *Introduction to the Old Testament* generally, and to the *Pentateuch* in particular,—works which we can scarcely scruple to recommend as standing at the very head of this kind of sacred literature. The former is a treatise of extraordinary learning, wonderfully condensed and arranged; with all its disadvantages as a foreign production, and written, as all German criticism must in these days be written, with a controversial and defensive design, it has no rival; and every student of the ancient Scriptures would do well thoroughly to master it. The commentaries of Keil, Bertheau, and Kurtz, have continued the expositions of the historical books; a few more volumes, which might easily be selected for translation, would complete that department of the Old Testament, and form perhaps the best helps to the understanding of the earliest books of the Bible contained in our language.

German Neology has been very industrious, for the last quarter of a century, in its investigation of the old 'Shemitic traditions' which have so marvellously bound themselves up with the history of the world. Having successfully shown the process by which the New Testament was invented out of the Old, it proceeded to show how the Old itself was invented out of the legends of a singular wandering race. When it had traced out the steps of the delusion which converted a half-mythical personage of Judea into a Divine incarnation, and invested him with a garment of doctrines and claims woven clumsily by his apostles out of ancient national traditions, it became necessary to go back to those traditions themselves, and explain how *they* were originated and preserved their marvellous consistency of development through successive ages. The bondage of the West to the East, the despotic tyranny of the unsubstantial Hebrew superstition over European civilization and thought,—Japheth's ignominious dwelling in the tents of Shem, and submitting to a spiritual slavery worse than his brother Ham's,—is the intolerable yoke which they have thrown off themselves, and would help all others to throw off. This is the secret of their destructive criticism; and in pursuing their object they take the sacred archives, and resolve them into their original elements. Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, they expound to their disenthralled hearers the things concerning Jesus: showing how easily the beautiful but unreal imagination arose in the primitive aspirations of an enthusiastic tribe; how cunningly it was interwoven with a national constitution; how mighty an auxiliary it was to the ambition of lawgivers, and judges, and leaders, and kings; how wonderful a series of poets conspired to give shape and continuance to the vast delusion; how at the critical conjuncture one man arose who made the daring attempt to embody the fantasy of ages in himself; and how, though in his own person he failed and died for his failure, his followers found multitudes foolish and slow-hearted enough to believe in his delusion, and to propagate what has since become the prevalent faith of the world.

Of course, this represents the worst phase of infidel Rationalism. Not all the Rationalists are of this extreme type: in fact *its* representatives and patriarchs are fast dying out. But the same spirit of restlessness under the yoke of Shem infests a large host of biblical critics, who do not desire to throw it off altogether. Many of them accept the fact that Christianity is a development for the world of Judaism for a nation; but they compound for their submission by demanding licence to reconstruct the records of that great development after their own

fashion. And that fashion is endlessly diversified: every man has his theory, his interpretation, his *view*, through the whole gamut of empirical scepticism, of which a denial of *inspiration*, however, is the key-note. Many of them are men of consummate learning, and of perseverance which no labour can damp while life continues its pulsation. Some of them are acknowledged as the highest philological authorities in the sacred language, and all its cognate dialects: their grammars and dictionaries are *as yet* the most popular, notwithstanding the latent infidelity which lurks amid their roots and derivations.

It would take many pages to sum up the theories which have been adopted by those who would save the Bible as a whole, but who think it requires a thorough reconstruction. They are toiling now with prodigious ardour upon their several schemes for reconciling the Bible to Geology, Chronology, and common sense; and every year brings to light some new scholar busy with his own particular 'Bible-work.' We thought that we were pretty well acquainted with the old Rationalist 'supplement hypothesis' and 'crystallization theories' and 'Jehovah-Elohistic fragment-compilers;' but Dr. Kurtz opens up a range of more modern reconstructions, which will require that we begin our studies anew before we can present our summary to the reader. These labourers in the dark are toiling, like the poor Israelites about whom they write, to make bricks without straw. The Babel they build is perpetually crumbling under their hands, before one has time to tell its towers. Meanwhile, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that they provoke the pious emulation of other men, as learned and as furnished with all subsidiary instruments as themselves; and, as far as we can judge, every new contribution to theological exegesis is soon matched, if it is not anticipated, by another equally full of sound research, and written on the right side.

Dr. Kurtz, Theological Professor in Dorpat, is a very voluminous, and at the same time a very careful, writer. What is still better, he is a thoroughly evangelical, right-hearted man, whose reverence for the word of God is as profound as his study of it is exact. These two volumes are the first instalment of what will be his greatest work; but he had prepared for it by several lesser treatises, which have been partially absorbed in this publication. His *Bible and Astronomy* has been very much valued in Germany, as being the best attempt to solve the great questions which science has raised upon the Mosaic account of the Creation. An able abridgment of it is prefixed to the present translation; and it will be read with much

interest, on account of its happy admixture of speculation and good sense, by many who will dissent from a considerable number of its conclusions. It may be mentioned also that he is the author of a succinct *Manual of Church History*, which, as we perceive, is destined to take its English place by the side of Neander and Gieseler.

The present work is avowedly a History of the Old Covenant, that is to say, a history of the dealings of Providence with the Jewish people, as the elect race in which God preserved, and by which He transmitted, the great mystery of redemption to be accomplished in the fulness of time. This is a simple statement of the author's design: to trace the great *Evangelical Preparation*, the preparatory history of the Incarnation, from the time when the Divine purpose narrowed the sphere of its operation to the stock of Abraham. But the elaborate way in which the historian reaches and establishes his particular object is singularly characteristic of the German mind. That mind was never yet known to plunge in *medias res*. The proper starting-point of this work is the covenant of God with Abraham; but that starting-point is itself a goal which we must reach through three hundred pages of preliminary matter. For the introductory history of the pre-Adamite earth,—which was left, according to a theory common in Germany, *without form and void* as the result of the fall of angels,—the author is of course not responsible, as it was not prefixed through any design of his, though, had it been so, it would not have been at all surprising. And, as it respects the Introduction proper, we have no complaint to make against it; on the contrary, it opens up a great deal of very valuable discussion, and is generally of equal importance with the rest of the work.

'The Incarnation of God in Christ, for the salvation of man, constitutes the central point in the history and in the developments of mankind. *The fulness of time*, for which all pre-Christian history was merely meant to *prepare*, commences with this event, and rests upon it. In the preparatory stage, history took a twofold direction. In the first, man's powers, left to their own bent, resulted in the various forms of pre-Christian *Heathenism*. The second, guided and directed by Divine influence, constituted pre-Christian *Judaism*. These two series of developments,—differing not only in the *means*, but also in the *purpose and aim* of their development,—run side by side, until, in the fulness of time, they meet in Christianity, when the peculiar results and fruits of these respective developments are made subservient to its establishment and spread. The separation of these two series, and the point where the distinctive development of each commences, dates from the selection of *one* particular nation. From that time onward every revelation of God clusters around that nation,

in order to prepare it, so that ultimately the climax and the final aim of all revelation, the incarnation of God, might be attained in the midst of that people, and thence a salvation issue, adapted not only to that nation, but also to other nations. The *basis* of this history is a *covenant* into which God entered with *that* nation; and which, amid all the vicissitudes and dangers attending every human development, He preserved and directed till its final aim was attained. This covenant, whose object was a salvation which *was to be accomplished*, is designated the *Old Covenant*, in contradistinction to the *New Covenant* which God made with *all* nations, on the basis of a salvation which, in the fulness of time, *had actually been accomplished*.—Vol. i., p. 1.

Consistently with this general statement, the author gives a rapid but suggestive sketch of sacred history from the creation, as it was preparatory to the vocation of the father of the Israelites. The calling of Abraham was the new beginning of a series of developments of which the incarnation was the fulfilment and end; and thus the history of the Old Covenant, having begun by giving a *particular* aspect to God's general designs, ends by being merged in a general covenant with the whole race in Christ. The covenant with Abraham is regarded as pre-eminently *the* covenant of the Old Testament. Former covenants were merged and for a season, so to speak, lost in this; while the subsequent covenant on Mount Sinai was merely a subordinate appendage. We shall state briefly our author's views on both these points.

The covenant of grace into which God entered with our first father, before Paradise was left, and on the very scene of his fall, determined with the Flood. In the language of our author; 'The economy which had preceded the Deluge had not attained its goal, viz., to exhibit salvation by the seed of the woman.' If this purpose was not to be given up, the former development had to be broken off by a universal judgment, and a new one to be commenced. The whole antediluvian history of the kingdom of God was an utter failure: sin prevailed and increased universally; and even the pious descendants of Seth yielded to the general contagion. The *human* character of the race was marred and perverted by the mysterious intercourse of angels and men; so that a new beginning was imperatively needed. The sinfulness was universal, and it was more than mortal sinfulness: it became necessary that the race should begin again with one man; and that man was found. The history of this first sad stage of man's relations to the Divine government will be read with much interest; but it must be read with great caution. The disquisitions on the sinful elements already present

in the world, on the tempter, the cherubim, the commerce of the sons of God with the daughters of men, and other topics which rise on that ancient enchanted ground, are learned and exhaustive, and, on the whole, temperate. We might expect that a German theologian would be driven, by his instincts, to side in every case with the more mysterious interpretation. But he is not always wrong in following his instincts; and Dr. Kurtz, in particular, is too thoroughly orthodox to allow speculation to lead him astray in any essential article of faith.

The renewal of the covenant with mankind, in the person of Noah, began afresh the probation of mankind. Man's *sacrifice* expressed his sinfulness and hope of salvation; and God, on His part, restored His benediction to the earth, and man's pre-eminence upon it. The new world was placed under a dispensation of *forbearance*, (Gen. viii. 2,) until the fulness of time. Ararat pointed to Calvary in the far distance: but Sinai lay between; and a *preliminary law* was given as the first elementary schoolmaster, containing the basis and commencement of the law given afterwards upon Sinai. This Elohim covenant was entered into with all nations; and the *rainbow*, spanning all the earth, was the Lord's secret handwriting and attestation, to be always legible when the dark storms, recalling a former judgment, gave place to the shining of the sun which assures a present, and predicts a future, grace. But this general covenant stands in close connexion with the pre-eminence which was destined for Shem in the history of the great preparation for the fulness of time. Jehovah, in Noah's prophecy, is to be the God of Shem; Elohim, the God of Japhet, will enlarge his race and borders, but only so that ultimately it shall find its spiritual way to the tents of Shem. Canaan is, for a long season, placed under the curse. Meanwhile, sin, in all the three races, went on, as before the flood, to its consummation. Another flood was not to purify the earth; but a new development must begin in the history of the covenant. A fearful punishment, which contained the prophecy of an ultimate blessing, descended upon the race which made Babel their tower of defiance. The nations were suffered to go their own way of heathenism; the prodigal son was permitted, under a certain awful Divine sanction, to go into the far country, carrying his perverted traditions with him, until the great meeting again in Christianity with his elder brother.

But it was not until the call of Abraham that Heathenism and Judaism began their distinctive development. The father of the faithful was taken out of the midst of an idolatry which was universal, and in which the reserved and predestinated race

of Shem participated. He began a new beginning, as distinctively the third as Noah's had been the second, after Adam's the first. There was, after him, no other beginning till Christ came to end and to begin all things. The giving of the law on Mount Sinai was no interruption of this development, as the flood and the dispersion had broken off former developments. The history which commenced with Abraham was an entirely new history, and continued unbroken till the judgment which Titus was called to execute against the covenant people. 'The giving of the law on Mount Sinai is only a high point, although the most prominent, in the history between Abraham and Christ. It is not the commencement of a new history. True, it is called a *covenant*; but it does not differ essentially from that with Abraham. It does not stand in the same relation to the Abrahamic as the latter to the Noachic covenant. The covenant with Noah was made with all mankind; the covenant with Abraham was made with him as the ancestor of the holy people, while that on Sinai was made with the people as the seed of Abraham.'

All this is certainly true, as far as the definition of the author's object is concerned. He did not undertake the history of *revelation*, which would have set the whole Bible before him; nor the history of the *kingdom of God*, which would have embraced all the economies of the Divine dealings from the first promise to the consummation of Christ's glory in His saints; nor the history of the *preparation of the Gospel*, which would have included the former half of this last vast subject; nor the history of the *Theocracy*, which commenced with the giving of the law; nor that of the Noachic covenant, which would terminate with the Christian missions that brought the descendants of Japhet into the tents of Shem. But his object is to give the entire history of the Old Covenant, entered into with one people in the person of their father Abraham, and continued through a series of vicissitudes, of which the following is the author's summary:—

'The history of the Old Covenant passes, from its commencement to its termination, through *six* stages. In the **FIRST** stage it is only a **FAMILY-history**. During that period we are successively made acquainted with each of the three patriarchs, *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*. The twelve sons of the latter form the basis of the national development. In the **SECOND** stage these *twelve tribes* grow into a **PEOPLE**, which under *Moses* attains independence, and receives its laws and worship. Under *Joshua* it conquers its country, while during the time of the Judges the Covenant is to be further developed on the basis of what had already been obtained. The **THIRD**

stage commences with the institution of **ROYALTY**. By the side of the royal office, and as a counterpoise and corrective to it, the *prophetical office* is instituted, which is no longer confined to isolated appearances, but remains a continuous *institution*. The separation of the one commonwealth into two monarchies divides this period into two sections. The **FOURTH** stage comprises the **EXILE AND RETURN**. Prophetism survives the catastrophe of the exile, so as to re-arrange and to revive the relations of the people who returned to their country, and to open the way for a further development. The **FIFTH** stage, *or the time of expectation*, commences with the cessation of prophecy, and is intended to prepare a place for that salvation which is now to be immediately expected. Lastly, the **SIXTH** stage comprises the time of the **FULFILMENT**, when salvation is to be exhibited in Christ. The Covenant-people reject the salvation so presented, the Old Covenant terminates in judgment against the Covenant-people, but prophecy still holds out to them hopes and prospects for the future.'—Vol. i., p. 171.

Now, it may be questioned whether the completion of this vast sketch will not be rather the history of the Covenant-people, than of the Old Covenant; and that for two reasons: First, the Old Covenant, as distinguished from the New,—and as such the author regards it,—did not, strictly speaking, begin with the vocation of Abraham, nor end with the abandonment of Israel. And, secondly, the covenant of God with that people,—the People, pre-eminently, throughout the Scriptures,—while it certainly began with Abraham, was not so absolutely absorbed and lost in the New Testament but that a certain residuum of it stands over still for final ratification. Into this latter point, that is, into the question what is the extent and what is the character of that Covenant promise which is still suspended over blinded Israel, we shall not now enter; and on the former point shall offer only a very few observations.

The New-Testament usage of the sacred term 'covenant' does not perfectly bear out the author's distinction between the New and the Old. It may appear to some a needless refinement to take exception to a title which all well understand, and which may be allowed, as a title, some latitude of interpretation. But the author too distinctly defines his use of the word to give him the benefit of that plea; and, moreover, the theological importance of the true antithesis between the Old and New Covenants is very great. *Old* and *New* are terms which have a very diverse correlative significance in the teaching of our Lord and of His Apostles. The Great Householder brought out of His ancient treasury—the Jewish Scriptures—things new and old: many old things He abolished, leaving them in the Bible only as a memorial; many old things He made new by renew-

ing their youth, or rather by exhibiting their identity with His own Gospel, and their everlasting sameness from the beginning to the end of time.

There is a sense in which the Redeemer's coming made 'all things new;' and therefore made everything that preceded His incarnation *old*. All the Jewish Scriptures, with all their covenants, institutions, promises, and prophecies—from the first promise of that Deliverer down to Malachi's last prediction of His coming—formed one old dispensation,—the religious history of the world, Jewish and Gentile, before the entrance of Christ into it began a new era. The Old Testament is the collection of all the Old Covenants, in their sequence, connexion, and involution; the Book of the *Ancient of Days*, the Book of the Memorial (Exod. xvii. 14) of all His dealings with men in the *old time*.

There was a covenant, made with the fathers, which was abolished in Christ, and which is called 'old' in another sense, as belonging not merely to a former time, and a former dispensation, but as being superseded and done away. Of nothing is this word 'old,' in this sense of it, more frequently used than of the covenant. But the Old Covenant, in contradistinction to the New, is always declared to date from 'the Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage,' of which Hagar and her son were the typical anticipation. It was when He led the people out of Egypt that Jehovah entered into a transitory covenant with the elect race, to last until the Mediator of a better Covenant, established upon better promises, should come with His new charter and ratifying blood. The *New Covenant* stands in antithesis to no other than that; but to *that* it stands on the boldest antithesis throughout the writings of St. Paul, the great expositor of the Gospel before the Law, and in the Law, and after the Law.

But the covenant with Abraham, which is the starting-point of this great work, was not among the old things that passed away before the brightness of the appearance of the grace of God in Christ. Before Abraham was the father of the circumcision, he was the father of the faithful. God, who 'gave him the covenant of circumcision,' had 'before preached the Gospel to him.' He was singled out from the race of Shem as the father of the seed (as of one), before he was singled out as the father of the many. (Gal. iii.) The first covenant transaction with him embraced the world, and the only condition on his part was faith. Abraham accepted the promise, and believed in the future Christ, and was the great representative of salvation by faith, both for Jews and Gentiles, before he entered into the

covenant of circumcision on behalf of his seed according to the flesh. That covenant 'was confirmed before of God in Christ;' confirmed in such a manner that the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, could not disannul it. Abraham, the father of Christ, in whom all the nations should be blessed, and enter into the true Canaan, was before Abraham, the father of the seeds, as of many. His first covenant could never be *old* in any sense of antithesis to the new:—and this is the only point we wish to guard.

The glorious history of the covenant-people, who for nearly two millenniums were, notwithstanding all their rebellions, the depository of God's revealed will, whose great prerogative it was to be themselves the *Ark of the Covenant* among the nations, can be worthily written only in the form of a running commentary upon the Holy Scripture. There have been many histories of the Israelites attempted by Christians, infidels, and Jews. But all have been failures—many, very mischievous failures—which have been constructed on the plan of taking the Old Testament as merely a collection of archives and materials, to be interwoven with the archives of other nations, and reduced to consistency with any general historical system. The Divine Historian is jealous of His honour. He has written the history of the People; and all that other historians can do, is to follow with humble reverence in His track as expositors of His words. Hence, we feel the consummate excellence of the plan which Dr. Kurtz has sketched out for himself. But that plan must be worked out to the end before his execution of it can be fairly criticized, or even fully appreciated. This much, however, we may say now, that as far as he has gone he has left very little to be desired. He follows the scriptural record closely; giving first the summary of its narrative, and then appending his own disquisitions, in which every topic of peculiar interest or difficulty is discussed with sound learning and conscientious candour. With deep reverence and fidelity he has, in these two volumes, pursued the traces of the guidance of Jehovah's hand, from the day when He led Abram out of Ur, to the day when He 'called His Son out of Egypt.'

But we feel it right to dwell for a while on the principles which regulate the author's researches in this great undertaking; and on that supreme one of them particularly, viz., that the primitive documents of revelation have a Divine attestation stamped upon every sentence,—an attestation which sacred learning, scientific criticism so called, will, in proportion as it disencumbers itself of its wilful prejudices, perfectly confirm.

Speaking of the original materials which the author of the

Pentateuch used in its formation, he says: 'But a critical reply to these inquiries is of small importance to *us* in deciding as to the faithfulness, trustworthiness, or credibility of these legends themselves. For their highest authentication we depend not on the human origin of the biblical records, but on the Divine co-operation which supported and assisted those who wrote them. Of this Divine co-operation we are not only assured by certain express statements to that effect in the Scriptures, and by the testimonies of Moses, of Christ, and of the prophets and apostles, but also by the Divine power which has wrought and still works by them, by Christianity itself, which is their ripe fruit, (for the tree is known by its fruits,) and by the history of the world, which, on its every page, bears testimony to the Divine character of Christianity.' In harmony with this avowal we find everywhere—making allowance for some wavering expressions here and there which err more in the phrase than in the sense—an absolute, implicit reliance upon the Divine authorship and inspiration of the Old-Testament records. It is very refreshing to meet with this in a German divine, more especially in a German professor: a single instance of the kind would have been hard to find a few years ago; but now there are tokens which promise that the rule and the exception will ere long change places. At least we may comfort ourselves with the hope that our own generation will witness a great revolution tending that way; and, in this expectation, it is the wisdom of the evangelical public of Great Britain to give the reviving orthodoxy of Germany every encouragement in their power. Approbation on this side the Channel is more valued, and exerts more influence as an incentive, than many of our more rigid censors imagine.

The Christian critic cannot pay much honour to the words of His Master, if he carries any doubt to the study of Moses in the law and the prophets. The true and faithful Witness set His own eternal seal to the rolls which He held in His hand; which He opened when He commenced His ministry in Nazareth, and read and quoted from throughout the whole of its course; to which He made His constant appeal, and from which He drew all His arguments as a teacher; which He sprinkled anew with His own blood, and expounded still after His resurrection. The ancient Scriptures testified of Him, and He gave His testimony in return to them. 'The Scripture cannot be broken:' it cannot by the Divine fidelity, it cannot by any infidel researches of man. The Old Testament is not only irradiated and confirmed, it is defended and protected also by the New. It is one of the happiest signs of the times that biblical critics

are beginning, in Germany as in England, to carry this axiom with them in all their investigations. Its good effect is seen, first, in the confidence with which they rely on the result of all sound research; and, secondly, in the dignified humility with which they are content to submit to leave for a while an obscurity which may seem hopelessly dark.

Many things there are, doubtless, in the primitive records which seem hopelessly dark; things in the Old Testament, as there are things even in the New, hard to be understood, and hard to be reconciled with each other. That sacred learning will ever be so far prospered of God as to make all the difficulties of Scripture plain, even to simple faith, may be doubted. This has never seemed to be the Divine purpose. There is no promise or pledge of it in Scripture itself. Ezra and Nehemiah did not give *all* the sense. Evangelists and Apostles passed away without solving problems which must have presented these difficulties to them as well as to us. The one only great connected exposition of the Old-Testament doctrine of Christ, which our Lord gave on the way to Emmaus, has not been preserved to us, though we would give a vast Talmud of Jewish and Christian Christology in exchange for a tradition of it. And, generally speaking, it is as probable that the world will pass away without having understood *all* its Bible, as it is certain that the most sanctified and enlightened of its students are continually going safely hence with numberless difficulties unsolved.

Meanwhile, it is a pure satisfaction in reading books of this class to find that so many difficulties do retire, and that so many obscure places are illuminated, when the original text is searched into by men competently furnished with lights for the task. Our present author gives us a very noble example of the combination of implicit faith in the trustworthiness of the records, and resolution to give a good scientific account of his faith. He evades no difficulty which philology, ethnology, chronology, —the three teraphim in the tents of modern rationalism,—have evoked in such awful forms and countless numbers to harass the Christian's faith in the Pentateuch. Many of these difficulties he absolutely dispels: the reader will find among the disquisitions which accompany the text some very valuable summaries of all that may be defensively said as it respects the apparent fragmentary character of the books of Moses; the use and relative bearings of the *Elohim* and *Jehovah* names of the Deity; the angel of the covenant; (though this is not so entirely satisfactory in its issue as could be wished;) circumcision, the Sabbath, and other primitive institutions; the seeming reproductions in the histories of the patriarchs; with many other

questions which Neology has borrowed from the Infidel Egyptians. Some of these difficulties he lessens, and reduces to their just proportions, bringing them within reasonable compass, so that even a weak faith may more easily submit to endure them. Others, such as those connected with the chronology of the early part of the Old Testament, he admits in all their force; but pleads his right to stand on the defensive, and wait till all the argument against the biblical archives is complete. For the witnesses do not agree among themselves; the chronological cycles which are worked up to confront or correct the only *Book of the Generations* may be suffered to demonstrate their own fabulousness, and explode their own theories, before the scriptural account of men's dispersion and spread through the earth is triumphantly vindicated.

It is wisdom not to be impatient in demanding, on many points, the final defence of the champions of revelation. There is a *standing still* before the *going forward*. Biblical criticism is as surely under the supervision and controlling providence of the Divine Spirit, as the holy book itself was the fruit of His inspiration. But biblical criticism has its probation. It has had its times of ignorance which God winked at; it has had its times of mad rebellion which God has borne with; but it has never been without its sanctified labourers, whose toils have been more or less blessed from on high. In its darkest and dreariest stages it has not been without its tokens of being owned of God; He has interposed, in His own time and in His own way, to give a right direction to its efforts, to open up new regions of investigation, and to provide, sometimes very suddenly, the materials for the settlement of long-disputed questions. When the time has come, and biblical learning has proved itself more worthy of the honour, He will make it still more abundantly triumphant over all its enemies. There are documents and evidences unknown as yet to men, which Divine Providence can easily open up and unseal when His purposes have ripened. Nineveh and Babylon waited long for the dis-entombment of their precious memorials and vouchers. Meanwhile, He will keep His servants humble, and let His enemies do their worst. When their schemes, and theories, and calculations have taken their final laborious shape, it will be a light thing for Him to point His servants to some hidden facts which will upset them all. Biblical criticism has had its critical periods of signal intervention. Excavations, inscriptions, disinterred manuscripts, discoveries and new generalizations in science, have always hitherto been in favour of the word of God, without one solitary exception. The student, therefore, who believes, may

bide his time: he will never be made ashamed. Learned servants of revelation are working indefatigably, and God is working with them. Our own generation is destined to behold a great revolution in the relative position of believers and rationalists; and if, for a season, the serpents of the wise men's and magicians' Egyptian enchantments are not all at once swallowed up by Aaron's rod, we must regard it as the trial of our faith. They will all disappear in due time, with every other vestige and relic of that old serpent, the father of the lie.

Before concluding this short notice, we would embrace the opportunity which these volumes fairly afford of urging the claims of Old-Testament literature upon all students, and especially upon all young students, of the word of God. Old-Testament literature is, undoubtedly, a very extensive term; and it would be easy to exhibit its comprehensiveness in such a manner as to overwhelm the imagination,—in the manner of the programmes of the old Biblical Introductions,—and thus defeat our own object. The consummate study of the ancient Scriptures involves, indeed, a tremendous curriculum of preliminary equipment, the application and use of which would task the unflagging energies of the longest life. In the nature of things this can be required as a duty, or permitted as a privilege, in the case only of a few men. In this sense, there must be a vicarious toil, the benefits of which the common mass of biblical students must be content gratuitously to enjoy. God sends some of His servants—and many who scarcely know that *He* sends them thither—into their closets, that they may carry on indefatigable processes of research, the results only of which the great bulk of us can enter into. For here the great rule holds good,—‘Other men labour, and we enter into their labours.’

Most of those who study the word of God—of those, at least, whom we have in view—are engaged in the absorbing work of expounding and preaching it: while, therefore, on the one hand, there is every reason why they should reap the fruit of the learned labours of others, their time and opportunity for doing so is of necessity restricted. To them it is of the utmost importance to know *how* to enter into other men's labours: this is a great art of itself; an humble one comparatively, yet ample in its compensation for toil:—to have the keys of learned men's treasures, and to use them well; to know their *language*, and thus to understand their words. But, without any figure, it is *language* that is here concerned,—the Hebrew, the sacred tongue pre-eminently; the Greek, the language of the Old Covenant made new; and the Latin, as the handmaid of both. With the first of these alone we have now to do.

Few young ministers go out into their great work—and fewer still will henceforward go out into it—without a fair grounding in the elements of the Hebrew. There is no study for the further prosecution of which, after the foundation is well laid, there are more facilities. In this, more than in most branches of learning, it is the good beginning that makes the heaviest tax. When a thorough working acquaintance with the structure of the language is once acquired, the highest and noblest career of sanctified study is thrown open. With a few well chosen guides, the young divine may search the ancient Scriptures for himself, in a sense in which no one can search them who is altogether unacquainted with the original tongues. For, although he may never arrive at, or even aspire to, independent critical skill, he will be able to follow intelligently those who do possess it, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of investigations which he might not be able to conduct for himself. The best modern commentaries, moreover, whether on the Old or the New Testament, presuppose in the reader some familiarity with the originals: not only in Germany, but in England also, it is the original text which is expounded; and, consequently, much of their value is lost to the reader who has suffered his Hebrew and Greek to fall into disuse. The work which suggests these reflections owes much of its excellence to disquisitions which can be only very partially understood by the mere English reader, but which, on the other hand, require a knowledge of Hebrew which may be very slight, provided it be accurate.

Much might be said—were these remarks more than mere closing suggestions—on the claims of Hebrew literature. We might dwell on its profound interest, as opening the Bible to the student in its own primitive unmatched simplicity, which no earthly translation can adequately re-produce; on its amazing exactitude, the result of that miracle of generations which preserved the Canon before the time of Christ, and the supervision of Providence over the dark labours of the Masorites afterwards; and on the absolute obligation which rests, in these golden days of opportunity, upon all young ministers to cultivate a study which, perhaps, was not made so obligatory upon many of their predecessors. But we must refrain; and close with one word of advice. Let the young man in whose hands God has placed the price to buy this wisdom, esteem it one of the most precious blessings of his early training. Let him give the first place in his studies to the *sacred letters* in which it pleased the Holy Ghost to enshrine the Old and New Covenants. Let him interweave these studies with all his devotional, practical, and professional communion with God's word. This will require

unwearied diligence, and involve, perhaps, a large sacrifice of other literature; but any such sacrifice will be repaid a hundred fold; and, whatever other pursuits he may have to lay aside, let him never forget that the vows of the Bible are upon him.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Public Education*. By SIR JAMES KAY SHUTTLEWORTH, BART. London: Longmans. 1853.
2. *Census of Great Britain, 1851.—Education: England and Wales. Report and Tables*. London. 1854.
3. *Annual Report of the Normal, Model, Grammar, and Common Schools, in Upper Canada, for the year 1855, &c.* Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly. Toronto. 1856.
4. *Minutes of Committee of Council on Education from 1846 to 1857–8, with Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, &c.* As presented to Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.
5. *Essay on National Education*. By the REV. F. TEMPLE, D.D., published in the *Oxford Essays* for 1856. London: Parkers.
6. *Summaries of the Returns to the General Inquiry made by the National Society during the years 1856–7 throughout England and Wales*. London. 1858.

A REASONABLE and responsible being in a state of probation must need information and moral control. One who advances from the instincts of infancy to the intelligence and passions of manhood can only develope his character healthily and perfectly under certain conditions of culture. Even the plant needs what we may call 'education,' if it is to exhibit its perfect type, and to put forth all its capabilities; the soil and the climate must be sorted to its nature, the care and tendance of the cultivator must defend it from harms, shelter it from blight and blast, keep clear from impoverishing weeds the ground in which it is planted, and supply the soil continually with the appropriate elements of nutriment and strength. The domesticated animal demands analogous care, if he is to answer fully the purposes of his master: air, and exercise, and diet, must all be proportioned and adapted to his constitution; his very temper must be studied and managed; otherwise perfection cannot be attained. But much more must education—a complete education, which has regard to every constituent of his being—be necessary for man. By how much the more complex a thing is our human nature, the more manifoldly sensitive and excitable,

the more capable of development or perversion, the more sublime in its highest reach of faculty or sympathy, the more divine in its noblest strain of self-denying love and holiness, the more wretched in its lowest degradation, and the more Satanic in its darkest rebellion: the stronger is the argument, the more commanding the necessity, that man should be wisely and completely educated.

A complete human education must include the physical, the intellectual, and the moral elements of man's nature. What God has joined together and made mutually helpful and dependent, man must not separate. No one of these elements can be neglected without injury to the others. Even as regards mere physical perfection, who can doubt that God loves to see men fully grown and perfectly proportioned,—that it is His will that they should be such, each according to his proper type and constitution? How then can men but love to look upon physical beauty, strength, and health? Moreover, physical health and perfectness have much to do with intellectual soundness and energy, and even with moral rectitude and virtue. We must still abide by the old motto, and insist not only upon the *mens sana*, but, in order to this, as well as for its own sake, on the *corpus sanum*. On the other hand, mental exercise and discipline, within certain limits, are even favourable to bodily energy and activity; and moral rectitude, including in this the control of our passions, is indispensable to completeness and permanence of bodily health. Yet more intimately connected with each other are mental culture and moral discipline.

'Want of education,' says Mr. J. D. Morell, 'abandons vast masses of our population to the necessity of low and sensual enjoyment. I say the necessity, because all persons engaged in continuous labour require mental relaxation and refreshment. Where the mind is too contracted in its sphere of ideas to appreciate and enjoy innocent and rational amusement, nothing is left but to find it in stimulating the passions and pandering to the senses. Hence it is that all our large towns are beset at every turn with low taverns and places of vulgar amusement, where crowds collect together to find mental relaxation and shake off the weariness of the day's toil by drinking, smoking, and ribaldry of a most demoralizing character. Laws are powerless to restrain this tendency. Even *temperance*, though it curbs many sore evils, yet *changes* rather than *eradicates* the propensity of animal indulgence. Mental cultivation *alone* can cut away the root of the evil, because it alone can open up the means of finding enjoyment in better and purer pursuits. Moreover, when moral and religious training are combined with intellectual development, the better path is not merely *opened*, but the duty of treading in it is armed with sanctions before which human nature cannot fail to bow so long as

the conscience remains unseared, and the springs of faith are not wholly dried up.'—*Minutes of Committee of Council on Education for 1857-8*, p. 511.

We could not endorse to the full extent the sentiments contained in this extract. When mere mental culture has done its best, one root, the deepest root, of our human propensity for animal indulgence, will still remain, in the natural passions of the heart. So far is it from being strictly true that education *alone* can cut away the root of this evil that we doubt whether alone it *ever* wrought its radical cure. It does indeed 'open up the means of finding enjoyment in better and purer pursuits;' and to do this is a great matter, since it thus effects a powerful and salutary diversion of the mind; but surely it must not be said that mental culture only can do this. A true spiritual conversion—the regeneration of the inner man—will do it much more effectually, and from a deeper and more inward centre will transfuse the whole soul with a diviner power, with a heavenly life and fire. Nevertheless, taking the passage with these corrections and abatements, who does not see that Mr. Morell's words contain a most important truth? For the unconverted man of fervid temperament, low sensualism does become a sort of necessity, if his superior faculties have received no kind of culture. 'Ignorance,' says the Rev. F. Watkins, 'knowing and feeling nothing but bodily wants, has no thought beyond selfish gratification, and no appeal but to brute power, tastes nothing of repose but in the torpidity of the gorged serpent, and realizes nothing of contentment but in the listlessness and vacuity of swinish satiety.'*

Mental culture and discipline must, then, exercise an influence, on the whole, powerfully antagonist to mere sensualism,—the natural condition into which the utterly ignorant gravitate, who have bodies, but have not yet found their souls, at least in their nobler faculties,—who have animal instincts and passions, but are only very dimly conscious of those powers within them, of reason, imagination, and moral capacity and influence, by which they stand 'a little lower than the angels.' But, more than this, as it has been well remarked, if we remember rightly, by the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, in one of his educational Reports, mental discipline *is* moral discipline. The systematic and successful culture of the understanding implies the continual exercise of moral control. No man or boy can be an assiduous student without a rigid and steady self-repression, or without energetic and constant effort to collect and command his powers. This is

* *Minutes of Committee of Council on Education for 1857-8*, p. 304.

assuredly moral discipline, so far as it goes ; not such indeed as to reach the conscience or the deep places of the heart ; not involving that truest—in a just sense that only true—self-denial, which consists in the subjection of a man's own will to the will of God ; but still a sort and amount of moral control, of the highest value in the common affairs of life, a discipline of patience and constancy, and resolute resistance of the lower desires and passions, in itself highly favourable to temperance and virtue, and no mean or unworthy preparation and auxiliary in anticipation of the diviner conquests and culture obtained through heavenly truth and grace.

Assuredly, however, the highest and most needful part of man's education is that which directly regards his nature as a moral and responsible being. This respects not only time but eternity, and secures best the interests of time by a right appreciation of the life which is eternal ; this involves, of necessity, when real and healthy, a certain amount of mental intelligence and culture, of the most effectual and serviceable kind ; it moreover secures such a condition of temper, and balance of the faculties, such equilibrium of soul, such a power of self-command, and such steadfast tenacity of purpose, such an elevation and intensity of spirit, as are most likely to insure success in every undertaking, whether of every-day business, or of mental application, or of individual enterprise. The Rev. J. Scott, of the Wesleyan Normal College, Westminster, has recently published an address to the students in that institution, of which the happily chosen title is, 'Goodness is Power.' This is a maxim of profound truth and universal application, which should always be coupled with that so often misinterpreted adage, 'Knowledge is power.' The spiritual life is at once the highest and the deepest in man, the strongest and the most enduring. Its seat is in the very core and centre of his being, and its energy is all-pervasive and all-regenerative. If this has not been kindled from above, the man is not yet himself. The force and fire of this life alone can unseal all his powers, wake up his dormant faculties, and bring forth into action the entire and complete soul, according to the good design and gracious purpose of its Maker. What strength, what patience, what earnest honesty of purpose, what largeness and nobleness of spirit, what tenderness of sympathy, does true goodness impart, begotten and sustained by the Divine Spirit !

The object of education, then, must be to cultivate and develop the entire man, body, mind, and spirit, so that he may stand forth a complete and symmetrical whole. This is what every wise Christian desires for every man. But, alas ! hitherto

no approximation to this general result has been anywhere realized. The population of our own land presents, for the most part, a picture painfully contrasting with this ideal. We may at once be sure, from the slightest intercourse with many of our countrymen, often from their mere aspect and manners, that they have never received anything like systematic human culture. The mere appearance of a flower or a tree will often reveal the conditions under which it has grown up. If its growth is stunted, its form imperfect, its colours dim; we know that the flower has been planted in a poor or unfriendly soil, and that the climate has been ungenial and the sunlight scanty. If the trees are small in size, alike trunk, and branch, and leaf; if they are uncouth and unshapely in their appearance, and instead of standing upright and spreading their branches forth equally on every side, are almost bare on one side, and bent and twisted in the opposite direction; the very sight of such trees is sufficient to inform us that they have struggled hard for life in a bleak and barren region of frost and tempest. How different are such *flowers* from the favourites of the parterre, where soil and sun and shelter combine to bring their forms to perfect symmetry, and to give brilliancy to their colours! and how different such *trees* from those of the ancient wood, growing from generation to generation on the sheltered yet sunny slope which rises from the alluvial valley to meet the towering hill! So must the observant student of mankind be struck with the contrast in speech, manners, readiness of apprehension, amiability of deportment, and physical development, between the better classes in this country and the generations who are born to hopeless poverty and toil, or those who, though ordinarily, perhaps, well supplied with food and wages, and in a position to hope for some advancement, have, unhappily, never been taught to relish intellectual pleasures, or to restrain fierce or brutal passions. It may easily be seen, in one class of cases, that 'chill penury' and despairing apathy have depressed and stunted manhood into spiritless yet sullen degradation; in another, that uncontrolled selfishness and rage and lust have warped and twisted and deformed the whole character; while, in yet other cases, the combined effects of poverty, and vice, and hopelessness, and furious passion, have almost blotted out the last trace of human nobleness.

That mere education can ever absolutely cure such evils as these, we do not believe. Alas! even in what are called the educated classes,—where education, however, it must be borne in mind, is commonly altogether one-sided and defective,—we are well aware that there is a most distressing amount of vice

and evil passion. Nevertheless the actual contrast, to which we have just referred, and which is so striking, even though imperfect, is itself a proof of what education can do. So far as this contrast goes, it is entirely the result of educational methods and influences. Were the education given to the superior classes more thorough and more truly Christian, the contrast would be so much the stronger and more striking. Were the education the best attainable, combining, as we cannot but believe they *might* be combined, physical, intellectual, and moral culture, how much happier, more decided, more abiding results would flow from it than are now to be found, on the average, even in the best educated circles !

We have no intention to set forth a bristling array of statistics in order to demonstrate that large numbers of our countrymen are in painful need of education. There are broad facts which are sufficient to prove this, without any elaborate argumentation. That, in 1855, according to the Registrar-General's returns, the average *for all England* of those who, on occasion of their marriage, were unable to sign their names, should have been thirty-five per cent., or more than one third ; that drunkenness should still, though somewhat diminishing, be the curse and disgrace of Britain, beyond all the nations of the world ; and that ours, being enormously the wealthiest nation, should, more than any other, be afflicted with pauperism, and that this evil of pauperism should generally be the sorest where wages are highest, because of the reckless improvidence of the labouring population ; * these we take to be great and unanswerable arguments, affording an overwhelming demonstration that the great majority of the working classes, *i. e.*, that the majority of the nation, are as yet altogether uneducated. They know their business ; they are often skilled labourers ; but they have been trained to nothing good besides. There are immense numbers of families in the manufacturing towns in the receipt, through the labour of the several members, of £3 and £4 a week, often with very little intermission from year to year. The rent of the house in which they live is not more than £7 or £8 ; clothing and provisions are cheap ; and yet, in very many cases, they barely make ends meet. Their outlay is heavy, and they have nothing to show for it : the wardrobe may be gaudy and

* We have been distinctly and publicly informed, more than once, by Alderman Abel Heywood, the 'working men's candidate' in the late Manchester Election, a great friend of 'democratic self-government,' an advocate of 'manhood suffrage,' and, therefore, a witness, as against the working classes, whose testimony is liable to no suspicion or abatement, that, during the year 1856, of all the burials performed within the limits of the parliamentary borough of Manchester, full one third had to be performed at the cost of the respective parishes. What an astounding fact is this !

expensive, but it is scanty and ill-kept; the furniture is often poor and ill-conditioned; library, of course, there is none. Yet in a house within a stone's throw of theirs, of considerably higher rental, lives the hard-working clergyman, on an income decidedly smaller than theirs. His house is neatly furnished; he has a library, far too small, no doubt, yet select and valuable, and from time to time, out of his hard savings from other expenses, supplied with standard works of history and theology; his thrifty wife has provided for him, and herself, and their clustering children, a wardrobe, much of it of her own making, yet neat, and seemly, and sufficient; a maid-of-all-work is kept and paid; the children are some taught at home and others sent to good schools; a little store is left for the charities both of husband and wife, and to supplement the fallings-off at the National School. Now what makes all this difference in these two cases? Why is the one family poor and out-at-elbows and ill-at-ease on the same income which, in the other case, is made to supply the various wants necessarily connected with the social position, the ministerial responsibilities, the refnements and charities of a clergyman's family? There is but one answer to be given. Education has made the difference. The one is the ordinary result of the want of education on the part of the father and mother; the other the every-day demonstration of what education can do for a class. Too generally, though happily not, by any means, in all cases, the operative's home is such as has been slightly sketched, even though he may not be a drunkard or a spendthrift; while, in nearly all cases, the poor clergyman's family is at once frugal and refined, well economized and in every way well ordered. The clergyman may not always be an earnest Christian; but, merely on this account, the result in such cases will not greatly vary. He and his family are educated in conformity with their position and its responsibilities. Hence the result we see.

When, however, we speak of the effects produced by education on character and conduct, we by no means intend a mere school education. Education neither begins nor ends at school. It begins on the mother's lap, is carried forward with all but decisive power, for good or evil, by the earliest influences of the home circle, and is finally completed by those examples, incentives, and associations, which, after school-years are past, assert their sway over the character of youth in the scenes and occupations of opening life. Thus is our manhood formed, thus the plastic elements are moulded until the type is finally fixed, and we stand forth such as we are afterwards to be known. Nevertheless, though the school education of a man is but a

part, often the least part, of the total influences which go to determine his character, yet, in many cases, it affords an opportunity of peculiar value and importance, and such as can only by it be afforded. In cases where the home training, the school education, social influences, and the professional education of the youth for his future employment, all strictly agree in character and tendency, so that each successive stage is but a further advance in the same line of progress, we may fairly say that the relative importance of the school education is greatly diminished. But where this period affords the *only* opportunity for wise and systematic intellectual and (especially) moral training; where home influences are but random influences, (so to speak,) and much more for evil than for good; and where, as soon as ever the school years are over, the youth goes forth into an unordered world of selfish and strong-passioned comrades, who have known little or nothing of what can justly be called 'education;' then the school years become of unspeakable value and importance. Under such circumstances, they afford the only opportunity of correcting the evil influences of earlier, and forearming against those of later, years. How far such an opportunity can be used to any material advantage will obviously depend, partly on the length of time during which it lasts, and partly on the systematic skill and efficiency with which the teacher, gifted and trained for his vocation, can, notwithstanding all opposing influences, seize hold of the faculties and affections of the scholar as they unfold under his experienced manipulation, and strongly direct them in the bent of good. This, we take it, is the real meaning and peculiar value of school education as needed especially for the lower classes. Its main object is to supply a corrective to evil influences at home, and in the general circle in which the child moves, or is intended to move; or it seeks to supply the deficiencies of parental training, and to do that systematically, enduringly, and completely, which the unskilled and uninstructed parent, at the best, attempts clumsily and unsuccessfully.

What is the standard up to which each child should, if possible, be educated, or whether any absolute standard exists; and by what methods an appropriate and effective education may be most surely and completely imparted to the scholar;—are questions on which there has been much, and might be endless, controversy; but the results of the experiments that have been in operation, on so vast a scale, for a number of years past, have gone far *practically* to settle them. Some have endeavoured, by psychological reasoning and investigation, to ascertain how, and in what order, every faculty appertaining to humanity

may be waked up in each soul, until the whole organism has been brought to unfold its powers in orderly succession and perfect symmetry. This being ascertained, a course of education, in correspondence with the results obtained, has been devised, through which, as a general introduction to future and special education, each child must be carried. This sort of theory has been, as might be expected, prosecuted with great zeal and ingenuity in Germany. And Mr. Morell seems, in some degree, to have adopted it.

‘The whole art of education,’ he says, ‘lies really in laying hold of the human faculties one after the other as they come in view, and then applying the proper stimulus and the proper nutriment to each. This aid to the natural expansion of the mental powers is a boon of which no child, in a civilized country, should be deprived.’—*Minutes, &c.*, 1854–5, p. 611.

Now, undoubtedly, there is important truth in this view; and it may serve, if rightly applied, by the light of a carefully watched experience, to assist in fixing a *minimum* of education, in various fundamental and essential respects, which should be insured to every child. But, if it is to be understood (Mr. Morell, we are persuaded, would not intend his words to be so understood) as meaning that every faculty and susceptibility of every child must be reached and awakened, and then guided and trained into a right bent, before he leaves school, it aims at far more than can ever be accomplished; and, aiming at so much, will accomplish but little; striving to spread over so wide a surface, will leave the work, at every point, very slightly and imperfectly performed. Something must surely be left to be unfolded under the leading and teaching of Providence; and it must be remembered, that only by means of the necessities, opportunities, duties, instances, and examples, of actual life, can the education of any man be really completed. There are, however, certain cardinal faculties which, if not schooled and drilled in early life, till ease and rapidity of movement and evolution have been secured, are never likely to be brought into effectual play at all; and which, at the same time, easily prepare the mind and lead the way, if there be any energy of soul, for the acquisition afterwards, by a process of self-education, of whatever further discipline is needed, and for the successive development of the powers that may yet remain latent. While these cardinal faculties lie inactive under the congestion of ignorance and apathy, the man must remain—under ordinary circumstances—animalized and degraded. When he has felt the power and obtained the use and government of these, his way is open, unless poverty and unfriendly laws block it up, to

steady advancement and elevation. Such an education, and such an amount of it, may surely be claimed for every man, as shall, by moral and religious training, give him light and power to command and use all that he is and has; and, at the same time, by the awakening and culture of the leading powers of his understanding, shall make him begin to feel, and open to him the way to learn more and more perfectly, *what* he is and has. No men ought to be left in such a position of ignorance and intellectual and moral hebetude and helplessness, that they cannot, under anything like ordinary conditions, take even the first step towards intellectual and moral elevation and culture. Every man ought so to be set on his feet, and to be led so far onwards and upwards, that he may be able to mount at least upon the first rung of the ladder by which he may ascend, however slowly, yet continually, higher and higher, if not always in social *status*, at any rate in the fellowship of mind with mind. In this sense, we heartily accept and repeat Mr. Kingsley's words.

'If man living in civilized society has one right he can demand, it is this, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to their very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has a right to complain of the State's injustice and neglect.'—*Yeast*, p. 110.

It may not be easy to define the precise amount of instruction, and quality of education, which will suffice to put the scholar into a position to make good use of all his subsequent opportunities, and to rise, if he will, steadily upwards. But an example will very distinctly and intelligibly illustrate what in the foregoing paragraph we have intended to convey. In the Rev. F. Watkins' General Report for the year 1857 on Church of England Schools inspected in Yorkshire, he lays before the Committee of Council four documents which had recently and casually come into his hands, and offers some comments upon them.

'The first is a letter from a pupil-teacher (girl) in a school of the manufacturing districts, which certainly does much credit to her intelligence and right appreciation of her duties; the second is from a child in the first class of a good school, and shows both right feeling and considerable intelligence; the third is a notice written by the overseers of a village in the East Riding, taken (not by myself) from the church door, and brought to me that I might judge of the state

of education in the parish; and the fourth is a letter addressed to myself by a middle-aged and respectable labourer in a Yorkshire village.'

(1.) LETTER.

'REVEREND SIR,—My father wishes me to write to you and ask your advice upon a subject that gives me great uneasiness. I am a pupil-teacher at St. — school, and am now in my third year. The schools became mixed in the early part of the year, and for some time I taught a mixed class; but since Midsummer I have taught the first class of girls, and have had them *entirely to myself* in the girls' school.

'I have had no system but my own to work by, no judgment but my own to depend upon; in short, I have just taught them as I liked. In the afternoon I have taught needlework to *all* the girls. The reason why I have had to do this is because we have had no mistress.

'But this is not the worst: I have not had a lesson this year. I asked once if I might not receive lessons from the master, since there was no mistress, but was told that the Government would not allow girls to be taught by a master.

'Now, I think, in the first place, that it is very wrong to intrust me, so young and consequently so inexperienced as I am, with so important a charge; and, secondly, I think I shall not pass the examination. The inspector will say, "She is not qualified to teach what a girl ought to teach at the end of the third year;" and so I shall lose a whole year's salary, besides a whole year's tuition, though I shall have had *double* the work, and *more than double* the care, that I ought to have had.

'Shall I be sent home at the examination, or might I be transferred to some other school? Please to send me your opinion upon the subject, and you will greatly oblige,

'Your obedient Servant,

'Rev. F. Watkins.'

'E. D.'

(2.) EXERCISE.

'*Question.*—Show what you mean by "love, honour, and succour your mother."'

'To show my love to my mother, first, I do what she bids me generally. If she sends me an errand, I try to make all the haste back again I can; I do all I can to assist her; I pray for her, and love her better than any one else in the world; if my mother is ill, I wait upon her, because I know that she cannot do it for herself; and if I did not, it would be disobeying the commandment of our Lord's Apostle, when he said, "Children, obey your parents."—M. H.'

(3.) NOTICE.

'A vestry Meeting Whill be held In The scoolrum on Fraiday, the 20th, at 7 o'clock, for the Nomenation of Gardians & overseers for the in suing year.

{ Overseers.'

(4.) LETTER ABOUT A DOG.

'Sir, i recived your noat About the dog, and i have got a very good one, a tarrer, e is about 18 months ould, he as been bred and brot hup in —, and the Gentlum that e beloned to, e Swaped me for my bitsh, for he had wanted her before, and hi hae a youn one of her for my Self, and as you wanted one I cannot recommend to you a beter, so please ser rite me a faw lines back, for he hase beean huse to children & is a good house dog. The prise of the dog is ten shillines, he his clear of the distemper. Pleas send Wither you will send for him, or i must bring him hover if e will Suit, it will be on Saturday, if you dont Send for him.

(Signed) 'Mr. W. B.'

'These papers are thus accidentally brought together, and amongst a mass of similar evidence they testify, I think, to two important points :—First, that the new system, with all its shortcomings, does produce better fruit than the old ; and, secondly, that whatever some persons may choose to assert, there is an amount of ignorance in the working classes, (ay, and in the class a little above them also,) which is almost incredible to those who have not looked well into the subject, or who have never ventured from the wide and beaten high road of life into the bye lanes and tortuous paths of rural existence. Who can believe that the parish officers who framed and signed the notice above can have an intelligent apprehension of the Church prayers, or are able to receive with profit the plainest sermons delivered "in a tongue" which ought to be "understood of the common people?" Or, on the other hand, who would doubt that the writer of the very sensible pupil-teacher's letter is a young person whose heart and mind have both been strongly and beneficially influenced by her education at school, or that the school which furnishes such correspondents is doing a great and wholesome work for the country at large? *O! sic omnes.*'—*Minutes, &c.*, 1857-8, pp. 302, 303.

The pupil-teacher, whose beautifully expressed and in every way superior letter Mr. Watkins has thus published, was not, probably, at the time of writing it, more than sixteen years old, being but in her third year of apprenticeship. Who does not see that she has not only acquired considerable knowledge, but what is much more important than even knowledge, mental discipline,—and moral discipline with this,—the power to use her knowledge skilfully, to combine and apply her faculties according to her exigencies, and so as to carry out her well-conceived purposes? She has gained the command of her powers, whether of observation, reflection, or expression ; and so has become the mistress of her own capacities, and the directress of her own development. The key has thus been put into her hands by which she can open gate after gate of mental and moral advancement, and pass successively onwards into inner and higher circles of intelligence and enjoyment. Who does not also perceive that the

small school-girl who wrote No. 2 is in a fair way, perhaps not to equal the pupil-teacher, but at least to become an improving and advancing woman? While, on the other hand, it is but too plain that not only the labouring man, but even the overseers, unless some very special and exceptional power and influence should come to arouse and renovate them, must continue, for want of mental culture and discipline, to stagnate all their lives at the same level at which they were fixed in early manhood.*

Undoubtedly, so far as regards merely mental culture, the first and most needful thing is, that the child should acquire the power of reading with ease and fluency. If this is once fairly accomplished, so that reading ceases to be an irksome task, and becomes instead a pleasant pastime, the way is opened for the indefinite acquisition of knowledge. But in order to this, it is not enough to teach letters, and spelling, and pronunciation. These things the teacher may be ever hammering into the child for months and years together, and yet he may never learn to read with intelligence and ease. His apprehensive faculties must be brought into play, and he must be drilled into the easy and ready use of them; a certain amount of general knowledge must be imparted, especially about 'common things;' and some clear understanding must be gained, together with some readiness in the application, of the rudiments and ordinary proprieties of grammatical speech; otherwise the scholar will not be able to read with ease or much advantage. Unless he gets so far as this, he will seldom keep up his reading after he has left school; for, never having experienced pleasure, or indeed anything but trouble, in his attempts to read, and never having found himself much the wiser for what he has stumblyingly spelled through, he has acquired no taste for the employment, is little sensible of the loss he suffers by his ignorance, and easily comes to the conclusion that the labour of learning is by far too hard for such as himself, and that the advantage by no means compensates for the trouble.† Besides, he is wearied with his daily toil, and shrinks from giving the requisite pains to the task of learning to

* 'That improvement is needed, 'says Mr. Watkins, in his *Report on Schools in Yorkshire for 1854*, 'the following notice given me by a considerable coalmaster in the south of Yorkshire, may show. He tells me that this is the formula used by the men in his employ when they wish to quit it, written always by the same scribe, as the best writer and speller of the whole company. I only regret that the handwriting cannot be shown, as well as the spelling and style:—"Octoder 17, 1853. Master william higen he hear dy giv you Won month notis to leav you employment. RODAT RIGHT."—*Minutes, &c.*, 1854-5, p. 441.

† Mr. White found at Hull, airing himself in the Cemetery, a Lincolnshire village carpenter, who, as he said, was going to take a voyage, for his health's sake, to 'China.' 'We be on'y three days a-going,' he explained. When advised to read, he had made answer that he 'couldn't make much out o' readin'; 'ud rather work the jack-plane all day than read.'—*A Month in Yorkshire*, p. 15.

read, when his daily work is done. So, in a few years, though he learned after a fashion to read at school, yet he comes to swell the number of those adults, so large a proportion still of England's population, who can neither read nor write.

If, on the contrary, the scholar has once learned to read easily and intelligently, there is little fear as to his keeping up the habit, and increasing his knowledge continually. The Bible, prayer-book, and hymn-book, at church, or chapel, or Sunday-school, the cheap periodical and the penny newspaper, will afford him abundant and continual exercise for his accomplishment, both on his own account and for the benefit of his neighbours. Thus his *mind* will be stirred and kept alive; thus it may be fed and disciplined, enriched and enlarged.

It can hardly be said that it is less important to acquire the command of a legible hand than the power of reading with ease and propriety. The one acquirement should advance almost *pari passu* with the other. For, next to the cheap Bible and the cheap newspaper, there is no instrument of education so powerful, whether intellectually or morally considered, as that of the penny postage, both as enabling the poor to send and to receive letters.

Of Grammar we have already spoken, in passing, as an indispensable elementary subject of education in the primary school. It is by no means such a favourite branch as Geography and History; but except in so far as these must, to a certain extent, be incidentally taught in order to the acquisition of the needful amount of general knowledge about 'common things,' and to the intelligent apprehension of the reading lessons, it is undoubtedly more indispensable. The child who has learned to read easily and well, can afterwards purvey for himself what amount of historical and geographical knowledge he requires; but the minutiae of grammar, if not acquired at school, and drilled into the understanding and memory by a competent teacher, are not likely ever to be mastered afterwards.

The rudiments of drawing, and of music, again, are very easily taught to children at school, and with great advantage to their training, taste, and culture. Music, especially, is a most beneficial element of power and organization in a school; while, in these days of refinement and of competition in art and manufacture between our own and other nations, it is obviously very desirable, on public grounds, that native talent for art should be early discovered and duly developed. Moreover, a genius for art or music being a special and original endowment, adequate in many cases to determine the future line in life of the possessor, it is desirable that its existence should be ascertained as early as possible, and the entire plan of education

disposed accordingly. If God has endowed a soul with powers which fit it best for success in the culture of art, it would be a pity indeed for poverty and ignorance to suppress its manifestation, or to repress its development. A national education should provide, as far as possible, that the endowments bestowed by Providence be early recognised and brought fully into play.

Instruction in Arithmetic is not only a necessity for the ordinary business of life, but most valuable, when rightly taught, as an intellectual discipline. Besides which, it affords a test of mathematical genius, and itself forms an appropriate introduction to the pursuit of mathematics.

If a child is well grounded in the branches of knowledge we have now indicated, he has, in fact, an introduction to any walk of intellect, and, at the same time, to all the practical business of life. We have said nothing of the classical or modern languages. The scholar who, in English learning, shows a decided genius for lingual studies, may well advance to the acquisition of other languages besides his own; and, according to the present systems of education patronized by government, has commonly the opportunity of so doing. Nor have we said anything about science or natural philosophy. Certain rudimentary lessons in these, certain obvious and interesting applications of them, are taught by all intelligent schoolmasters, as among the best methods of eliciting and stimulating the general faculties of the mind. If the scholar is to go further than this, he must do so after he has left the primary school. The necessary minimum of intellectual culture will, we think, be secured by some such quota of instruction as we have now indicated. The lad who has fairly mastered this will, hereafter, be able to help himself. Nor have we any reason to alter the general outline, in order to adapt it to the case of girls. Only, in their case, there must be added careful and thorough instruction in those household accomplishments which are an indispensable part of their education. We observe that Her Majesty's Inspectors are tolerably unanimous in approving some such general scheme of instruction as we have now sketched, and that, from whatever point of view they may have originally approached the subject of education, to a practical result substantially agreeing with our conclusions have all bodies of educationists finally concurred in coming.

Of course, this minimum being secured as a foundation, the schools in different districts of country may be reasonably expected to exhibit—they do in fact exhibit—special adaptations, according to the prevalent occupations and necessities of the labouring population. In some rural parishes industrial training in the gardens and fields has been advantageously

combined with school-instruction,—though, in most cases, this combination seems to be a failure,—in the Potteries drawing is a principal and important part of the school-instruction,—in sea-port towns the rudiments of astronomy and navigation are imparted to the more advanced scholars, and so forth.

Such are our views as to the general standard of instruction, which, in combination with thorough, loving, pervasive, moral and religious training, ought to constitute the substratum and absolute minimum of education for every Christian child. How deplorably distant the nation is from having hitherto realized this conception, we have already indicated. Yet it certainly ought to be realized. Until it is, all who come short of the requisite provision are, in fact, suffering wrong. They are held back from what they ought to possess; and no Christian man, himself in the enjoyment of Christian culture and the opportunity of advancement, can innocently rest at ease whilst his fellow-subjects are compelled to want the same blessings. But then the questions arise, How can these blessings be secured for all? And who are immediately bound and responsible to take measures and use means for supplying them?

The conclusion to which the practical common-sense of England at large has come respecting these questions is, we suppose few will dispute, something like the following. 1. As parents *must be* the first educators of their children, (for good or for evil,) and as they have, both by the law of the land, and according to the law of God, a peculiar right and authority as respects their children, so upon the parents primarily, whether in the sight of God or of man, must devolve the business and the duty of educating their children. But, 2. As the ordinance of Christian baptism not only binds parents to bring up their children ‘in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,’ but pledges Christian ministers and the congregation of Christian believers to a joint (though, it may be, secondary) responsibility with the parents in the accomplishment of this work, it must be a duty incumbent upon the Church of Christ in general, and upon Christian ministers in particular, as far as possible, to make effectual provision for the Christian instruction and discipline of the children. If the parents adequately do this, the case is satisfied; although, even in such cases, the ministers of Christ, and, according to their opportunity, the members of the Church, cannot be held absolved from all interest or concern as to the progress of those who were by baptism admitted into their fellowship. But if the parents are unable or indisposed themselves fully to discharge the duty of training their children in Christian knowledge and practice,

there is then an imperative obligation laid upon the Christian Church, and especially, as its instruments and representatives, upon the ministers of Christ, to supplement by their own care and provision parental deficiencies. Moreover, as the Church of Christ can set no limits to its responsibilities, except its means of exercising influence; and ought to set none to its love, as it must in its spirit be essentially missionary and catholic; and as it has a special call, in the spirit of its Master and Head, to care most for those who are neediest;—so it cannot restrain its sympathies or its responsibilities within the bounds of its own pale of membership, but must most earnestly and unweariedly seek to gather into the embrace of its own instruction and ordinances all such children as by their own parents are left to grow up in ignorance of Christian duty. Acting on these principles, Christian Sunday-schools and denominational day-schools of every name have been most rightly multiplied throughout Christian lands. 3. But, thirdly, there is still another party, if we may so speak, directly interested in the right education of the rising generation; and that is, the nation collectively considered. Were, indeed, the entire nation, in all its individual members, intelligently and thoroughly Christian, this third relationship and responsibility would gradually merge in the second, as indeed the second would in the first. But as long as a large proportion of the population remains altogether without Christian discipline, or anything that can be called moral training and human culture,—burdening the land with pauperism, and disgracing it with vice and crime; so long there will still remain, after all that the Church has done, a moral obligation and a political necessity for the nation on its own account—for the commonwealth as such—to do what lies in its power to remedy such evils;—that is, as education is the thing mainly needed, to supply the requisite education.

But though the practical common sense of England has generally adopted conclusions substantially identical with these,—which, indeed, are the old principles which have from the first obtained in Christian communities and nations,—yet, within the last fifteen or twenty years, a contrary doctrine has been extensively propagated by those who, by other classes, are generally designated ultra-voluntaries. Fear, on the one hand, of the usurpation by the Established Church of the function of national education, as if this were a right inherent in the Church endowed by the State, neither to be controlled in its exercise by any co-ordination of lay associates, or of political functionaries, nor to be shared with any dissenting Christian communities; and, on the other hand, a jealousy of the theories and projects

of secular educationists, who would make the education of the people altogether an affair of the State, and would entirely separate it from religious influences or Church co-operation; have led a large class of energetic men, belonging chiefly to the Baptist and Independent denominations, but including also a certain proportion (we believe a very small proportion) of Wesleyans, to adopt the principle, that the education of the people is a matter to be left entirely to voluntary exertions, and that 'all government interference with the education of the people is at variance with sound principle, involving a departure from the legitimate province of government.' The parents are the parties primarily, and, in a sense, *only*, responsible, according to these theorists, for the education of their children. The parents may, to a certain extent, voluntarily delegate their responsibility to the schoolmaster they choose, or to the Church and its ministers, as affording aid to their own efforts, or assisting to carry out their own wishes. But the State can have no authority in such a matter: to claim this for the State would be treason to parental rights, an invasion of parental responsibilities, an investiture of the State with moral functions, a demand of despotism in which lies concealed, however subtly disguised, all the peril and poison of continental centralization and imperialism.

This is the sort of language now indulged in by many of those who, up to the year 1843, were among the most zealous advocates of the duty of national education by the State. But, in that year Sir James Graham gave them a fright from which they have never since recovered. The terror thus induced has assumed the chronic form of a *phobia*; and now the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Sir J. P. K. Shuttleworth, as educationists, are regarded with as much distrust by these ultra-voluntaries as even the Bishop of Exeter. In fact, these Whig educators, with, we may add, Lord Brougham as their Coryphæus, are suspected of being, consciously or unconsciously, leagued in a design fraught with peril to the liberties and to the mental and moral independence of the uneducated crime-and-pauperism-breeding classes of the English population!—or else, if not of these, of the educated, newspaper-reading portion of the working people!

To us the doctrine which we have endeavoured to state in the form most plausible, and most likely to secure popular sympathy, seems, when fairly undressed and examined *in puris naturalibus*, to be as monstrous a misconception as was ever proposed with all confidence as a party-cry, and as the basis of an organized agitation. Many of the men who have adopted and paraded it, we cannot but regard personally with great respect,

especially one who has lately been most worthily elected a member of the Imperial Legislature by the suffrages of his fellow townsmen. Nothing, in fact, but the high character and the ability of this gentleman could have enabled the anti-State-education doctrine to take so strong a hold of the convictions of many Nonconformists, especially those of Yorkshire; though even his energy, ability, and extensive influence would have produced a far less considerable impression, but for the affinity between the anti-State-education theory and the anti-State-and-Church principle which has been adopted by modern Congregationalist Dissenters. Nevertheless, all the Congregational leaders have not been persuaded to agree with Mr. Baines's views. There are not to be found two more distinguished ministers and leaders among Congregationalists than Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Binney; both of whom, likewise, must be numbered among the most powerful upholders of anti-State-and-Church principles. And yet both of these maintain that to provide for the adequate moral and intellectual training and culture of those who cannot otherwise obtain it, is a plain and imperative part of the responsibility which devolves upon the commonwealth as such; and, of course, both maintain also, that whatever affinity there may seem to be between the anti-State-education principle and the anti-State-and-Church principle, there is between them, in reality, no logical connexion or interdependence.

On what ground, let us ask, is it assumed that parents alone have any authority or responsibility in the matter of a child's education? Do they alone suffer if the education of the child is neglected? On the contrary, do they not often seem to suffer less than others on this account, and to be far less sensible of the disgrace, and misery, and evil which result from their children's want of education? Society, of necessity, suffers from the want of education on the part of the rising race: is society to have no defence against the parents' criminal and selfish neglect? But it may not be a case of wilful negligence on the part of the parents. It may be that they are themselves unable to provide for the education of their children. And it may further be that the conditions of society itself—the long operation in the past of injurious laws, the pressure of competition in life, the evils entailed by a long war—have, without any fault of their own, so limited the intellectual development of the parents themselves, and so depressed and burdened them with poverty, that it is out of their power to do anything for the right education of their children, even though they might be anxious for them to receive such an education. Is the society, then, which has brought this evil,—been the means of inflicting this deepest

of all losses and injuries,—upon both parents and children, debarred from doing anything to repair its own wrong? The injury has been inflicted through national laws and institutions; and society, *i.e.*, the nation collectively, can only undo the injury by analogous means.

Every parent and every child is not only a member of a family, but of the nation. The parent does not exist for himself, but for society. So the child is not the property of the parent, nor does he exist only for him. Not only must his evil education and his ill-doing transcend, in their effects, the family circle, but his powers for good are intended to be called forth and exercised on behalf of the world in which his lot is cast, of the human society in which he is to dwell. The parent, in the authority which he exercises over the child, is but a steward and guardian acting on behalf of God and of the nation. The nation, it is true, cannot claim an absolute right and authority in all matters over either parent or child. It cannot coerce the conscience, and has no right to make the attempt. It cannot enter the sphere of religious conviction, or interfere between God and the conscience of either parent or child. But it can claim to regulate almost all except this, if there is any liability of injustice or wrong being inflicted by the stronger upon the weaker, by the parent upon the child of tender years. And, in particular, if the parent is either unable or unwilling to afford his child such an education as is necessary to restrain him from crime, to elevate him above pauperism, and to fit him for discharging his duty as a member of the commonwealth,—much more if he is educating him in a contrary direction,—it becomes the right and the duty of the State to interpose on behalf not only of the child's just claims, but of its own well-being, and to take measures for providing and imparting such an education.

The relation of the parent to the child is, so far at least as regards this life, transitory; that of the child to the nation, permanent. Parents presently die; but society remains. Family life is tributary to national life; the latter encloses the former, both preceding and surviving it. Family training is intended to prepare for national life and civil and political responsibilities. The less, then, within the limits already laid down, must be regulated by the greater. The well-being of society, of the nation, must, if needs be, assert its claims and authority as to the training of those who are to be its constituent members, no less than the peace and order of the family must be enforced in the due subordination and instruction of its members. And, if parents are the rightful guardians of the peace and morality of the family, so the legislative and administrative authorities

of the nation are the rightful guardians of the interests of society. In this sense, 'the powers that be,' in the one case no less than the other, 'are ordained of God.' These representatives of national authority do actually require of every citizen a certain standard of external morality, and punish for breaches of law. They thus undeniably, and without any controversy as to their right in so doing, exercise, to this extent, functions clearly analogous to those exercised by the parent on behalf of the family. Then who can deny them the authority to go somewhat farther, and, seeing that they require of the citizen the observance of a certain standard of morality, to take care that he be adequately educated for the fulfilment of this requirement? If that parent would be justly blamed who demanded morality of his children, but never taught it them; who required an orderly and peaceful behaviour, and yet suffered them to associate with disorderly companions, and to run wild at the times when they might be under salutary training; surely, on similar grounds, a State which sets up strict laws, and punishes for the breach of them, and yet suffers millions of those who are to be its citizens to grow up in ignorance and immorality, without even an attempt to reclaim or to instruct them, must be liable to the severest condemnation. Such a State would be seeking to 'reap where it had not sown,' and to 'gather where it had not strawed.' And such a State would England be, if, while she boasts of her rigid justice, and glories in her ample and liberal provision of judicial machinery, she should at the same time disclaim all responsibility or obligation as to the establishment of schools for the morally untrained; if she set up many gallows, but no school-houses; and spent much on judges and executioners, but nothing on schoolmasters. Surely, as Dr. Vaughan has well and often put it, 'government MAY,' at least, 'be a moral teacher to the extent that it MUST be a moral administrator.' As our argument has implied, we are prepared to go still further than this in investing the government with responsibility and authority. But if we go so far only as this, we leave the ultra-voluntaries altogether behind.

'The government,' says Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his masterly work on Public Education, 'has functions which it can neither delegate nor forego. It must arrest, and punish, even to the penalty of death, the violator of the law. But are English laws, like those of the ancient tyrant, to be so written that none can read? or, which is equivalent, are the ignorant to perish for the breach of what they cannot understand? Are they to continue to suffer for sensuality, from which they have not been weaned? for turbulence, which is the passionate excess of suffering and error? Is the Executive to be

the rude means by which the corruptions and the crimes of society are to be extirpated, but to be without pity for the victims of its edicts,—a passionless executioner? Assuredly not. Prevention is before cure, and immeasurably better than punishment. The school is a more salutary agent than the reformatory prison; and none can recal him who has experienced the last penalty of the law. The State has also charged property with security for the life of the indigent. That is not simply an act of police enabling the law to suppress vagabondage, and thus increasing the safety of society. It is also an act of moral administration. The relief of indigence is a work of Christian charity, inseparable from the highest moral sanctions and considerations.....Nor can the government treat the pauper as a mere animal. The moral conditions of his being must be recognised. In charging itself with the relief of indigence, the State becomes responsible for education and religious instruction.'—*Public Education*, pp. 287, 288.

'Is government, then, in no sense a moral agent? May it incarcerate criminals, and separate itself, as an impassive spectator, from all the festering moral pollution of the common wards of the old prison, and the terrible agonies of the separate cell? Has it no message of peace and redemption intrusted to it by Him who said to the penitent thief upon the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise?" Are the Howards and the Frys alone to convey this message? Or is the workhouse merely a pauper farm, where certain human animals are to be fed at the least cost to the parish, till, nailed between rough boards, their bodies are buried, like dogs, by the sexton and the beadle? Is this a Christian household, or a pauper *barracoon*? Can the State separate itself from certain grave and high responsibilities, as to the spiritual future of these unfortunates? Are the children to remain ignorant and rude; the adults, servile or disaffected helots; the aged, torpid expectants of a grave without hope? Are the army and the navy to be disciplined in the terrible array of war, for the destruction of human life, with every animal energy centupled in force, by death-like engines, by organization, and the maddening sympathy of numbers? and is no still small voice to whisper, "Blessed are the meek...Blessed are the merciful...Blessed are the peacemakers?"

'If these are conclusions which no one can adopt, where is the moral agency of the State to stop? Apparently, government cannot separate itself from responsibility for the mental and moral condition of the criminal, pauper, and military population.

'What is the distinction between the reckless indigent classes out of the workhouse, and those within its walls? They are both within the reach of voluntary agency. The City missionary may penetrate to both. But has government a responsibility for the moral depravity and mental incapacity of the one, which it in no degree partakes with respect to the other?'—*Ibid.*, pp. 281, 282.

'The municipal and parochial organization, and the county government, are, in like manner, moral administrations. They have charge

of the local police, the gaols, the lunatic asylums; and even in that which is most mechanical in their spheres of action a moral government develops itself.....Society appears daily more sensible of these moral wants. Hence it has recently provided for the application of the parochial rates to the establishment of baths and washhouses for the poor,—it has provided for the inspection of lodging-houses,—and it may be hoped that, ere long, our streets will cease to be the open mart of a shameless prostitution.’—*Public Education*, p. 288.

We conclude, from such considerations as these, that government has an undoubted responsibility as to the education, moral and mental, of those who are to be its subjects. The immediate responsibility, indeed, must, in the order of nature, and according to the providential arrangements of society, devolve upon the parents; but a secondary responsibility rests upon the State. If the parents fail of that which, in reference to the civil and political responsibilities and well-being of their children, and consequently also in reference to the well-being of the commonwealth, is their manifest duty to their children, it is incumbent upon the State, so far as may be in its power, to redress this double wrong,—this wrong equally to the children themselves, and to society at large. Or if the parents, willing to do the best for their children, are yet unable to provide for them that bare minimum of education which is needful to put them in such a position, and to secure for them such a power of self-development, that they may be able to advance in the scale of intellectual and moral, *i. e.*, of *human*, progress; in this case, likewise, as an act of justice to the children, and likewise out of regard to the general interests of society, the government is bound to do what may lie in its power towards enabling the parents to supply their children’s necessity. And still further, even though the bare requirements of this minimum should be fulfilled, and a tolerable sort of education be commonly given to the rising youth of any class in society; yet if at the same time the general standard of education be, and, if left to the operation of ordinary causes, be likely to remain, far inferior to what it is desirable that it should be, for the good of society, the development of the national mind and resources, the elevation and refinement of morality, and the general progress of the race; it is the mere fanaticism of ultra-voluntarism to deny that government has a right to take action to the extent proposed. Surely it must be admitted that society, under the intelligent and responsible guidance of the legislature, and in response to a crying need, not only may, but ought to endeavour, as far as possible, to remove a mischievous monopoly of ignorance and error, which selfish competition and groping empiricism had combined to

induce, in regard to the estate of man's intelligent and immortal part. After all, we cannot concede that government is but an organized confederacy for removing all impediments out of the way of merely selfish instincts and energies, and letting them rule the world without opposition.

It is wonderful the amount of nonsense which is confidently talked upon such subjects as these. We are told, for instance, with a triumphant air, that in this, as in all matters, the supply will follow the demand. What does this mean? Do the people who use this language intend to say that good schools will, according to natural and necessary laws, be forthcoming in proportion to the necessity for them? or, that they will be furnished as soon as people have found out the want of them? If the former were true, of course the whole question of national education would be at an end. Not only would it be perfectly gratuitous for the government to give itself any anxiety upon the subject, but it would be equally gratuitous for any private benevolence, or any denominational zeal and organization, to be expended upon the matter. If that were the case, of course there would be really no educational deficiency anywhere. No sooner would any need exist in any place than immediately it would begin to be supplied. If the latter is the interpretation of the maxim which, with profound incomprehension, some sages are in the habit of quoting, our answer is twofold. First, it is not true that, as soon as people have begun to feel the want of better schools, such schools will be in a way to be provided. Before such a result could follow, several conditions must be fulfilled. The feeling must be general and widely-spread among those who themselves are the parties directly interested; there must, moreover, be a due appreciation of the exigent and imperative character of the newly-discovered need, that it is no secondary, but a primary, necessity, for human beings to be rightly educated, a necessity to be put on a par even with the want of bread, to be accounted far more pressing than any want of mere conveniences, one the supply of which for their children would be cheaply purchased by the parents at the cost of much self-denial; and finally there must be the ability as well as the disposition, on the part of the parents, to pay the high price which a good education, if only to be provided according to the ordinary laws of supply and demand, could not but involve. It must be remembered that to prepare a good teacher is a costly thing; and, moreover, that an intelligent, first-class teacher must, on many accounts, be well paid, ought to be so on every account. And, in fact, until government helped to make the way plain to education

both cheap and good, it was the case that though nothing was more common than to pay a high price for a most worthless, albeit pretentious, education, a good education was certainly not to be anywhere obtained by poor people at what to them would seem a possible price. By this time the error is exploded which formerly prevailed, that to teach well the elements of knowledge required nothing more than elementary knowledge, that to train and instruct the children of the poor was a task demanding but low attainments and little talent. Thanks to government interposition, it is now pretty well understood that teaching is a science which must be studied, and an art which must be systematically acquired; and that, in some respects, the training needs to be more thorough, the science more perfect, the tact nicer, the skill and aptitude more delicate and cultured, of those who undertake to awaken and discipline the faculties and to mould the character of the children of the poorer and more neglected classes, than of those whose office it is to instruct in more favoured circles.

To attempt to carry the maxims of free-trade and of a misapplied political economy into the region of mind and morals, in the way done by those whose opinions we are combating, is most absurd. Push these maxims to their legitimate issue, and they will be found opposed to all efforts of Christian charity to establish schools. Undoubtedly these are an interference in a sense with free-trade, and show that the denominations—ultra-voluntaries included—are not content to leave the supply to be regulated by the demand. The present government system is certainly, again, tantamount to a system of protection; yet it almost entirely avoids all the evils connected with anything in the nature of monopoly, by providing that all shall be impartially aided who do the State real service, and that the superiority in the amount of help gained shall be in proportion, partly to the voluntary offerings for the good of the commonwealth contributed by the promoters of any school, partly to the excellence and accomplishments of the master, and partly to the proved efficiency of the school in attracting numbers, in retaining scholars, and in providing in every way for a superior education.

As long as the supply was in fact left to be regulated by the demand, what a supply it was! Who can lament for the introduction of a system which has almost banished those wretched schools, kept too commonly by broken-down (often drinking and unprincipled) tradesmen, by those who had proved themselves incompetent to conduct any actual business of life well and prosperously, or by maimed workmen, or military pensioners, or

ignorant old women? Doubtless, there were some deserving persons, many of them reduced widows, or orphan daughters who had seen better days. Of this last class, it is a comfort to think that a considerable proportion have found employment in connexion with the better state of things. But the great majority of the schools were utterly worthless. And how can we be sufficiently thankful for the new life which the present system is infusing into the old National Schools, which, speaking generally, were more inefficient than can easily be imagined, and which seem, for the most part, to have been officered and conducted by their managers as if these felt it to be a religious duty to teach the children as little as possible beyond the duty of attending Church and obeying their betters in life?

We had marked and indeed transcribed some passages for quotation, from the Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors, which would have illustrated and amply justified the statements we have now made; but our limits compel us to omit them. They would have shown what the old race of schoolmasters was, and that, though dying out, the race is not yet extinct or quite without scions of the real old stock. They would have shown, too, by the testimony of such men as Canon Moseley and the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, what the old National Schools were, and that, of the uninspected schools, there is still a large proportion not greatly elevated in character above the type which prevailed twenty years ago.*

With the exception of an almost inappreciable fraction, it may be said that all the religious day-schools supplied by voluntary zeal, fifteen or twenty years ago, were Church schools, *i. e.*, such National Schools as we have described. Where such schools were not, the dame's school and the Sunday-school together ordinarily afforded all the education the poor child ever got. The result is seen in the drunkenness and pauperism, the vice and crime, of the lower classes of England. Altogether exceptional instances of bodily and mental vigour, of constitutional resolution and energy, such as that of Robert Stephenson, must not be pleaded in reply to this general statement. To quote the words of Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, in his admirable address at the Wesleyan Educational Meeting, in the Centenary Hall, last May, 'Their intellectual faculty enabled Brindley, Simpson, and Stephenson, to work out their own mental triumph unaided. But I would not have it so for the future. For one strong swimmer who has been enabled to reach the shore, how many have perished!' It is to remove mental

* See *Minutes of Committee of Council*, 1850-1, pp. 148-9; and 1854, pp. 518-19.

and moral disabilities, to rescue children from the oppression of circumstances, to elevate a degraded class unable to help themselves, to vindicate for every English child its birthright of true freedom, to break down the unconscious tyranny of the educated classes, to enfranchise the serfs of ignorance, that the British government has been compelled at length to interfere. Is it the duty of the State to provide food and clothing for those unable to provide them for themselves,—unable too often through their own fault,—and not equally the duty of government to furnish to helpless children that which, while it is a much higher boon, is for a reasonable and immortal spirit an equal necessity, the sense and quickening within them of their own *humanity*, of the powers and faculties which lift them above the tyranny of their animal nature, and fit them for the fellowship of mind with mind? Who will maintain that while men must not be suffered by the State to perish for lack of ‘the bread that perisheth,’ they may, nay, that they must, be left, hapless and unhelpt, to lack the aliment of their higher natures, and to live a life of unrelieved darkness and unschooled passion which is worse than death?

For ourselves, we are prepared to demand that the State go yet farther than it has done, and make some provision not only for elevating (as it is doing) the education of the working classes, but for defending the middle classes from that educational imposition which has, ever since there were middle classes, been commonly inflicted upon them. We do not wonder that the Irish are petitioning for middle-class schools, as a completing link to connect their National Schools and their colleges. For England we should make no such demand. But we are prepared to require that government should take means to encourage the formation of colleges, under its own inspection, for the training of masters for middle-class schools. Why should quackery in medicine be proscribed, but no means afforded of discriminating between quackery and science, plausible pretension and true art, in education? Why should there be diplomas in the one case and not in the other,—government supervision and authority in the one case, without any foolish talk about free-trade, and not in the other? Is the prevalence of dishonest, unreal, faulty educational methods and practices a less considerable evil to a State, than of imperfect and false principles and methods of medical treatment? Or is it really more easy, more a matter within the competence of every pretender, to become a safe and wise educator, than to become an able physician? Are the bodies of men more valuable than their souls?

In the past legislation of England,—at least, in its modern

legislation,—there has been much wisdom for the body and for material interests, and but little for the soul. Hence it is that maxims which, in a late and mature condition of material development and commercial intercourse, have been found to be wise and right, are, without any consideration of the difference in the cases, applied to the sphere of mental and moral duties and relations. The principles of ultra-voluntaryism,—extreme free-trade principles,—cannot be safely or justly applied even to the material interests of a community in an early stage of its development. In Ireland it has been found necessary (not only in the intellectual and moral sphere to establish a national system of schools and colleges, but) for the development of its material industry, to provide that the baronies may tax themselves in order to the establishment of a system of railways. So in India, our government finds itself compelled to adopt a policy the reverse of that which rules in the legislation of this country. It must not follow the tendencies of the people or peoples of India, but lead them. It not only encourages or forms educational establishments, but it undertakes to cut canals and construct railways. And no one would blame, but on the contrary all applaud, if it were to devote a part of its revenue to prepare the way for the cultivation of cotton, by surveying and experimenting, and affording premiums and facilities. Now all this is contrary to the principles of free-trade, if taken absolutely and unconditionally. The fact is, that in order to put a nation or a class into the way of self-development, it is the duty of the State to take the initiative, whether in the material or in the mental and moral sphere. But after they have fairly and intelligently entered on the path of self-development, government will do wisely to allow them, both individually and collectively, to work out their own onward way with as little interference as possible. The business of government will then be rather to follow, than to attempt to control; watching, that it may learn from, the unfolding instincts and tendencies of the class or of the nation.

Hitherto, what are called the masses of this nation have not been put in a way, collectively, of self-development. When they have, government will have little to do but to leave them alone, or to follow the instincts and demands which successively arise among them, satisfying what in them is true, removing, if possible, the causes from which proceed false and evil elements of opinion and desire. Perhaps, when the nation has attained to its full intellectual and moral majority, it may be found that there is no longer any need for any State endowment or aid in the matter of education. Perhaps, alike in the material, the edu-

cational, and the ecclesiastical departments of the national life, 'free-trade,' perfect voluntary action, may then rule, without any need either of prompting or of fetter. But as yet we are far from that day.

There yet remains, however, the question, how a national education may be secured, in which, while the State concurs, it does not control; but leaves the primary obligation still to rest upon the parents, only interfering in case of clear and proved neglect of duty; and, while it aids, by means of the information and intelligence at its command, in the discovery and perfection of principles and methods, does not dictate; and, while it conditionally endows, leaves the energies of Churches and the charities of individuals full scope, and does not remove from the parents the just burden of providing from their own means, as far as in them lies, for the education of their children. 'The problem to be solved,' to use Sir J. P. K. Shuttleworth's words at the meeting already referred to, 'was in what way the civil power could obtain security for the efficiency of the secular instruction, while it recognised the right of the parent to direct the education of his child, and the claim of the communion to retain the school as a part of its religious organization.' That is his neat and summary way of putting the case, in which he acknowledges the right of the communion (provided the education it gives be consistent with the well-being of the State) to be left free to instruct religiously the children committed to its care by their parents, as well as the right of the parents to be the primary educators of their children. Perhaps, however, it may justly be said that ultimately and really the latter right involves the former.

The consciences of the parents must be respected; therefore we cannot have in England, as in continental countries, where the English ideas as to religious liberty have not yet been established, a system of primary schools strictly connected with the Established Church, and placed altogether under her direction as to religious instruction. According to the old State-and-Church theory of this country,—on which rest the foundations of our ancient colleges, grammar-schools, and educational charities,—this would have been the only constitutional method of providing for national education. Fifty years ago few statesmen—even thirty years back few Anglican clergymen—would have entertained the thought of any other scheme, except to denounce it as revolutionary, if not infidel. So lately as 1843, the education clauses in Sir James Graham's Factory Bill seemed to be constructed on the assumption that the clergy of the Established—the quasi-National—Church had a constitu-

tional right to be the directors, as to the religious element, of whatever might be provided as in any sort a national system of education. And there is yet a considerable section of Churchmen in this country, who adhere to this mediæval principle. They still maintain, in Church Unions and secret conclaves, that it is the sacred and indefeasible right of their order to take the oversight and direction, at least in matters spiritual, of all educational efforts and enterprises conducted by the State; and they regard the assistance rendered by the State to dissenting schools as nothing less than a misappropriation of revenues of which they ought themselves to have the control. Nor can we wonder that this should be the case, when we reflect that only some thirty years have passed away since the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. So narrow is the deep and impassable gulf by which the present liberty of denominationalism in this country is separated from the territory of mediævalism, which yet, to the general feeling of the country, seems as if it were centuries distant from us. The outcry and agitation, however, of 1843 proclaimed the doom of the High-Church theory of national education; and from that period its upholders have seldom spoken out their sentiments in public. The last notable echoes of the old-world party-cry of this arrogant section of Churchmen were heard, eight or nine years ago, in the discussions between the government and themselves about the management of National Schools. At a Church-Education Meeting held in February, 1850, the Rev. G. A. Denison, the great champion of this party, expressed very distinctly the principles which govern their views and demands. He vehemently inveighed against the educational 'department of the civil power,' because they refused to admit that 'the ministers of Christ are to be trusted, solely and exclusively, with the education of His people;' he maintained imperatively that 'for the discharge of that duty *they* are solely and exclusively responsible before God and man.*' The Rev. Archdeacon and his fellows have no business in Protestant England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Since it is their misfortune not to have been born in the Middle Ages, the best thing they can do in these degenerate and unchurchly times is first to go over to the Romish Church, and then to migrate to Austria. There, under the shadow of the Concordat, they would find their natural rest. In this country they are out of date; their principles can never, even for a passing season, dominate again. Hence the simple solution of the vexed question of national education which would

* Shuttleworth's *Public Education*, p. 9.

be yielded by the application of Mr. Denison's principle can never be of use in England. Parents must have their rights of conscience and their parental authority respected in the education of their children; dissenting denominations likewise must have *their* right recognised, in conjunction with the parents, to educate the children of their congregations; the State also claims the right to fix a minimum standard of education at least for those citizen children who are to be educated in part through its aid. Ultramontane pretensions as to 'national' education can no longer be listened to in this country.

There is another class of educationists at the opposite pole to that of the extreme High Church, whose scheme of national education would be almost equally simple. This is what is called the secular party. They would have the government to provide merely a secular education, leaving the religious element to be supplied either by the parents at home or by the ministers of the different denominations attending the schools at certain times. The school teacher would not be allowed to teach any particular form or creed of religion; but he would be expected to inculcate morality.

Now we must concede a few points to the advocates of this system. We concede, then, that, under certain conditions, it might constitute a fair platform of national education. No such system, indeed, is to be found in operation on the Continent. All the continental systems are, in fact, founded on the principle that the Established Church (or Churches) must, at least as the executive, have a principal share in the direction of national education. There is in all these systems a strict connexion between the school and the Church; though only in those countries where Jesuitism is in ascendancy does the State cease to be a power co-ordinate with the Church. But in the United States, and likewise in some of our colonies, as in Canada, and in the Cape Colony, we find the secular system in operation. Nor can it be said that the effects of the experiment, as tried in either the United States or our colonies, have been such as to furnish ground, under all circumstances of society, for an absolute and unconditional condemnation of the system. Authorities are so divided as to the effect of the States' system of national education, that only a rash man would, we should think, pronounce positively upon the case in its entire breadth. It seems not an unreasonable conclusion, that in some places, and under certain circumstances, the schools answer well, both as to their intellectual and moral training, and that in other cases they produce different results. The reason of this we may presently come to indicate. As to the Canadian experiment,

however, there seems to be no reason to doubt that, on the whole, it has been successful. We have before us a *Report of the Normal, Model, Grammar, and Common Schools in Upper Canada, for the year 1855*, drawn up by the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, an eminent Canadian Wesleyan minister, and the chief superintendent of education for the province. These schools are supported partly by a grant from the legislature, but in considerably larger proportion by local assessment. The tendency and aim is to make them all free schools; as yet, however, we believe this is not the case. The teachers are 'examined and licensed by a county board according to a programme prepared by the council of public instruction.' They are not yet obliged to have received a training at a normal college; but year by year, as the supply from the normal colleges goes on to increase, such a training becomes more generally required. It is evidently designed that, eventually, except in very special cases, none but such teachers shall be employed. The principles upon which Dr. Ryerson defends the Canadian system, are much the same which the National School Association in this country is accustomed to profess. He tells us that he has 'shown from the Holy Scriptures, and the canons, formularies, and disciplinary regulations of religious persuasions, that the training up of children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" clearly devolves upon parents and professed teachers of religion, and not upon civil government.' He is bold enough, moreover, to say—not sufficiently discriminating between those cases in which the schoolmaster, as a mere Church-and-State official, teaches religion according to a strict line of prescription and routine, from which he can depart only at his peril; and those in which, as now in England, the master has freely chosen his own creed and Church, and teaches the children of those who have also freely chosen his instructions and the religious teaching of his community for their children—Dr. Ryerson is bold enough to say that 'all countries where these laws of nature and religion have been violated, by transferring to the government teacher of the day-school what belongs to parents and pastors, have been characterized by both vice and ignorance.' To affirm that Prussia is a country distinguished by ignorance, as well as vice, is, as we have said, bold. Yet understanding by 'government teacher' such a State official as we have described, it may be admitted that there is a considerable basis of truth for this strong sentence. Dr. Ryerson, however, would by no means, he tells us, exclude religion from the sphere of education. On the contrary, he says, in terms fully as strong as any advocate of the union of religious teaching

and influence with secular instruction could possibly use,—‘There is no education, properly speaking, without religion; any more than there is a man without a soul, or a world without an atmosphere, or day without the sun. Religion is the soul of education, as it is the life of the soul of man, the atmosphere in which he inhales the breath of immortality, the sunlight in which he beholds the face of the glory of God.’ But if so, what sort of an education is that which is given, on Dr. Ryerson’s principles, in the common schools? If the common school teachers are *not* ‘to train up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,’ if for them to do this is a ‘violation of the laws of nature and religion,’ then the education they give must be, being without religion, ‘no education, properly speaking.’ At best, they do but give the body, and the body is utterly soulless and lifeless, except in so far as, by an altogether independent operation, at other seasons, through other media, the life may be added to it, and somehow mixed with it, by the instruction of parents and pastors. But what if parents are incapable of thus instructing, and if pastors there are none? It must be remembered that in Canada there are no State-appointed pastors.

Nevertheless, as we have said, we are not prepared to affirm that the common school education of Canada has been hitherto, and must be in the future, only a failure. If the practical operation of systems is often worse, it is also often better, than the theory. The practice of men and the working of theories may be happily inconsistent with their professed principles. Most inconsistently, but most happily, Dr. Ryerson says, ‘The text-books and the whole teaching and government of the school are required to be based upon, and in harmony with. Christian principles;’ and it appears, moreover, that the State does ‘*recommend and provide facilities for* religious instruction and exercises;’ and even that it may be ‘a matter of private voluntary arrangement between the parents and teacher,’—so as ‘not to interfere with the ordinary exercises of the school in regard to other pupils,’—that the pupil should be taught ‘to recite his catechism,’ and receive general ‘religious instruction.’

There can be no doubt, moreover, that commonly in Upper Canada the ‘parents and pastors’ do supply, very efficiently, outside of the school, religious instruction and influence. The population of Upper Canada, at least the Protestant portion of it, is, to begin with, largely impregnated by religious life, and those stirring and pervasive influences which attend the operations of free, energetic, and missionary denominational zeal and competition. They have, from the beginning, been a superior class of colonists; nearly all attend church; (they never distinguish between church and chapel or meeting-house;) all have

before them a prospect of rising in life; they have never included any considerable proportion of the sunken, reckless class, nor many even of the class of utterly sensual and improvident, though it may be skilled, labourers. The children of such a population grow up, therefore, under civilizing and more or less moralizing influences,—they dwell in the upper regions which are pervaded by the common light of Christianity. For those so circumstanced undoubtedly secular schools, though probably not the best thing, may yet be sufficient. Many of our readers doubtless received their education in part at what might be termed—in modern phrase; for, when we went to school, such distinctions were not yet thought of—a secular school. Our schools, indeed, were not wholly secular. What school is? We repeated the collect on the Monday morning which had been read at church the day before; in the *Reader*, or the *Speaker*, we read moral and even religious pieces; we were taught to recite Cowper's *Lines on his Mother's Picture*; we were made acquainted with the *Paradise Lost*. No instruction given in English schools could be wholly secular. English literature has derived too much of its life and power from Christian sources for this to be possible. Besides which, before ever we went to school, our mothers had taught us the Catechism, and hymns from Watts, and Barbauld, and Jane Taylor, and Wesley; we had been trained to pray, and had heard the Bible daily read; we had been used, Sunday by Sunday, to attend at church or chapel. And after we began to go to school, there were still the same influences, the morning and the evening prayers, the Christian home atmosphere, the holy Sabbath with its cheerful solemnities. The week-day school was not the chief thing in such a life as this, so far as regarded moral influences. It was but a small part of our total education, a daily parenthesis between morning and evening, a weekly parenthesis between Sunday and Sunday, in its whole extent but a parenthesis between the early home lessons of childhood and the social influences of ripening youth. To those placed in such circumstances it is of comparatively small account that their school education should be secular. This is but a fractional part of their entire education, and by no means the most potent in its moral influences. Now the Canada public schools, intended for the benefit of a thriving, hopeful, ambitious, and, we may say, Christianly moral population, stand precisely thus related to those whom they educate in secular things. They are intended for the instruction of the children of a Christian people, who grow up under salutary parental and pastoral influence, not the elevation of a particular class.

So far as the Roman Catholic population of the Canadian provinces is concerned, it may be different. But, as regards these, two things are to be noted. In Lower Canada, where the great majority of the population is Romanist, they have 'separate schools,' which are, as regards religion, under the direction of the priesthood; and they are earnestly seeking to obtain a like privilege in Upper Canada, though it is to be hoped that they may not succeed. The priests will always see to it that the children of their flock get as much Popery as is at all likely to do them any good. A Popish community of the lower orders will never be utterly irreligious, whatever else they may be; and the basis of religion which they do get, will be greatly improved in quality by admixture with the secular elements of a good general English education. Whereas, if the schools are left under the predominant direction and influence of the priesthood, whatever tends to real liberty and independence of thought will, as far as possible, be repressed; the children will be trained, as to the noblest and highest subjects of moral and religious science, in mental servility; the schools will be essentially defective in that comprehensive human culture which is adapted to bring out all the powers of the man, and to fit him to be a free and intelligent citizen. Even as regards the Popish population of Canada, therefore, we should undoubtedly prefer the continuance of the 'common school' system as it is, to the universal adoption of such a system as in Lower Canada puts the schools altogether under the sway of the priests. Perhaps a medium between the two might be devised; but we doubt if such a medium has yet been anywhere hit upon. Had the English government not yielded so much in their controversy with the Roman Catholic authorities in this country; had they abided firmly by the position which they originally took up, secured the full development and co-ordination of lay influence in the school committees, and maintained, as guardians of the liberty of Englishmen, in this and other ways, and especially by means of impartial inspectors, such a style of management, and such a standard of general mental discipline and attainment, as would have insured the free, loyal, and thoroughly manly culture of the scholars, notwithstanding the co-operation and, within certain limits, co-ordination of the priestly power; then we think that the English system of government aid and inspection in Roman Catholic schools might have been preferable to any other known. But as the government, notwithstanding a long and severe struggle, found themselves compelled to concede so much as they have done to ultramontane pretensions, as to the management of Romanist schools in this country, we confess that

the common schools of Canada seem likely, in our judgment, to supply a salutary national provision for Roman Catholic children better, on the whole, than the aided Roman Catholic schools of England.

The Canadian system, then, we are prepared to admit, works well, on the whole, for the population of Canada. It is a provision of education for a Christian people, in a new country, where Presbyterianism and Methodism have leavened the whole population with their life and energy, and done much towards producing a general elevation of mental and moral character, and where every man lives under the influence of strong incentives to a wholesome ambition. It is not a provision designed mainly for the rescue and elevation of the lower classes of the population, in an old feudal country, where ignorance, intemperance, and religious unbelief or indifference have long been the too general characteristics of these classes. Dr. Ryerson says :—

‘ While the general success of the school system, during the year, has been an increase over that of preceding years, the people of Upper Canada have evinced an unprecedented unanimity and determination to maintain it in all its integrity. It secures to all what all have a right to claim,—equal and important protection. It provides equally for all classes of the community ;’ [not only ‘ common schools,’ but ‘ grammar schools’ and ‘ colleges’ come within the range of its inspection and provision.] ‘ No example of proselytism, under its operations, has ever occurred ; and no charge of partiality, in its administration, has ever been substantiated. No less than three hundred and ninety-six Roman Catholic teachers are employed in teaching the public schools ; and a corresponding or larger proportion of the superannuated teachers to whom pensions have been granted, are Roman Catholics.’—*Annual Report, &c.*, p. 9.

We believe that the public schools of the Cape Colony are arranged and regulated very much on the same principles as the Canadian schools ; and that they are working well. But in that Colony, as in Canada, the conditions of society are in many respects contrasted with those of England ; and the object of the public schools differs essentially from that which is contemplated by the English day-schools for the poor.

In England no such system as that which we have been considering could possibly work. No modification of it could meet the case of those whom it is most of all necessary to help. We do not need State provision of schools and colleges for our highest classes. Such schools as Eton and Harrow, together with our national universities, already meet the case of these. Some national examination and supervision of at least our universities had, indeed, long been required, and has recently

effected ; and the State will probably exercise its educational functions in regard to these for the future more vigilantly and authoritatively than in the past. But no new endowment or provision is necessary. The case of the upper middle classes is met by the best grammar-schools, and by private establishments of a superior character. Government may possibly enforce visitations and inquiries in regard to the former, and may, some day, require diplomas of those who conduct the latter ; but it will never attempt to find a substitute for them by any system of public schools. The lower middle classes send their children to private day-schools and boarding-schools, too commonly of the sort some pages back described by us ; but, though government will, it is to be hoped, assist in the establishment of training colleges for the education of private schoolmasters, and require some guarantee of their efficiency, before they are permitted 'to practise' in the scholastic profession, it is almost certain they will never venture, as regards these schools, to interfere further than this with the operation of the general laws of supply and demand. We do not, therefore, in England, require a strictly national system of education. But we do require the establishment of a system of schools, covering the whole country, by which there may be secured to the children of the lower orders such a minimum of education, if no more, as in the early part of this article we have endeavoured to describe. And the immediate necessity for such a system of schools arises even more from the prevalent want, in the homes of the lowest classes, of the moral influences of a Christian civilization, than from the gross defects of the schools for the poor which alone were, prior to the introduction of the present system of State inspection and aid, to be commonly met with. A work of elevation and moralization for a large section of the community is to be accomplished. Not only are Christian influences to be provided which the parents do not supply, but these influences are to be provided in order to neutralize, in a large proportion of cases, the counter influences of home and of society. Those are to be educated, whom no parents train in the fear of God, and whom no pastors have the opportunity of taking under their care. In schools intended to meet this want, religion must assuredly be the principal thing. The power of religious truth and motives must be the great lever with which to elevate those whose case is to be provided for. The force of religious character must be the great secret of the master's power to train and mould his scholars. The patience and love of Christian zeal and charity must be the prime qualifications for success in his work. The efficacy of his persuasion to control the will and change the bias must be derived from his own truly Christian

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spirit and purpose. A grand moral work is to be done only by great moral forces and appliances. There be no such appliances apart from definite Christian distinctively Christian powers.

There can, in our mind, be no doubt that not to make Christian truths and motives predominant in any system of training, must be a vital defect. Here, we think, is one of the weak places of the Canadian system. It is likely that, in many instances, the teachers in their schools are roughly Christian, without being denominational; and thus exercise a moral control over their scholars, but do not exert a directly and expressly Christian influence. Government Normal Schools,—the schools where the teachers who are to train others are themselves trained,—how fully prepared for their duty, as moral trainers, unless Christian instruction be mingled with their other education, and a specifically Christian spirit be made to inspire and regulate all the arrangements and departments of the college. In this country it is found by experience, that the power of Christian truth and life must be the master-force in a college, if it is to be eminently successful in its results. There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of one who imparts instruction both in the government returns as to the examinations in the training colleges, and the inspectors' reports as to the working of the day-schools of the different denominations, that on the whole, the most successful of the English colleges is that of the Wesleyans, over which the Rev. Mr. Ryland presides. It is certain that the Wesleyan schools are, on the most part, better attended, and that they attract more children at school more steadily and to a later age than any other schools. Their success in infant training is particularly eminent. One great secret of all this is, undoubtedly, the pervasive power of the Christian life as maintained in the Wesleyan Normal College. All the teachers are decided Christians; their religion, cheerful but practical, regulates all the arrangements of the college. Christianity rules in the College, and likewise in all the departments of the community. How powerfully, and yet how lovingly, this element is brought to bear on the students, may be seen in the address of any one who will read the Principal's admirable inaugural addresses, to the last of which, under the title *Power is Power*, we have already referred.

The work to be done in this country is, in fact, purely Christian and missionary work; the men and women who do it effectually need to be a 'religious order;' they need a special vocation for their work, and must understand the sense of this vocation, and of their Christian responsibility.

fulfil it; otherwise it will never be effectually done. No task-work in this department will ever be successful work; the teacher who performs his part in a perfunctory spirit will never be an efficient teacher. Nor is it even sufficient that the teacher should love the work in which he is engaged; he must love those whom he teaches. His soul full of Christian benevolence and 'yearning charity,' he must look through the eyes of the pupil into his heart; he must bring himself into relations of loving power and human sympathy with the 'inner man' of the child under his care; otherwise he will not be able to gain any advantage over the spirits of those who have been left to follow their own mere instincts, and have never received any training but that which is unchristian. Only a Christian teacher, who cleaves to his vocation from motives far higher than any that are merely secular and selfish, can be and do all this.

And the lower the teacher desires to reach in his endeavours to educate the rising population; the more morally needy and socially degraded is the class for the benefit of which his efforts are to be used; the more necessary, that is to say, and beneficent, whether looked at from a patriot's or a Christian's point of view, is his work and calling; the more absolutely requisite it is that he should possess these Christian qualities as a teacher. The work of education that England needs at this day, in order that she may possess a common people, intelligent, industrious, frugal, and moral, can only be accomplished by means of teachers themselves Christianly trained, and whose vocation it is, above all things, to train the children of the lower classes Christianly. Nor will any teachers of secular knowledge be so successful, other things being equal, as those who, with and before all besides, make it their study and their joy to be Christian teachers.

This reasoning about England is only partially applicable to the case of Scotland, whose parish schools have supplied to a great portion of her staple population, for centuries past, just that educational provision for want of which the English poor have been commonly so far inferior in intelligence and frugality to the Scotch. Many of these schools, however, have become insufficient, and stand now in the way of better, that might else be established. And besides, there is a certain portion of the population of the large Scotch towns degraded almost beyond comparison with London itself. So that there is some necessity in Scotland for a supply of schools and teachers such as we have last had in view. In Scotland, in fact, originated not only the celebrated Glasgow system of education, but Ragged Schools; and the operations of the Committee of Privy Council extend to Scotland as well as to England. Still our observations only

partially apply to that country, nor are they fully applicable to Ireland. Of course the Irish stood greatly in need of education at the time when, between twenty and thirty years ago, the National system was brought into operation. Yet there was not in Ireland any considerable class corresponding to that the needs of which have in this country compelled the modern educational movement. The remarks which we made some pages back as to the condition of the population in Canada apply, in one respect, to Ireland. The people there have never been irreligious. The Protestants in the south belong, all but universally, to classes the lowest of which is several grades above the common level of the Romanist population; and home and Church influences supply a Christianly moral element in the education of the children. If a stranger goes into a Protestant Sunday-school in the south of Ireland, he will find no children of the poor. The Sunday-school is, in fact, but a system of biblical and catechetical instruction for those who have no need to be taught to read or to be instructed in the first rudiments of faith and morals. To a considerable extent, also, with the exception that many of the children are from poor families, the case is the same in the manufacturing districts of the north, where among the Protestants Presbyterianism prevails, and where the Scotch element predominates. As to the Roman Catholics, whatever they may be, in Ireland as in Canada, they are not irreligious, nor is their religious instruction, such as it is, neglected by the priests. What was mainly wanted for Ireland, therefore,—wanted especially, almost exclusively, for the sake of the Romanist population,—was a free and efficient secular education, conducted by true, upright, honourable men, who held fast a sincere and fervent faith in the main Bible facts and moral principles of our common Christianity. All that the government could attempt to do was to improve the mental and moral staple, so far as that might lie in their power, of those whose Romanism was an imperative evil,—in the hope of thus in the end mitigating and elevating Irish Popery and the general Irish character. This, in our judgment, no intelligent and impartial inquirer, who takes all things duly into account, can long doubt that the National Schools have to a gratifying extent effected. The present improved and improving condition of Ireland is probably more due, ultimately, to this cause than to any other. We hold it to have been, indeed, a great and most mischievous mistake that, when the National scheme was first promulgated, under the direction of the late Prime Minister, the Protestant denominations of Ireland, headed by the Established Church and the Presbyterians, refused to do anything but oppose and denounce the measure.

Had they, instead of this, offered it their support and co-operation, on certain moderate and reasonable conditions, doubtless they might have added such provisions and guards to the system, and have brought such influence to the National Board, as would have prevented not a little evil, and insured a far larger amount of good. One strong point in favour of the system is that, equally by the bigoted Protestant party—and Irish Protestant bigotry, when of the genuine quality, is a ‘parlous thing,’ only to be paralleled in the opposite extreme of MacHalism or Cullenism—and by the Ultramontane Romanists, the National system has, from the beginning hitherto, been bitterly disliked. The Protestant bigots are, however, diminished in number, and have lowered their tone; the experience of twenty years having shown that the system was not absolutely the black and evil thing which they had painted it. The Romanist bigots, on the contrary, increase in number and become more fierce in their opposition and more exacting in their demands; for the natural and sufficient reason that they find that the system, notwithstanding all their chicane and management, all their adulteration of its teaching and methods, and all the influence in favour of Popery which they so zealously and ably infuse into it or combine with it, makes Romanists in Ireland too intelligent and inquiring and mentally independent, and prepares them, in many cases, to embrace Protestantism when they reach America. Both the Protestant and the Romanist bigots brought their combined influence to bear upon the late government, in order to induce them to extend to Ireland the present English system of grants in aid to denominational schools. Our most earnest hope is that they may not succeed in their design. Grants to exclusively Romanist schools in Ireland—where the influence of inspection could not tell as it does in this free country—would, in our judgment, be a very unhappy substitute for the present system. The methods and text-books of the Irish National Board are well known to be of the very first class; nor can they, under the present system, ever become generally Romanized; because the Presbyterians have, for some years past, seen it to be their wisdom, retracing the false step of former years, to connect themselves with the National system. Usually, too, the teachers are very efficiently trained. Nor can the revelations of the Phoenix conspiracy be fairly allowed to influence our general judgment on these points. At present, in neighbourhoods where the Presbyterian element predominates, the Irish National School is generally Presbyterian, and stands in connexion with the Presbyterian minister and congregation; but the Romanist children do not learn the Presbyterian cate-

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chism, nor attend when the minister is present. The neighbourhood is predominantly Romanist, the school is managed by the priest; but it is forbidden to require a Protestant to receive religious instruction. Sometimes there is in each town or parish a school for each communion. The Unitarians are highly satisfied with the bargain they have struck. Speaking generally, it may be said that in all cases the children are brought under direct and constant religious instruction and influence. The total education they receive is a secular education. The Irish universally may be said to be strictly attached either to church, meeting-house, or synagogue. There are in that island no infidel or religiously dissatisfied masses of population.

The peculiar case of England, we have shown, derives its origin in order to elevate the sensual and improvident character of a large portion of the lowest strata of society, and to give Christian education should be given by trained teachers to the children in the schools. At the same time we have seen that the responsibility of providing the religious element cannot be left to any one Church or denomination. The freedom and variety of religious life in this country is that being contemplated as possible. How then can the religious element in education be allowed its right place, its energy, direction, and regulation to the whole, and its equality be shown to any particular communion? An immediately obvious reply to this question would be, By a system of instruction in which, being catholic in principle, all denominations, or at any rate all Protestant denominations might unite in common. Unitarianism would not present much difficulty in the way of this, as those who are of this denomination are almost universally placed in the society which is above the need of elementary public instruction. And for the Jews provision might be made apart. And in conformity with this principle, the British and Foreign Society was established, originally in 1805, though at that time under its present name. The differences of religious opinion in this country are, however, too many and too strong to suffer such a system as this ever to become adequate to the needs of the country. The British and Foreign School Society has furnished a most valuable element in the recent progress of England; but its operations could not on the whole, lack the zeal, the energy, the religious enthusiasm requisite for a successful prosecution of the great work of bringing under training and instruction the ignorant and destitute multitudes of the rising population; nor could it be expected to obtain extensive support. Not very

Protestant Dissenters be brought to unite their labours on a common platform; and as to the Church joining the Dissenting combination, that of course was out of the question.

'If,' says Dr. Temple, 'it were possible to find in every district men belonging to each denomination, sufficiently interested in religious movements to be leaders in their respective communions, yet sufficiently large-minded to be superior to all prejudices, it is conceivable that managing committees on the comprehensive principle might be everywhere formed.....But everywhere to unite the officers of every denomination that might happen to be in a district, would be a hopeless undertaking. Above all, it is peculiarly difficult to unite in one bond the clergy of the Church with the preachers or ministers of Dissenting communities.'—*Oxford Essays*, 1856, p. 223.

The reason which Dr. Temple assigns for the last statement is a curious instance of unconscious inversion of facts and relations, under the influence of bias. 'The Dissenters,' he says, 'for many reasons are more hostile to the Church than to one another.' This statement is, no doubt, true; but surely it has nothing to do with the fact of which it is assigned as the reason. We never heard of Dissenting ministers generally refusing to meet Church clergymen on common Christian and philanthropic ground, and on equal terms. It is notoriously the clergy of the Establishment who, under such circumstances, make it their rule, with exceedingly rare exceptions, to refuse to meet the Dissenting ministers. The British and Foreign, or Comprehensive, system, however, for such reasons as have now been indicated, could never be the basis of a general system of public education.

There remained then no feasible plan for providing a system of national education in this country, except that which, under the sagacious guidance of Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, was actually adopted by the government. To this, in fact, the government was at last shut up by public opinion. Lord Melbourne's ministry had, in 1839, set forth the outline of a scheme which wore the general aspect of something like secularism, or of a very latitudinarian Christianity. On a calm review of the past, we do not believe that history will condemn the action of the Whig government in this matter. They were pledged to bring in a measure for the education of the lower classes of the people. Such a measure they saw clearly could not be based on the High-Church theory, which regarded the clergy of the Establishment as of right the educational executive of the nation. As professed liberals, and protectors of dissenting liberty, they in particular could never proceed in legislation on such a theory. There seemed, therefore, to be no alternative but to endeavour to make direct and definite provision only for secular instruction, and 'to protect the rights of conscience by securing perfect

liberty to the parent to select the school and to regulate the religious instruction of the child.' At the same time they sought to bespeak a general Christian character for their teaching, by 'distinguishing the instruction in religion as consisting of what was general, or what was accepted throughout Christendom as the foundation of Christian morality and doctrine; and secondly, of what was special, or of those matters of instruction which were the characteristic distinctions of separate communions.' On these principles they proposed to found, in the first instance, a Normal School, in order to feel their way and prepare their teachers, before proceeding to multiply their primary schools throughout the country. This scheme was heartily supported by a large proportion of the Baptists and Independents, but was opposed by the Church of England and the Wesleyans. The Anglican Church had an obvious special ground for opposing a scheme which ignored the assumed right of her clergy to be the educational executive of the State. But, besides this special ground, there was a common ground of objection to the proposed plan, which was strongly urged by both Churchmen and Wesleyans. These communions, again to quote Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 'regarded the school as the nursery of the congregation, in which its children and youth were to be trained, not simply in the rudiments of biblical and catechetical knowledge, but in those sentiments without which mental cultivation does not develope into a Christian life.'* Granting—and this would be, in our judgment, a prodigally candid and liberal concession—granting that the 'teacher might train his scholars in all the common rudiments of faith and duty, unexceptionably, under the guidance of local managers, representing our common Christianity;' granting that 'the managers might exercise the utmost vigilance against everything which could sap the foundations of our common faith;' and that 'this might be done universally with success, and without reproach;' still, says Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 'the doubt remained whether such a training would as effectually prepare the scholars for those acts of worship which are, in the great mass of the people, not simply significant external signs, but the means by which a religious life is fostered.' Not staying to criticize the peculiarity of the language in these last-quoted clauses,—but merely remarking, in passing, that those 'acts of worship,' in public and private, are the most potent means of purifying and reforming the inmost character, as we believe, of all men, whatever their rank or education,—we heartily accept and adopt the able speaker's

* Our quotations, here and elsewhere, from Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth's Address at the Centenary Hall are taken from a full and accurate Report contained in the *Watchman* newspaper, for May 11th, 1859.

conclusion, that 'the doubt was legitimate and genuine.' We do not, we repeat, join with those who censure the government of 1839 for their action in this matter; but we feel assured that the ground of objection, as now stated, which was taken by Churchmen, Wesleyans, and, we must add, by a portion of the Congregational Dissenters, was solid and tenable. The instincts of evangelical conservatism did not, in this case, mislead; the sagacity of the Church leaders of the agitation against the government proposal was not at fault. 'The proposal of the government met with so general an opposition that, notwithstanding the desire which probably existed in the House of Commons to take the first step towards founding a common school, it was felt that this plan could not be carried into execution. The ministry itself staggered under the blow which the opposition (in the storm of reprobation excited by this proposal) was enabled to inflict upon it.' Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth himself—who no doubt had a principal share in the preparation of the government scheme, and who had published anonymously a semi-official pamphlet in exposition of the grounds and principles of what was proposed—bore the brunt of a most virulent controversy. In particular, his pamphlet was assailed with great violence in a Charge of the redoubtable Henry Bishop of Exeter. In 1843, the Conservative party, through the medium of Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, brought forward a proposal for providing a measure of public education—on behalf of factory children—on the principle, not of religious equality, but of religious toleration, the Church of England being regarded as the ordinary and peculiarly authorized educators of the people. This measure—but coldly supported by Churchmen, because it went so far in the direction of religious toleration as to recognise the right of Dissenting parents to defend their children, if they thought good, against enforced religious instruction by the Anglican clergy—evoked a perfect tempest of agitation among Dissenters of every class throughout the community. Thus warned back by the voice of the people from attempting to establish a system of national education on the foundation either of a latitudinarian indifferentism or of High-Church exclusivism, the educational officers of the State were compelled to examine carefully their position, and to study the development and tendencies of the national life of the English people, so far as regarded the matter of education.

They found that the tide of denominationalism had set strongly in. To attempt to establish a national system on the platform of the British and Foreign School Society was out of the question, for the reasons lately assigned by us. Indeed, that Society itself 'encountered embarrassment, by the growth, among

its chief supporters, of the principle of denominational action.' For the zeal of the Establishment in the multiplying of National Schools had awakened the Dissenting denominations to a perception of the fact, that the time was come when the Church must look to the day-school to accomplish what, with very gratifying, yet after all only partial, success, it had in the former generation endeavoured to accomplish by means of the Sunday School. It had become manifest that, as society advanced in wealth and culture, and as the nation was stirred more deeply from year to year by an all-awakening energy, the standard of the Church's culture must be raised; that as secular intelligence spread, as cheap literature was multiplied, as wages increased, and as worldly temptations and influences became more numerous and powerful, the Church's Christian education must become more systematic, penetrating, and pervasive. The schoolmaster must stand by the side of the clergyman; the day-school by the side of the church. In 1805 or 1808* had been established, on unsectarian principles, the 'Royal Lancasterian Institution,' afterwards known as the British and Foreign School Society. In 1811 was established the 'National Society for promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.' The clergy of the Establishment had the sagacity to discern, before most others, the 'signs of the times.' Wesleyan Methodism, in 1811, had not yet settled into a distinctive form of Church communion, and therefore not assumed its comprehensive duties. Dissenters were not yet awake to the advantages offered to them by the rising 'spirit of the age,' and were altogether deficient in denominational zeal and organization. But the leaders of the educational movement in the Anglican Church saw that the season was coming which would make day-schools to be at once their necessity and their opportunity. Between 1801 and 1811, the Church of England had established 350 schools; in the period 1811-1821 she established 756; in 1821-1831, 897; in 1831-1841, 2,002; in 1841-1851, 3,448. In 1846, when the present system of denominational aid was just about to commence, she had 17,015 schools, with 955,865 scholars, of which schools 6,798, containing 526,754 scholars, were connected with the National Society. At that date there were scarcely any Protestant day-schools besides in England, except those of the British and Foreign School Society. The Wesleyan Methodists at that time had but about 70 day-schools altogether, most of them small and inefficient. In 1851, the number of children in Church schools would seem to have been less than in 1846, there being, according to the census, 929,474

* Mr. Mann says 1808; Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, 1805.

scholars in 10,555 schools, of which 3,995 schools, containing 493,876 scholars, were numbered as National Schools. Yet in 1851, notwithstanding the augmented zeal and activity, during five years' operation of the Minutes of Council, of the various Dissenting denominations, we find that there were in all England only 1,188,786 scholars in day-schools, in any degree supported by religious bodies. So that the Church of England had in her schools 78 per cent. of all the children educated in religious day-schools. In 1846 she must have had more than 80 per cent., or four-fifths of all. Since 1851, however, it would appear that the Church of England has fully recovered, or more than recovered, its ground. According to the returns published by the National Society, 'the entire number of children attending week-day schools belonging to the Church in 1857 was 1,187,086, as compared with 955,865 in 1847.' If this statement is accurate, it seems to suggest that the returns for 1851 can hardly have been complete.

This being the state of affairs, it is no wonder that the Non-conformist bodies had begun to feel the need of standing upon the defensive, and providing denominational day-schools of their own. It was plain that, unless they did this, there was some danger lest the strictly Church-of-England education given to the children of their people—to four-fifths of the children taught in religious day-schools in England—should before very long supplant their peculiar principles in the popular mind, and leave them only to be upheld by a certain portion of the middle class. Accordingly, in 1843, the 'Congregational Board of Education' was founded. And in the same year the Wesleyan Methodists raised a fund of £20,000, and began to devote to educational purposes the proceeds of a yearly collection. The Educational Committee of this body had, however, commenced its operations in 1839.

At length, in 1846, under the ministry of Lord John Russell, the Educational Committee of Privy Council came forth with a fresh scheme, the fruit of some years' study of principles and of the religious and social condition and tendencies of England. The able and accomplished secretary had not passed through controversies, and made unsuccessful attempts, to no profit. His philosophic sagacity and his earnestness of benevolent purpose had helped him to devise a plan which, if not, in its first outline and scope, perfect or all-sufficient, was safe, practicable, adapted to meet the wants of the denominations, economical for the public purse, likely to be pre-eminently efficient so far as it could be brought into operation, capable of indefinite development, and probably not incapable of admitting into harmonious incorporation with itself all the spontaneous powers and re-

sources of whatever boards or bodies might afterwards appear to have any authority or responsibility in regard to the Christian education of citizen-children. The plan was truly English in its character. It availed itself of existing organizations, and of already awakened zeal; its scope was to graft the new upon the old; to quicken, to develope, to regulate, to enlarge, but not to extirpate or abolish.

Past controversies, to quote once more from the highest living authority upon these points, had—

‘left the impression that the convictions expressed by the religious communions of England were entitled to more respect in such a matter than even the will of the civil power. The civil government had done little or nothing for the education of the people since the foundation of the Grammar-schools, chiefly in the days of Edward and Elizabeth. The religious communions had, towards the latter end of the last century, founded, and had since with remarkable zeal and success greatly extended and improved, the Sunday-schools of England and Wales. Such elementary Day-schools as existed owed their origin to the same zeal of Christian congregations. These schools were for the most part supported by congregational subscriptions and collections, managed by the ministers and principal laymen, and conducted by a teacher appointed by them. The number of these schools was to be weighed against their comparative inefficiency. Their resources in school-pence and subscriptions formed no insignificant contribution towards the cost of a new national institution, which could not be supported in efficiency without the annual outlay of millions. The zeal of the managers, the vigilance of the ministers, the character and motives of the teachers, were such as might be brought into successful comparison with those of any body of civil functionaries. If, therefore, the age was not ripe for a school common to our religious faith, was it not required from a statesman to accept the aid of this religious organization, in order to make it the means of giving an education which should ultimately eradicate the barbarism of ignorance from our people?’

The decision of Lord John Russell’s Cabinet was in the affirmative, and the Secretary of the Committee of Council was ready with his scheme. Much preliminary work had already been accomplished during the seven years of stirring controversy which had preceded. ‘In the background inquiries had been diligently pursued; a school of method had been tried; the training of pupil-teachers in a model school, and in a college, had been experimentally tested. Each portion of the matter of instruction and various methods had been examined, under circumstances which prepared public opinion for future action.’ The result was the publication, under government and Parliamentary sanction, of the celebrated *Minutes of Council of 1846*,

—a noble and enduring monument of the philosophic and statesmanlike ability of their chief author, and the greatest boon to England which any one hand has prepared, or any one Cabinet conferred, during the present generation. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of a measure which has 'reconciled the denominational system with civil and religious liberty, and added the fervour of religion to the foresight of the State, in providing and giving efficiency to the common schools of this country.'

These Minutes have been welcomed with gratitude by all religious denominations in this country. Only the secularists and the ultra-voluntaryists are opposed to them. The National Board and the Roman Catholics made hard terms with the Government, and succeeded in obtaining too much concession to their principles of priestly prerogative. In consenting to aid in the work of denominational education, it is undoubtedly the duty of the State to secure the rights of civil and religious liberty, the development of lay co-operation and influence, that the teacher shall not be the mere creature and unconditional servant of the clergyman, minister, or priest. The State is bound, within its sphere of action or influence, to preserve the spirit of a regulated, but real, liberty everywhere; and to see to it that no school be helped by its money which does not teach and train the scholars as free men. Liberty of thought and liberty of conscience are principles which must regulate the methods and mechanism of every English public school. We doubt whether, in the cases referred to, the government, firmly as they contended for these principles during a protracted correspondence, ought at length to have yielded so far as they did. But, nevertheless, we confess that we have no scruples of conscience as to the aid of Roman Catholic schools under these Minutes. If the government have not maintained all that they should have done, they have yet gained a good deal. Schools assisted by their aid, managed according to their regulations, and visited by their inspectors, cannot after all be mere seminaries of ignorant and bigoted Popery, such as Romanist schools would otherwise have been. The effect of government interference and oversight is, *pro tanto*, anti-Popish. The Roman Catholics educated in these establishments must grow up, as a class, more imbued with the spirit of liberty and more accessible to a wholesome public opinion, than if they had been taught in ordinary Popish schools. Hence the dread with which the existence of these schools has inspired some of the bigoted Romanist party in this country. The very methods of education required in the public schools are antagonistic to the spirit of an abject, ignorant, besotted Popery. Let any one consider the

case of the tens of thousands of Irish in the large towns of Lancashire, what they have been and are, and what their children were growing up to be, and then consider whether an education at schools under government inspection will not make this stratum of society not only more intelligent, but more loyal and less virulently Romanist, than if they had only known such low-caste Popish influence as they had previously been liable to. This case is precisely the opposite of that of Maynooth, where government gives money, not to train children to be free and loyal citizens, but to make citizens into disloyal priests, owing allegiance to a foreign prince-priest; and where government exercises no power of visitation and inspection as to morals, methods, or matter of instruction. If indeed it were compulsory on the children of any district, not being Romanists, to attend Romanist schools, that would be an intolerable evil. But none send their children to these schools *but* Romanists or indifferentists. The parent, not being a Romanist, who sends his child to a Romanist school, does so merely because he so chooses. In so doing, he proves himself to be a religious indifferentist, a practical unbeliever or a callous latitudinarian; and the child of such a parent will not be taught a worse religion than his father's, even though he be taught at a Roman Catholic school.

In this already greatly overgrown article we cannot enter into any details respecting the working of the Minutes of 1846. A few general remarks only we may make. The British and Foreign School Society has shared largely in its aid. We presume that this Society, and other unsectarian institutions of a similar character, educate nearly 100,000 children. The Wesleyans have, of late years, greatly increased, and very remarkably improved, their school operations. They have now about 60,000 scholars in their schools; and their one Normal College, upon the perfecting of which they have bestowed unstinted pains and liberality, is, by the unanimous testimony of Her Majesty's Inspectors, and of such judges as Mr. Cowper (late Minister of Education) and Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, a model of completeness and excellence. But still the Church of England bears away immensely in advance of all competitors, having from thirty-five to forty Normal Colleges, some of them of eminent excellence and efficiency, as, for instance, *Battersea*, and *Whitlands*, (the only drawback in these being High Churchism,) the *Home and Colonial*, and *Cheltenham* Colleges. Altogether,—

'this great act of concord between the Committee of Council on Education, and the religious communions of Great Britain, has already

issued in the apprenticeship of 24,000 pupil teachers, of whom 14,000 are at present serving as apprentices in day-schools,—(the majority of the rest having entered training colleges and become teachers,)—in the foundation of forty training colleges, containing 8,000 students, now chiefly Queen's scholars who have passed through five years' apprenticeship in a day-school,—in the settlement in charge of day-schools of 10,426 teachers holding certificates of merit, of whom 6,814 are now in receipt of augmentations of stipend from the government,—and in an annual supply of about 1,000 teachers who have had two years' education in a training college, and have nearly all likewise served as apprentices. In support of this great and growing machinery of elementary education, the annual parliamentary grant has risen to £663,433; and it is probable that Sunday, and day, and evening schools are supported at a cost of about two millions of annual outlay from all sources.'

Nevertheless, it is possible that the plan of education by denominational zeal and government aid is not yet fully mature and complete. It can never be superseded, that is certain. The State is indebted to it to the amount of the immense sums voluntarily contributed, but still more for the voluntary zeal, the sagacity, the educational enthusiasm, the truly missionary spirit, the baptism of Christian life and love, which no money could purchase, no civil or municipal elections insure, no State training impart. Government owes to denominational zeal the basis on which it has been building, and the success it has achieved. It can never venture to think of setting all this aside. But yet the demand upon the central national exchequer is growing rapidly larger. Mr. Adderley (the late Minister of Education) and Lord J. Russell say that it cannot proceed much farther; and still half the work remains to be done. As yet the most truly destitute places are not touched;—for government requires cent. per cent. for that which it grants;—the children of the lowest strata have not been gained; the selfishness of parents still remains the great obstacle in the way of the education of the children; the landowners, farmers, and manufacturers, most bound to contribute to the work of educating their people, often contribute little or nothing; the resources of voluntarism have been taxed, in certain directions, until they can hardly be expected to yield much more,—so at least it is said by high authorities. What then is to be done? We have some notions of our own upon these points; but our wisdom will be to await the report of Her Majesty's Commission of Inquiry before we express our views. That report, as we understand, will be issued in a few months, and will substantially recommend the continuance of the present system,—a few modifications only being made.

THE public have learned to look upon filial biographies as one of their trials. It is often said of a son, that it was well for him that his father was born before him; and it may sometimes be said of a father, that it was ill for him that his sons were born after him. Who lived a life which the best portion of the English people would better love to keep in perpetual remembrance, than William Wilberforce? but his sons buried him. And Adam Clarke, whose character and history were both fitted to sustain permanent interest, lay for a quarter of a century in a family tomb, and has only just been restored to the society of living men by Dr. Etheridge. Yet sons are not the only persons who consign worthy memories to rapid oblivion. Many a noble life is deeply buried in a literary grave, dug by professional hands. And when a son does write the life of his father well, it is the best of all biographies. By the affection which he brings to the work, it gains more in animation than it loses in impartiality, provided always he is blessed with talent and judgment; without which all bookmaking is weary work, and the Life of a great man the weariest, perhaps, of all. Who ever lays down Buxton's Life without feeling that his son has enabled us to see 'what sort of a person his father was,' more naturally and perfectly than any one else could have done? And that simple description of a biographer's aim, just quoted from Mr. Charles Buxton, is as good a hint as to what ought to be before the mind, as need be given.

Whatever happens to the new specimen of filial biography now before us, it will not be unread. Few will begin it without going to the end. It will not heavily tax their reflection, their temper, or their patience. They will not find it too deep, or too high, or too long. They will find it full of pith, and very unlike most biographies. The standard idea of the life of a man who has only just left us, and whose ties and associations are all fresh and living, is, that it should be a profile in black,—a one-sided view of him, without a bit of life colouring. Now Mr. Bunting has not been imbued with this proper idea; indeed, he seems as if it had never occurred to him; and as if he just sat down, without consulting precedents, to draw a life-size portrait of his father, coloured, and clad, and all but breathing. He also sets the frame of his picture all round with miniatures of his father's friends, some of them most striking likenesses, all

lively and well coloured, the whole making an original but fascinating accompaniment to the main figure, which, as sitting after sitting is given, comes out by degrees, and promises to be a good likeness; but, at least, will be an interesting study. At the end of this first volume, we suppose, the work is half done; and we can only conjecture what the effect of further labours upon it will be. We must, therefore, be content with our impression that it is very like him as he then was.

Some may think that, for the sake of literary completeness, we ought to have waited till the final volume of the work appeared. It may be so, in an artistic point of view. But a man does not wait to complete his own development before he begins to act, for the sake of doing so, at least, with his highest power; and so we shall, in this case, allow impulse to carry it against æsthetics. The youth and early manhood of one who long held the chief place in the religious body which, in point of numbers, ranks second in England, first in America, and at least second in the British Colonies, ought to be a sufficient study for any intelligent, and especially for any public, man. But for all who take a deep interest in religious movements, feeling them to be the root of all real progress on earth, and the foretoken of a brighter land and society, the years in which one so prominent in them was trained and put to his early tests, must offer material for much thought.

The book is a story, told like a story, with many little stories wrapped in the folds of the great one. One is put on easy terms with the narrator and his hero at once: for the latter is not 'the subject of this memoir,' or the 'distinguished man whose biography he attempts,' or even 'Dr. Bunting,' but just 'my father;' and the former is not 'the writer,' nor 'the author,' nor even 'we,' but simple 'I.' It is a singularity of our English tongue that people fancy that, in avoiding the most natural form of speech, they avoid egotism. Instead of saying, 'I saw' or 'heard,' we have a long phrase, in writing which the mind can only be occupied with the one idea of preserving self from the appearance of being egotistic; whereas, had the straightforward word been used, self would not have had a moment's attention. Egotism is shown not by saying 'I' when one ought; but by attending to self, or obtruding self, when one ought not. Think of a boy telling his comrade that John Thomas gave 'the narrator of this incident a black eye!' or that 'the speaker' gave his sister an apple! Our capital 'I' is a mechanical bugbear, which frightens many good men, who are far enough from being egotistical, into round-about forms of speech, which they would never adopt, if, as in Italian, we

expressed the pronoun and verb in one word ; or, as in French, had a quiet little pronoun that would attract no more attention than 'he' or 'it.'

This is Mr. Bunting's opening paragraph :—

'Of my Father's ancestors, so far back as I can trace them, the Heralds can tell me nothing. I read in quiet churchyards, in the Peak of Derbyshire, the simple story that they were born and died. In that secluded district, a land of moor and mist, they tilled the soil, or wrought painfully beneath the ground for the sustenance denied them by its sterile surface.'—Page 1.

The same ease and naturalness shown in speaking of family matters is at once felt in regard to religious ones. An outspoken Methodist, the author uses 'his mother-tongue' as writing for those that understand him. He evidently feels that, in the Methodists, he is addressing an audience spread over, and mixed with, the whole Anglo-Saxon world ; and that, if others do not quite understand his terms and allusions, they are not to impose fetters on him. The following tells how Dr. Bunting came by his name of Jabez :—

'Mary Redfern, my Father's Mother, was the first Methodist of her family. She was awakened, (once for all, I crave leave to use my own Methodist mother-tongue,) rather by the sight, than by the hearing, of a strange man, who stood in the village-street at Monyash, and earnestly exhorted sinners to repentance. Her lot in early youth had been hard, and she had done her duty well ; for her Mother was hopelessly infirm, and she, the eldest sister, had been the nurse and guardian of eight younger children. Yet she contrasted the manifest sincerity of the man she watched with her own conscious want of a worthy aim in life ; and was first startled, and then subdued by the reflection. Street-preaching has now become common. Who knows what good—or evil—may be done by the manner, air, and obvious aim of the Preacher ?

'But Mary Redfern's conversion was to be connected still more closely with the Missionary spirit of Methodism. And with what a Mission !

"Q. 13. We have a pressing call," say the Minutes of the Conference for 1769, "from our Brethren at NEW YORK, who have built a preaching-house, to come over and help them. Who is willing to go ?

"A. RICHARD BOARDMAN and Joseph Pilmoor.

"Q. 14. What can we do further, in token of our brotherly love ?

"A. Let us now make a collection among ourselves.

"This was immediately done ; and, out of it, fifty pounds were allotted towards the payment of their debt, and about twenty pounds given to our Brethren for their passage."

'One afternoon, soon after this Conference, Richard Boardman, with

some portion of the twenty pounds in his pocket, travelled, on horse-back, through the Peak of Derbyshire, on the road from his previous Circuit in the Dales of Yorkshire and of Durham, by way of Bristol, to New York. When he reached Monyash, he asked whether there were any Methodists in the place, and was directed to a cottager, who gladly received him for the night. Of course, he preached. Who can wonder that, as he pursued his solitary journey, the heart of the Missionary to America, saddened by the recent loss of his wife, dwelt devoutly on words like these,—“AND JABEZ WAS MORE HONOURABLE THAN HIS BRETHREN; AND HIS MOTHER CALLED HIS NAME JABEZ, SAYING, BECAUSE I BARE HIM WITH SORROW. AND JABEZ CALLED ON THE GOD OF ISRAEL, SAYING, OH THAT THOU Wouldest BLESS ME INDEED, AND ENLARGE MY COAST, AND THAT THINE HAND MIGHT BE WITH ME, AND THAT THOU Wouldest KEEP ME FROM EVIL, THAT IT MAY NOT GRIEVE ME! AND GOD GRANTED HIM THAT WHICH HE REQUESTED.” (1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.)—Pp. 8, 9.

It was a touching and, to the lad, deeply impressive echo of this text, when, for the first time, he received that ‘ticket’ which is so much prized among the Methodists, as the token of their Church membership, and found that it bore these words: ‘Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed,...and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil!’

‘This was his text when he preached that evening; “and God granted him,” even then, in fit measure, “that which he requested.” From that sermon, Mary Redfern “learned the way of God more perfectly;” and she soon afterwards found “peace with God.” The “sorrowful” name in the text thus became associated, in her mind, with her highest “joy and gladness;” and, ten years afterwards, she gave it to her first and only son, a solemn record of her pious gratitude, and a presage, not then understood, of his future character and history.’—Page 9.

Of the Doctor’s father we have this account:—

‘In 1778, Mary Redfern, after a long courtship, was married to William Bunting, then settled as a tailor in Manchester. The notices preserved of him are scanty. In person, he was tall and thin, pale-faced, and very bald. He is described by some as a man of great shrewdness; by others as not of strong intellect. He, too,—it is not known by what means,—had become firmly attached to the new sect. It is said that he warmly espoused the cause of the French revolutionists; but this sympathy was shared by many tailors, and by some philosophers. There is no doubt that he was, even in those days, a thorough Radical. But he kept his politics to himself, and was known to the world around him only as a quiet and godly man, who worked hard for his family, with but little profit.’—Pp. 10, 11.

The mother survived her husband many years; and, before her son was married, he gave her half his income; and after-

wards 'took upon him the sole charge of eking out her scanty resources.' She lived long enough to see his usefulness reach its zenith; and then, 'six weeks before her death, she went to bed for the last time; and there lay, conversing and singing about Christ and heaven, until her end.' If the following description be correct, those who knew her son will say, that the rule that sons 'take after the mother,' found no exception in his case: 'She was a woman of excellent judgment, quick perception, firm will, and very active habits; and, if somewhat haughty, was yet of a generous and tender spirit.'

As the last century was drawing to a close, the wonderful religious movement, which was its most fruitful event, was approaching a new stage. Historians would as yet deny, that the great Christian revival of the eighteenth century was its most pregnant contribution to the future history of mankind. They would point to the French philosophy, and its thunderous issue, the great Revolution. But even already, above the horizon of secular history, an influence begins to loom, which the unpractised eyes of secular men do not yet, but will soon be compelled to, recognise as mightier and more world-wide than that which it rose to counteract. True that the revolutionary philosophy struck its roots under every palace in Europe, and, with seemingly supernatural growth, shook them all, destroying some. True that it wrought wonderful civil and social changes on the Continent, and that its effect may be traced now in the mental condition of all countries which have Romanism for their nominal creed, and also in many thoughts and movements in Protestant lands. But it has already called back the despotism it overthrew, and re-habilitated for the support of this the superstitions at which it scoffed. The new religious life, called into existence in England contemporaneously, has, on the contrary, steadily advanced against all opponents. It has wonderfully transformed the British people, and assured to itself the future rule of the United States and British Colonies. It has made notable conquests from slavery, heathenism, and intolerance. The empires of India, China, and Turkey, have been brought into train to experience its influence, to an extent of which the two latter have as yet no perception. Even France has, unconsciously to its masses, but with perfect consciousness on the part of its Protestants, and of a few of its higher thinkers, felt its warming and elevating power. Sweden is now awaking; and Italy itself is not without an undercurrent of feeling traceable to the same source.

The Methodist fathers, of different sections and shades, who had been the instruments of this renewal of the youth of

Christianity, one by one, went to their reward, as the century they had illuminated drew to an end. The foremost of them in character and influence was the last upon the stage. John Wesley lived long enough to give his own blessing to an unconscious babe in Manchester, which was destined to wield an influence over that portion of the new race of earnest Christians who adhered to his discipline, second only to his own.

Hereafter the historian, curious, and even greedy, as to information respecting the springs of that social revolution, which his brethren, who lived near enough to see, treated as too inconsiderable to be surveyed, will find in the tales of Jabez Bunting's boyhood and youth a fair specimen of the moral atmosphere created by the new order of things. Rapid hints of the dark condition of the generation in which the boy's parents had grown up, are followed by glimpses of their own pure and lively piety; by sketches of friends who laboured in spreading, or flourished in experiencing, spiritual life; by notices of the meetings and ordinances which produced deep and permanent impressions on the opening mind of the lad,—in this the type of tens and tens of thousands; and of the noble and blessed old men, who, under the quaint garb and the despised name of Methodist Preachers, were doing a work unheeded by statesmen and scholars, which was, nevertheless, to tell on the future *morale* of the British race, more than the Bills of the one, or the dissertations of the other. To the mere reader, this part of the book will be novel and racy; to the Methodist, very homelike; to many families in and around Manchester, most kindly and comforting; and to the man who studies life at its fountains, full of hints and glimpses,—glimpses into the region not dark, but filled with luminous haze, where the two streams of religious and social life have their proximate, if not common springs.

Among the remarkable men whose preaching went into the young soul of Jabez Bunting, and left there seeds of actions whereof the fruits will never wither, we will select a single sketch,—that of one whom the great public of England have not yet learned to know; but whose image, even to this day, is borne on the hearts of hundreds of the best men and women in the land, as vividly as if traced by a supernatural light; and whose religious influence upon this country, and throughout the whole British and missionary world, has been greater than any one could trace. A hundred of the ephemeral celebrities of literature or politics pass away, without leaving in the world an influence so great as one whom the London clubs or journalists do not know,—Joseph Benson. They leave behind some

admirers; he left, according to good and sufficient evidence, literally thousands of 'his own children in the Gospel,' burning with zeal, and fruitful in good works.

'There, then, he stood before his people, from Sabbath to Sabbath, a pale and slender man; of a presence melancholy, and all but mean; with a voice feeble, and, as he raised it, shrill, and with a strange accent, caught in his native Cumberland; his body bending, as beneath "the burden of the Lord;" his gesture uncouth, and sometimes grotesque;—the general impression of the whole scarcely redeemed, at first sight, by the high, clear forehead, firm nose, and steady eye, which his portraits have preserved to posterity. But the man was seen no more, when, having announced his message, he proceeded to enforce it. Dr. Chalmers once said to my Father, concerning a plain Methodist preacher, whose memory still lingers pleasantly in the hearts of many brethren and children in the Lord, and who laboured for some years in Glasgow,—“I like your GEORGE THOMPSON;—he goes about saving souls *in such a business-like manner*.” Benson, in higher degree, had this habitual purpose and faculty. He was a sound and learned expositor of Holy Scripture: and, in the opinion of those competent to judge, his Commentary still perpetuates his usefulness. Making the best use of this prime advantage, he then resorted to, applied, and exhausted all the legitimate arts and powers of the Christian Pulpit. He explained, argued, and taught: but he also warned, remonstrated, entreated, and wept; until, often, throwing down the weapons his spent strength could wield no longer, he fell on his knees, and vented his full heart in reverent prayer; while vast congregations quailed or melted under the spell of this last appeal to a resistless energy, and, as with one voice, cried,—but not aloud—for instant mercy.—I heard my Father preach, more than once, on the text which bids us always to be ready to give a reason for our hope “with meekness and fear;” and he delivered the last sentences of the sermon with much solemnity of voice and manner. They vividly described the profound abasement and awe which rest subduingly upon professor and profane, when special influence accompanies the preaching of the Truth, and, “pricked in their heart,” multitudes inquire, “Men and brethren, what must we do?” These sentiments reflected the scenes and impressions of his own awakening. Many were at that time “added to the Lord,” who became the strength and the ornament of Methodism in Manchester. And Jabez Bunting called Joseph Benson his spiritual father.’—Pp. 31-34.

Such were the masters under whom Jabez Bunting learned the art of the Christian preacher; men less polished than the national clergy of their day, but far more deeply read in Christian lore, and, as a rule, much superior in natural talent; but, above all, men who lived in prayer and holy labour; who loved the souls and bodies of men, till their own poor frames

were unsparingly worn out; and who glowed with one passion,—that of saving souls.

In our last number, we had occasion to express regret that the historian of the Serampore fathers had not clearly traced the conversion of any one of them, so as to present the real history of the soul in its decisive crisis. This fault cannot be found with the book before us. Without either tediousness or affectation, it narrates the course of inward feeling by which the bright Manchester boy became changed into the happy and zealous Christian. At the same time the educational and social influences which contributed to fit him for his future position are well told.

At school—a school frequented by boys above his own station—he had made a friendship which attracted to him the notice of the most eminent physician in Manchester. Dr. Percival took him into his family as a pupil; and, being a laborious author, employed him also as amanuensis. The chapter devoted to this worthy man and his family, by the son of his *protégé*, is one of the most pleasing in the book, and thus concludes:—

‘Edward Percival, my Father’s early friend, after practising, with much distinction, as a physician in Bath, died in great peace, in the year 1819. “I have no *spiritual* pains,” he said, when the last languors crept over his weary frame; “and that is something for a dying man to feel.” Three of his children sleep in Binstead churchyard, in the Isle of Wight. Edward, his eldest son, an officer in the Bengal Artillery, closed his life with the words with which David closed the twenty-third Psalm; Thomas, the next in age, with those of Job,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth;” and Anne, a married daughter, quoted from the same Psalm as that which had cheered the death-bed of her eldest brother,—“Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” The grave of Elizabeth Sophia, “sixth and last surviving child,” and of her first-born, is sealed with this text,—“To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”’—Pp. 51, 52.

Mr. Bunting decided to part from Dr. Percival, under a clear conviction that it was his duty to choose the life of a Methodist preacher, instead of the first-rate professional career to which his talents had induced his patron to offer him a very flattering opening; and the letter in which he intimated his determination is creditable in every respect to master and pupil. He was still young; but, as the biographer says, ‘a man ripe for the business of life; with well-trying tools, in well-skilled hands, ready for use in whatever kind of speculative or practical labour he might be called to follow. Best of all sciences, he had learned thoroughly how to work.’ Yes, he had early learned and set himself to work. We do not know that he was ever called to speculative labour,

and we never saw proof that his gifts or tastes would lead him to it. His mature age yielded no evidences of anything of the kind. The traces of his youth produced in this volume, confirm, to an extent we did not anticipate, the general impression that he showed a want of speculative and imaginative powers, almost incredible in a mind so capacious and impassioned. But for practical work he had such a mind and body as few men were ever blessed with. His power of endurance was great: no matter how anxious the subject, how complex or heterogeneous the details, how barren of interest or how harassing the inquiry, he seemed only to grow livelier and fresher, as hours wore others down. And this was not the easy work of a cold man, who is capable of long application because he has no fires to burn him out. Warmer blood than his never ran; a set of stronger or more vivacious feelings never habitually owned or occasionally challenged the sway of a regal judgment, and the chastening power of the grace of God. Then, as for apprehension, he was one of those who see all objects within their horizon rapidly and distinctly, when others have only begun to catch glimpses and inquire, 'What is this?' and, 'What is that?' He always got credit for seeing as far and as soon into men, as into affairs and arguments; but this we doubt. We do not believe that it was possible to impose upon him a wrong view of any question, within his own range of knowledge and thought, which he took pains to master. We doubt whether it was not possible for a specious and supple man to gain a place in his opinion to which he had no title. His power of language was not inferior either to his application or understanding. In this respect, the early specimens of his writing contained in the volume do not do him justice. They are very good compositions, without the faults of youth; sensible, stately, and smacking strongly of the eighteenth century; indeed, might have been written by an elderly statesman or retired judge. The English tongue does not here wait with alacrity upon the pen of the lad, as we were wont to witness it wait upon the lips of Jabez Bunting; when its words and turns, its shades and idioms, all seemed to rejoice in serving him, as they would not other men.

In the extracts from his journal, though only a few years later in date, there is a pleasing progress; much more freedom, and, consequently, much more point. The former correctness is not lost; in fact, it has been so carefully practised, that it is becoming an unconscious habit. We fancy, and, perhaps, it is only a fancy, that in the letters of the same period as the journal quotations, there are more traces of attention to the turn of the period, and consequently less heart and effectiveness.

But if we be right, it would argue the vigilance with which he watched and disciplined his style: and the whole shows plainly what the discipline he needed was. His youth did not suffer from an excess of poetry, requiring constant care to reduce his ornament and subdue his splendour, in order to attain the sober strength of practical life. Sobriety and strength were natural to him; and he only needed variety and accuracy of expression to give them due effect. It will be curious to see, hereafter, as later specimens of his writing and, especially, as his sermons appear, whether they retain the rotund character of his early memoranda, or break out into the vivacious, but commanding, the lucid, but impetuous style which marked his eloquence as uncommon even among great men.

We shall not, however, be surprised if all his productions which may appear, would still leave his name to be added to the list of celebrities, whose fame is not fully understood by those who did not personally know them. In every character the man ought to form the chief part: in speakers it must be so. With writers the productions make the impression, and if they be powerful, the man himself may be contemptible, without losing public influence. But in the speaker, the man,—his person, voice, air, and that indescribable expression of himself, of his heart and qualities, which presence alone can convey, all go to affect the value of his words. In Dr. Bunting's case, the man was very notable. We have no doubt that, when a boy, in Manchester, no educated person would talk to him for a quarter of an hour without feeling his superiority. Not that his conversation was brilliant, but that an air of mental and moral power, of substance, sense, and worth, of unmistakeable manliness, told you instantly that you had to do with no common person. As life advanced, and as he reached the height of his strength, no man of mind could have heard him, for five minutes, in public, without feeling certain that whoever he might be, he had stores of talent at call. This would have been the case, even had his observations been nothing remarkable in themselves: but if the subject, by its difficulty, called his strength of mind into play, or, by its interest, touched his feelings, tokens would multiply that he was a great man; and if it drew him out in full force, the observer would pronounce him a wonderful one. In all speech, that which goes deepest into the audience, is not the words, but some perception and feeling of the man who stands behind them. That feeling is communicated in ways we cannot tell: some—few, very few, can do it without presence—can breathe the spirit of speech upon their paper; but it is a rare and unaccountable power. The vast majority of great speakers,—

that is, of men who are heard not for entertainment, but with deference and pleasure for practical purposes, for the formation of opinions, or the guidance of conduct,—send through tones and looks, through gestures, and you know not what, into the souls of those about them a sense of their individuality, as powers to be felt, which no skill can carry beyond the sphere of their presence. But if their utterances be fairly taken, though they do not convey to others the vivid impressions they did to the hearers, they justify the weight which these assigned to them. This is what we feel confident the sermons of Dr. Bunting, when they come to be read, will do. But they cannot give to those who never heard him the impression of man swaying man, as when he stood up full of his theme, and poured out his mature thought, in fluent currents of lucid words, looking at you with his full eye, till you fell completely under the influence of a comely person, a commanding air, a good voice, an orator's facility, and the thoughtfulness of a judge, alternating with the fire of an enthusiast, and all backed by the will of a chief captain.

His powers and his future eminence were felt and foretold before he set forth on his itinerant labours. His bosom friend, Mr. James Wood of Manchester, declared to the last that the first sermon he ever preached, of which he was himself a delighted hearer, had never been surpassed in the course of his life. Without accepting this as more than a correct report of his own feeling, it shows how extraordinary was the impression of completeness and power, in one word, of mastery, which, at the very outset, he made on highly intelligent men.

The biographer is happy in being able to give, and wise in giving, almost in his own words, the account of those exercises of mind through which he passed, in choosing between his professional hopes, and the hard fare, but happy work, of a preacher. He weighed every point; and many young men will find in his careful balancing and clear decision, a good example of a man counting the cost, and, with an open eye and a firm heart, choosing the better part. We have no puling about sacrifices, (although, from information of our own, we could state the case in that point of view stronger than the biographer has chosen to do,) no affectation of the hero, no getting up of a martyrdom, as is too often the case among religious people, when a youth, instead of setting out to make a fortune, sets out to do good. He, like an honest man, weighs every just consideration, but keeps chiefly in view the great question, 'How can I be most useful, and most happy?' and his unfaltering conviction being, that the poor stipend, shifting abodes, and abundant labours of a

Methodist preacher would bring him, by God's blessing, a larger amount of both usefulness and happiness than a medical career, he chose accordingly. 'I am clear,' is his own language, 'that notwithstanding my own unfaithfulness and insufficiency, I shall be more useful, more holy, and more happy, in the situation of a Methodist preacher, than in any other; and that, therefore, I ought to look forward to it.'

'It was in the month of August, 1799, that Jabez Bunting walked to Oldham, the principal place in his first Circuit; his only luggage being a pair of saddle-bags, hung over his shoulder, containing his necessary wearing-apparel, and the books required for immediate use. Many a Methodist preacher's whole fortune had, before that day, been carried in like manner;—the readiest being the best means of transport for those who spent half their life-time on horseback.

'Joseph Redfern, his uncle and Class-leader, walked with him out of his mother's door, and for a considerable distance on the road. The old man's heart was full, and, at a lone spot by the wayside, he knelt down, asked God's blessing, gave his own, and parted.'—Page 110.

Now his career was fairly opened; and he had but the one question to solve, how he could do the greatest amount of good. The young preacher soon made his impression. His masterly discussion, his volleying appeal, his maturity in youth, his heart coupled with finish, offered a rare and even wonderful combination. 'A great man,' was the silent verdict of every hearer, given at once, and never revoked. 'A man sent from God,' was the sentence of not a few to whom his word came with that power which calls forth man from the grave of his sins, to walk in a new life of holiness. His friend Edward Percival, at St. John's College, Cambridge, would seem to have hinted to him, that in Oldham he must find barren regions as to intellectual fellowship. He rather admits that the place is not an Athens, but tells how well he is off for society; his superintendent, Mr. Gaulter, 'is a most pleasing and intelligent companion;' but, above all, his situation is made pleasant by 'the clear conviction of my mind, that I am in the path of duty; and that my present profession is that in which I can be most happy and most useful.' He then alludes to a great improvement in his health, and ascribes it in part to the constant exercise he is compelled to take on horseback.

This touches a part of Methodist history not sufficiently looked into. How much were the health, courage, and eloquence of those wonderful men, who shook the hearts of the people in the last century and the beginning of this, indebted to their constant living on horseback? We can imagine people opening their eyes at the idea of a connexion between eloquence

and horse-exercise; but those who do so will not be either philosophers or orators, at least not both. Eloquence has its physical as well as its moral and intellectual elements; and if they are feeble, no excellence of the other two can constitute a popular orator. Whatever affects the ring of a speaker's voice, the light of his countenance, the vivacity of his eye, or the tension of his nerves, tells on his power. The brisk health which men who are much in the saddle almost always enjoy touches all these, and goes much deeper: for a clear head, and fine spirits, which are miracles in a dyspeptic man, are natural to them, and bear directly on the intellectual and moral ascendancy of the speaker over his auditors. Could you make all the clergymen in London spend three hours a day in the saddle, in good country air, next week, and keep their hearts as much in their work and have their preparation just the same as usual, their hearers, next Sunday, in almost every case, would be sensible of a certain vigour above their wont; the instrument would be braced up.

Dr. Bunting did not belong to the first and hardiest race of itinerants. In his earliest days the range of the Circuit had been much contracted, and the exposure of the preachers to danger had nearly ceased. Even hardships were only such little roughings as no man who has a strong heart in him would wish to go through life without tasting in some form. We have not a single passage in which he even alludes to them. He might, for aught he says, have always fared as well, both for accommodation and security, as he had been wont to do in the house of Dr. Percival. The saddle-bags were in their last days. They were the travelling wardrobe and book-case of Wesley's own itinerants. They carried the first books into many a bookless dwelling, and played a memorable part in the commissariat of that light cavalry of the Church, which scoured a slumbering country far and wide. Mr. Milburn, the celebrated blind preacher of America, has commemorated the saddle-bags, as regards their share in the history of his own Mississippi Valley, in his well-known lecture, *The Rifle, the Axe, and the Saddle-bags*:—the three powers of the Wild; emblems of the settler's wars, his labours, and his religious ordinances.

But Dr. Bunting's friends and fellow labourers were the very men who had tasted the trials of former days. One was 'Tommy Lee, who was as well mobbed, and as often beaten, stoned, and ducked, as any man of his time, beside being painted all over, for the truth's sake.' Another was Thomas Taylor, 'who, when stationed in Glasgow, frequently desired his landlady not to provide anything for dinner, and a little before

noon dressed himself, and walked out till after dinner, and then came home to his hungry room with a hungry belly, whilst she thought he had dined out somewhere.' Such were the tales with which his imagination was furnished, before he set out, as throwing light upon his prospects. We dare say he had some rough scenes to pass through on the wild hills among which his Circuit extended; but none of them leave a trace upon his history. The strong, shrewd men of those dales and hills on the Lancashire and Yorkshire border 'had,' says the biographer, 'a keen relish for what they thought a good sermon. They were proud of their young preacher;' and he was too happy in working in his blessed calling to sigh for gentler friends or fare than he found among them. One of his early colleagues had received, at setting out, this hint as to his lot: 'You will sometimes be a gentleman in the morning, and a beggar at night;' and men who did not cheerfully accept such vicissitudes had no call to the Methodist vineyard.

In his next Circuit, Macclesfield, he was tried by one who had himself passed from the ranks of itinerancy into those of the Established Church. Mr. Melville Horne retained enough liking for Methodism to see the value of Jabez Bunting, and to offer him the incumbency of a large church in Macclesfield, to induce him to accept episcopal orders. His biographer fairly states his conduct and feelings in this case, and, in doing so, places in a correct point of view the relations of Methodists and Methodism to the Established Church and her members.

'He promptly rejected all such overtures. Not that his conscience would, under all conceivable circumstances, have prevented his embracing them. He must have hesitated long, indeed, before he declared an entire approval of the language of some of the offices contained in the Book of Common Prayer; especially if he had regarded them as tests of opinion, and not simply as formularies of devotion, necessarily unsystematic, and always capable of being corrected, explained, and harmonized by fixed standards of belief. The truth was, that, in respect of usefulness, he must have lost more than he could have possibly gained by Conformity; and there were ties of honour, gratitude, and affection, which held him firmly to the Church to which his parents belonged. Trained under its influence, and an intelligent believer in the truth and purity of its system, he never saw any reason for change. Nor was he forgetful of the lessons which the history of the Connexion taught him. A recent writer has shown,—I think conclusively, and to the silencing, as well of regretful Churchmen, as of complainers within our own borders,—that the separation of a Society such as that of the Methodists from the communion of any Establishment in which it may take rise, is a matter of necessity,

even where it is not a matter of choice. But, three quarters of a century ago, the Church of England, it must be admitted, put down Methodism, or tried to do so, with a hearty good will. Beaten openly, uncondemned, the new sect was thrust, not into prison, (the age provided none for such offenders,) but out of the pale of ecclesiastical citizenship; and there, where he found himself, my Father was content to stay, if with no feeling of resentment, yet with no desire to return. If privilege and position were lost, liberty was won: and, having been born free, he chose it rather. What a parish is the world! As to Episcopacy, I believe my Father rejoiced just as much to see it prevail among the Methodists of America, as he would have deplored any effort to introduce it among those in England. When its *exclusive* claim, as preferred by some members of the Anglican Church, was urged upon him, he examined it once for all, and dismissed it. It never raised his anger, nor galled his pride. When he saw whole armies turn out, to meet its ragged regiment of assertions on one leg, and of assumptions with one eye, he hardly knew whether the rabble or the soldiery disturbed him more. Both blocked up the streets, and stopped trade. Why not have sent for a Policeman, to quiet the mob?—Pp. 138, 139.

One can hardly help wondering what had been the history of Jabez Bunting, if his friend Mr. Horne had found him ready to follow his own example. As incumbent of a large church in Macclesfield, he would have been reckoned by his brother clergy an able man—but a mongrel Churchman. He would, perhaps, have left a local memory and a few good books. American professors would never have studied his speeches nor New Zealand chiefs and South African maps have borne his name, nor millions of her Majesty's subjects have looked upon him as their strongest representative, nor a lengthened tract of the streets of London have overflowed with a mournful multitude at his funeral. The company he declined to join, of recruits from the Methodist to the Church ministry, is not inconsiderable in numbers; but none of its members, nor all of them put together, have left a trace upon the history of the Church militant so notable as that of Dr. Bunting.

One of the most pleasing features of the book comes prominently into notice in the account of Mr. Bunting's labours in Macclesfield. We allude to the sketches of his colleagues in the ministry, and the allusions to families or persons with whom he had some relation. The latter are scattered all over the book with a most kindly and warming effect. The former are sufficiently numerous to influence the whole character of the work. Such a plan, ill executed, would render the book disjoint and dull; but the sketches are so forcibly drawn,

generally give an individual impression so clear, that to all who know the class of ministers with whom the author deals, they will be welcome family pictures; and to those who do not, a set of instructive and suggestive etchings of a race of strong, pure men.

Amongst the Methodists admission to the ministry is guarded with great jealousy. Only after four years of probationary labour is the young minister ordained. Those years generally mark out the future character of the man. Few ever rise to eminence who have not given earnest of it before their probation closes; and as to usefulness, if a man be not zealous when the ardour of youth is on his side, it is hard to expect fires to kindle up as the cold days of age come on. In the case before us, the years of 'trial' were diligently improved. All things conspired to tell the young preacher that his gifts were not common; but the voice of Wisdom called loudly for self-improvement, and called to no unwilling ear. We should have been glad of a fuller account of the habits of Dr. Bunting, both as to general study and pulpit preparation, than the biographer supplies. What he says tallies with all information from other sources, and with the whole character of the man.

'My Father was now rapidly completing his term of four years' probation; and he had well and diligently improved it. He devoted himself exclusively to the studies and engagements directly relating to his new vocation. The pulpit received his first attention; not so much because its claims were instant and almost daily, as because he knew that the secret of ministerial influence lies chiefly there. This idea was kept uppermost, whatever interest he took in the private departments of pastoral labour, or in the welfare of the Connexion generally. He never missed an opportunity of hearing a sermon. Service during Church-hours not having been yet introduced into the Methodist Chapel, he was able frequently to attend the vigorous ministry of Mr. Horne; and he communicated occasionally at his church. He read largely in general theology, including the published sermons of both old and modern preachers. He carefully copied and preserved skeletons and sketches of sermons. He extracted from his general reading everything that could suggest topics or materials for public discourse. He tried his hand at amending other men's compositions. His own preparations were full and elaborate, and were subjected to continual revision. But of these I speak with diffidence. At least one volume of them will probably meet the public eye. He was very diligent in his attentions to the sick and aged of the flock; and particularly so to its younger members. To these his services were rendered eminently useful. He busied himself, in strict subordination, however, to his Superintendent Ministers, with every part of the finance and general business of the Circuit. The letters from

which I have quoted are evidence of his anxiety to master all questions affecting the Connexion as a whole. They also show a steady improvement in personal religion.'—Pp. 148, 149.

'He never missed an opportunity of hearing a sermon;' no, not to the day of his death. And such a hearer! People often speak of some who are so good that they find something to approve in every sermon. But it was hard to point out the one in which Dr. Bunting found anything to blame; and in many which were ordinary enough to common hearers, he discovered great excellencies. In fact, we are inclined to think, that, on this head, he pushed charity to a fault. The difference between poor tame preaching and good impressive preaching is not chiefly in the hearer; it is chiefly in the preacher. Hearers are often dull, captious, and unreasonable; but that is no reason why empty, cold, and powerless sermons should not be called by their right names. Any one who has been for a year or two a hearer and not a preacher, is perfectly conscious that there is a wonderful difference between hearing a sermon which moves you to thank God who sent it to you, and one which sets your charity to work to find what good you can say of it. Pretension was the sin Dr. Bunting could least tolerate; but a modest man, aiming to do good, however humble his talents, found in him a warm supporter.

'His own preparations were full and elaborate, and were subjected to continual revision.' We could have wished some more insight into his mode of preparation; some such view of the process in which his mind worked out its own creations, as has been given to us in the case of Robert Hall. Of Chalmers we have before us the one distinct image of a great writer, who read like a Jehu; of Hall, that of a great thinker who poured out his thoughts, and robed them as they made their entrance into light. In Richard Watson we see both,—the writer who can pen a discourse with thoughts broad as the firmament, and words bright as the stars; and the speaker who, having prepared only a few leading ideas, arrays them at will in comely and even beauteous robes. Some attempt has been made to represent Dr. Bunting as a memoriter preacher. We should believe this if it were proved to us upon unquestionable evidence; but all our ideas of our own discernment would be crushed by such proof. We should take it that every leading discourse was not only carefully, but laboriously prepared; studied, weighed, written, perhaps re-written; wrought upon, till the whole was most thoroughly in possession, from beginning to end; a well-twined electric cable, coiled in

the mind, which could be run off, with perfect ease, and along which his heart-battery could transmit a message that seemed to come from the other world.

No man ever had his facile mastery of words, coupled with the most punctilious accuracy in their use, without careful practice with the pen; hard labour in the art of saying better what he had already said. A rush of words is a vulgar gift, and one that may be cultivated till a man seems a prodigy, without his taking any pains but to talk. Far different is a command of words, a power to serve oneself at will of a whole language, and make it mirror your ideas to others, just as naturally as if they sprang up in men's minds of themselves. We never yet heard the man who had this power equal to Dr. Bunting; and in our own country and in others we have listened to the best speakers with the comparison in our eye.

But if labour is always presupposed by mastery of language in written, recited, or extemporaneous composition, nothing so totally destroys the possibility of attaining extemporaneous ease as the habit of repeating memoriter. There are three kinds of speaking,—impromptu, extemporaneous, and memoriter. The first is the speaking of conversation, and of reply in debate, when both the thoughts and their clothing of words come upon the spur of the moment. The second is the speech of an advocate unfolding a case, a statesman treating a subject, or a preacher enforcing a text, which he has carefully mastered; his thoughts being premeditated with more or less perfectness, but his memory unburdened by verbal tasks, and his power of expression free to gather force from the heat, and liable to falter under the difficulties of extemporaneous composition. The third is the speaking of the boy, the actor, and the oratorical spouter; so many words, in such an order, got by rote, and repeated verbatim.

The last is not without its place and value; but it is, and always will be, different from public speaking, properly so called. Its proper place is in early youth, and in certain compositions, or certain passages, admixed with extemporaneous composition. In this way it trains to exact expression and a closer style; but from the moment that any one becomes incapable of trusting himself without having a manuscript transferred wholesale to his memory, he loses the quality of a speaker, and takes that of a reciter of his own writings. On the other hand, whoever would despise writing, re-writing, castigating his own composition, trying to condense and improve that of others, and similar methods of training himself to a just and forcible employment of his mother tongue, fondly hoping that his fecundity of expres-

The Scrutiny of Love.

sion will bear him through, need never expect to utter which men of mark will gratefully hear, or to leave anything which posterity will have patience to read. A man may spout without stint, and roll cataracts of the heads of wondering mediocrities; but in man talk the language of youth, and in age will have the a boy with the garrulity of an old man. The impro of a great advocate or debater represents more than natural gift, capable of calling forth just reasons, i tions, apt allusions, and finished paragraphs, as b magic, from the fountain of the orator's soul. I also much skilled labour; labour not on that one labour to reason justly, illustrate with true analogy, thought in the fittest language. The few strokes which leave a speaking sketch behind them, are so tell a story of native talent; but not less do they tel application, according to the closeness of which and power now attained. Had Dr. Bunting trusted natural power of expression, and cared only to amply, he would never have swayed mind as he di on the other hand, for his first ten years of public l nothing but by recitation, he would have lost for ev of extemporaneously clothing his well weighed tho impromptu ranging argument after argument in tfect order, decking the whole in becoming and ofter expression. He who always speaks impromptu bec he who generally speaks memoriter, stiff and stil generally speaks extemporaneously, not shrinkin promptu when called by necessity, and using recitati ally as an exercise, will probably develope his pow they are capable.

We have not a clear knowledge of what Dr. Bun of composition were. But we have in his journal a of distaste for a sermon he had heard in London, o that it conveyed the impression of being deliver Such distaste is instinctive to all men. It is equally he would have distasted anything crude, any token c in study, or indifference as to mastering the subject whole life illustrates the effect of these two natural He indulged so largely in extemporaneous and ever speaking, that his most elaborate preparations had curtail his freedom, or check his vehemence. He carefully, and balanced thoughts so nicely, that e promptu utterances were often nuggets of sense.

Besides his studies as a probationer in Macclesfiel

tion was drawn to other matters bearing upon his future welfare. It would seem that an excellent young lady, with striking qualities, and talent, in its way, not less original than his own, but withal not in every feature the exact type of a parson's bride, first interested and afterwards attached him. He had just the kind of heart to fall in love; and he did so, no doubt, in earnest. Yet the habit of weighing circumstances tending to balance one another was strong; and here we find a paper showing that he sat down, at some place called 'Orrell's Well, near Lindow Side,' and there, in the most serious and devout feeling, wrote down the considerations favouring a decision according to his feelings, and those on the other side, including the lady's excellences and drawbacks. The paper is a great curiosity. That love is strong is not to be doubted; for it peeps out everywhere. But it is soliciting a decision from a will that does not give its nod without knowing why. So love itself has to sit waiting at the feet of logic and of conscience, tolerably confident, no doubt, in the eloquence of its submissive look, yet suspecting, at the same time, that if any serious offence be given to either of the scrutineers, its suit is lost. Many men are content to act first, and justify the act afterwards. Here is a man, a young one, and a notably ardent one, who cannot act until he has reasoned himself into the conviction that his feelings are right. This once arrived at, and his mind made up, he turns his heart upward to the great Fountain of pure love, the Father of all families, and reverently prays: 'Whatever be the event of this intended application, O Lord, my God, my Father, my Friend, prepare me for it, and sanctify it to my present and eternal good!'

His son thus speaks of the mother whose merits were so formally weighed before her hand was sought:—

'He foresaw truly that her vivacity would sometimes be misunderstood in many of the circles in which it was her lot to move; but it lit up a perpetual sunshine in his heart and household. Her strong good sense, and her readiness in the clear, apt, and striking expression of her thoughts, sometimes frightened the proper and the narrow-minded, and, of course, moved the jealousy of conscious inferiors. But men of great spiritual wisdom courted her company; timid young preachers sunned and strengthened themselves in the light of her loving and sagacious counsels; and faltering Christians waited for a smile from her bright and kindly eye.'—Pp. 157, 158.

He was soon called to take an appointment in London. His reputation as a preacher had preceded him; and he at once surpassed all that was expected from him. His youth did not prevent him from taking the front rank in his own Body, and attracting attention from many beyond its pale. At this point,

the biographer, feeling that the reader had now a right to look for a description of his preaching,—that wonderful preaching, which made his reputation, and founded all his subsequent influence,—modestly avoids supplying the sketch himself, giving one written by a venerable friend of his father. None who witnessed the solemnities of Dr. Bunting's funeral will ever forget how deeply the great assembly there gathered was touched, when the noble and ancient figure of Dr. Leifchild ascended to the pulpit, and he poured out, in simple strains of heartfelt emotion, the feelings with which fervent attachment and deep piety inspired him. On the whole, the following description must be taken as very just and characteristic :—

‘In person, he was tall and slender; of a somewhat pale, but thoughtful and serious countenance; and dressed in the plain but neat attire of the Wesleyan ministers. He stood erect and firm in the pulpit, self-possessed and calm, but evidently impressed with the solemnity of what was before him. On announcing the hymn to be sung at the commencement of the service, and repeating it, verse by verse, we were struck by the clear and commanding tones of his voice; and, when he bowed his knees in prayer, such was the fervency of his strains, and the propriety, comprehensiveness, and scriptural character of his language, as to carry with him, to the throne of the Great Being whom he was addressing, the hearts and the understanding of the whole assembly. The sermon that followed was of the same character; short in the exordium, natural and simple in the division, and terse in style; but powerful in argument and appeal. There was little of action, and less of pathos; but a flow of strong and manly sense that held the audience in breathless attention, till it came to a close.

‘Such was Dr. Bunting's first appearance in the pulpits of the metropolis; and such the commencement of his ministerial labours among us. After this, I heard him frequently; following him from place to place where he ministered for the purpose; and was always both pleased and profited.

‘I paid the closest attention to the matter of his discourse, and to the style of its composition. I was charmed and delighted, while I was instructed. Never before had I heard such preaching. Other preachers, indeed, excelled him in some points; but none that I had ever heard equalled him as a whole. There was in him a combination of all the requisites of a good preacher, but in such equal proportion and happy adjustment, that no one appeared prominent; nor was there any marked defect, to detract from the general excellence. It was not anything profound or original in the matter that fixed the attention; but, like his great contemporary, Robert Hall, he clothed the well-known topics of discourse with a propriety and felicity of diction that gratified and instructed, without any of those startling conceptions and unheard-of illustrations which distinguished the addresses

of the celebrated author of the *Essays*, the late John Foster. The plans of his sermons surprised no one by their novelty or ingenuity; but were always most natural, and such as would have suggested themselves to any thoughtful mind; while the discourses themselves were such as partook of all the sermonizing peculiarities of the period. There were divisions and sub-divisions, with formal exordiums and perorations, which yet were redeemed from everything like tameness and insipidity by the distinctness and energy of the thoughts and expressions. You saw no deep emotion in the speaker, no enthusiastic bursts of passion, nor brilliant strokes of imagination; but you perceived a marked attention riveted upon him while he spoke, which never flagged nor decreased in its intensity till he closed and sat down. I cannot describe the cadences of his voice, which combined in it a sharpness and a sweetness that I have never met with in any other, and that yet dwells upon my ears.

'I ought not to omit to mention the beneficial results of his ministry. To many it was "the power of God" to their "salvation." One of my own sisters was an instance of this. She afterwards became as partial to him as I myself was, and received that blessing, through his instrumentality, which transformed her character and adorned her life, until its peaceful and happy close.'—Pp. 165–167.

Two points in this description are gently questioned by the biographer,—the alleged want of pathos, and of bursts of passion. On the former, we should concur with Dr. Leifchild. In either preaching or speaking, pathos was not of Dr. Bunting's nature. In prayer, indeed, there was something which you could not call pathos, and could hardly call by any other name; which, while less affecting with human touches, was more enchainning, subduing, elevating;—more wonderful than eloquence, more melting than pathos, more thrilling than sublimity, more impressive and satisfying to the soul than reason. It was altogether a marvellous and holy thing; such a thing, that it did not occur to you to account for it, or describe it, in the terms applicable to mere talent. It was a direct gift from heaven. You felt it to be so; and there was an end of your analysing. To endeavour to find out the power of one of those prayers by analysing the language, fervour, or delivery, was no wiser or more promising than the attempt to learn what is man by dissecting his body. Lay your hand upon the spirit that is in him; trace how it and matter commingle and inter-act; and then your inquiry may make some way; but never wonder that you cannot account for the works and wonders of man, by searching that which is not he, but only his instrument; neither the electric current, nor the operator who controls it, but just the implements by which he employs. All you could say of the words and tones of one of those prayers was, that

they were a fit human medium for the overwhelming religious power by which they were accompanied. And that power! Who that has ever felt it melting and bowing his own soul, amid a thousand others equally melted and bowed, can ever forget, or attempt to describe it!

Still we sustain Dr. Leifchild in saying that, as a preacher or speaker, he had not that human quality of heart-genius which we call pathos. But as to 'bursts of passion,' we can hardly believe our eyes. This is the very term to describe what was not his highest, but his most startling, characteristic. He had not flights of genius; he had not deep soundings of philosophy; he had not brilliant play of fancy; but passion, the deepest and grandest we ever heard roll in human voice, was wont to come, not in a continued monotonous roar, but in 'bursts,' in electrical thunder-claps, which shattered all that had not foundations, and shook all that had. It has been justly said, that 'few in modern days better exemplified that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence,' which, according to the just criticism of Sir James Mackintosh, 'formed the prince of [ancient] orators.' It is not possible to describe Dr. Bunting's eloquence more exactly than as a 'union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence.' The reason was not too deep to mar the simplicity, and the simplicity was of that kind which comes alone of masterly power. The vehemence was not constant, but occasional. Vivacity and manly force pervaded every part of his discourses; but it was now and then, in debate, and in peculiar passages of sermons, especially in the peroration, that a triple energy breathed and swelled through the tones, till his great frame seemed heaving with internal fires, and the rolling, swiftly rolling stream of heated language poured outward irresistible. He did not keep up a perpetual blaze, like Chalmers, or mark his discourse by periodical climaxes, according to the oratorical joinery of some celebrities. His enunciation was as clear, and his tones as felicitous, as those of Dr. McNeile; his discussion as luminous, but never so heavy, as that of Mr. Noel; his points as clearly seen as those of Dr. Candlish, and more compactly, less technically stated; his wit and satire finer, and perhaps not less sharp, than Dr. Cooke, of Belfast; his thunderbolts as hot, and far better forged, than those of Dr. Duff. Some of these have qualities to which he had no pretension; but in the masterly presence, and sage sway of a consulting assembly, but we should compare none of them with him.

A great preacher must be looked upon first of all as a speaker; his qualities and gifts as such passing under scrutiny. It is not wise to sink the consideration of these in the general subject of his

religious and spiritual fitness. Natural gifts, or acquirements, are as much a part of the plan of a Christian ministry, as grace. We are profoundly convinced that more has been lost than can be calculated, by the neglect of proper study of the art of speaking. Mr. Ruskin has said, that the first duty of a painter is to paint; and we would venture on the startling and heterodox position, that the first duty of a speaker is to speak. There is no greater error in the world than that if a man has sense to express, and ordinary utterance, he wants no more. The fact is that most men do not know how to breathe, so as to speak with ease to themselves, and pleasure to the auditor; and we have heard terribly sensible things, uttered intelligibly enough, but in a way that set all your virtues on the *qui vive* to preserve a state of mind fit for what you were about. Many a man passes for a wretched preacher, who would have passed for a very good one, had he taken the trouble to make himself even a passable speaker. Such men and their friends have no right to scold the public for not admiring their talent, because it is ill-represented in speech. A good dinner badly cooked is spoiled, and so is a good discourse ill-delivered. This Life shows, that Dr. Bunting was trained to recitation at school; and we are much mistaken if such a scholar would not have more than ordinary attention. We also feel all the certainty which signs of culture give, that in early life he must have practised reading aloud, with the careful attention to the purity of his pronunciation and the naturalness of his tones, which he was wont to give to everything affecting his self-improvement. Few Lancashire men are so perfectly free from their local accent and terms as he was. The only remnant we can recall, was his mode of pronouncing the word 'heir,' in which he always sounded the h. On the other hand, he was totally free from all *finesse* of either tone or emphasis: a poor man might hear him for an hour, and say, 'How plain!' a student of speech, and say, 'How perfect!' Many first-rate speakers permit themselves a few slipshod expressions, or a few obsolete pronunciations. Of the former, we remember only one, habitual to Dr. Bunting—'those sort,' 'these sort;'' of the latter, none but a very occasional use of *enow*, for 'enough.' Nature had gifted him for a master speaker, but he had no more played the sluggard as to his speaking than as to his mind; what his self-culture in this respect was, we are not told, but we are very certain that it was careful. The three pitches of voice, the conversational, oratorical, and falsetto, might all be heard in his addresses; the last only in moments of overwrought vehemence, when the perfervid appeal carried him beyond even his great strength, and the silvery volume of his speech split for

a while into a falsetto scream. His oratorical voice was clear, ringing, not sonorous, yet full, very flexible, with occasionally a high, but never a very low, note. It struck the hearer, not as Dr. Newton's did, as a grand musical instrument; but simply as a first-rate organ of speech. Grandeur of matter he seldom reached, and of tone he never affected. He had a sovereign contempt for second-hand sublimity, but a real heart for the true. In his most powerful passages, though his voice was oratorical in the highest degree, it was an oratory so suited to the direct and practical character of his object, that a grandiose tone was rarely heard. But if, in one of those terrible moments of sarcasm with which he often ruffled a debate, he chose to put on the round mouth and grand air for a moment, the acting was incomparable: and beside his own masculine, simple eloquence, this superabundance looked like a drummer's jacket beside a warrior's cloak. Yet it is strange that a good part of the public persists in calling that sort of inflated speaking, an oratorical style. It would be quite as correct to speak of a building over-done with columns and huge disproportioned capitals, with no proportion and a petty interior, as in architectural style.

The following is his own report to her whom he had weighed at 'Orrell's Well, near Lindow Side,' of what he heard said of his first sermon in the chapel at City Road. Critics who address speakers, or authors, on their performances, seem often to attach a ridiculous importance to their own words, as if they were to elevate or drown the person to whom they speak. But they little think that perhaps the same day brings opinions just the opposite of their own, from quarters equally respectable.

'I am quite diverted by the comments which have been made on my first sermon at the New Chapel. One says it was a good sermon, but too laboured, and that I study too much; another, that it was delivered with too much rapidity; a third, that there was too much use of Scriptural phraseology; a fourth, that there was rather too much animation of voice and manner; a fifth, that I shall suit London very well, for that I don't rant and rave in the pulpit, but am calm and rational. This whimsical diversity of opinions I have heard from different persons, chiefly preachers, to-day. I feel very indifferent to human censure or applause. The great point is to stand approved of God; to hear my Master say, "Well done;" to give an acceptable "answer to Him that sent me." '—Page 174.

The last sentence opens to us the state of heart in which Dr. Bunting appeared before his audience. He was not there to make them speak rapturously of his talents; but to deliver a message, and return to One who had sent him, and render to

Him an answer, now in the silent court-chamber of conscience, hereafter in the judgment-hall of the universe. It was in this aspect of his ministry that Dr. Bunting passed beyond the criticism which follows a mere speaker, and put on a robe which hid all graces and defects. He was clothed with power; religious power;—a power as distinct from intellectual or oratorical power, as these are from mechanical, or from one another; a power respecting which, alas! many accustomed to hear what is called 'preaching,' have learned to doubt whether it really exists, distinct and cognizable, in the kingdom of Christ. It does exist; and mighty men of God, here and there, wield it among our too chill and formal Churches. But none ever heard the preaching of Dr. Bunting, ere 'his natural force abated,' without recognising in his appeals a force which addressed neither imagination nor intellect; but, only using these as the ear and the eye of the invisible conscience, went direct in to that, and dealt with it, as by authority straight from Heaven. He was none of your preachers who fear to speak of God's anger against sin; who think that, to represent the Great Being as infinitely benevolent, they must never hint that He hates anything, or will visit anything with His curse. The benevolence in which he believed made eternal war against the root of all miseries,—wrong-doing. His love as much sought to make a man feel the need of repentance, as the certainty of pardon. He was quite sure that every man was a sinner. He made no secret of it; he made no apology for assuming it; he went to work on that understanding: the people were there before him, with the merit of hell in their deeds, and the possibility of heaven in God's redeeming grace. He was himself no perfunctory lecturer, who had to discuss a point and leave it; he was a messenger with business to do, an ambassador with a point to carry. How the success of so weighty a negotiation could in any wise be devolved upon him by Infinite Wisdom, would, no doubt, be a question under which his soul sometimes bowed down in the dark. But he knew that it was even so; and calling upon 'Him who had sent him' for help, he reached out his right hand to every soul passing down the broad road to destruction, and hailed it, and clasped it, and wrestled with it, as if God had just sent him to snatch it from the verge of hell. There are happy believers now close in upon the celestial shore, who look back upon a long and changeeful voyage across life's troubled sea, and remember, as the moment of their soul's crisis, a time when his voice seemed as if it had made all around them devouring waves; and then he turned their eye to One who said, *Peace, be still!* and there was a great calm. And in the

better country there is no small company of thrice blessed spirits, whose course of sin ended, whose life of faith began, through the amazing ministry of Jabez Bunting. And there are here amongst us very many who, neither despising present mercies, nor unduly magnifying former times, when they hear the popular and eloquent of our day, long to find, and wonder if ever they will find again, soul-converting power equal to what they have felt and witnessed in services conducted by him. An old and holy man exclaimed, after hearing him, 'He preached and prayed with such power, till one wondered that the whole congregation was not converted!' If men who so preach and pray do not see the whole of their audience converted, they do not fail to see many turned to righteousness.

His great zeal and success in converting sinners gave him an influence in checking those who were disposed to fanaticism or extravagance such as men can never exert whose character in that respect is doubtful. In all great religious movements, when strong and wise men warmed to the innermost soul, and put forth every power under the inspiration of heaven-born zeal, and yet under the control of heaven-born wisdom, it is to be expected that weak men, and ill-instructed ones, equally sincere, will mistake exceptional incidents of some revivals for useful means of promoting life, for established signs of religious power. Over such no healthy influence can be exerted by men who, though themselves of unquestioned piety, display no fervent interest, no quickening power, in the movements of the Church; who are more frightened by a little super-heated zeal, than they would be distressed by a long continuance of decent, well-conducted lethargy. The enthusiast is likely to imagine that such would restrain him, not from wisdom, but from lukewarmness. But when a man like John Wesley inflames his logic with an evangelist's fervour, and without shrinking passes through scenes in which he can neither account for nor welcome all the physical symptoms that arise in connexion with clearly proved religious results, and calmly takes the reproach of fanaticism thus brought upon him, caring as little for the alarm of the sedate and religious as for the scoffs of the ungodly, provided always he is fully satisfied that sinners are truly turned from sin; and that no means are used to raise undue excitement, and no encouragement given to consider it as in itself desirable or useful; then even enthusiasts feel that if their excesses are rebuked, it is hard to account for it on the ground of the preacher's indifference, or his fear of man. There is nothing colder, or more shallow, than the observation with which great religious excitement is often accounted for and dismissed. 'It is only among the more ignorant classes.' Certainly, and what

then? Men of education, of balanced mind and disciplined manners, can pass through intense crises of emotion with slight outward display of what is passing within. And if you will only make the whole world into gentlemen and ladies, before sounding the awakening trumpet in their ears, you may, according to all human probability, lead them through scenes of pentecostal life, without any bystander having reason to say that they are drunk with new wine, or any such sneer. But if a whole crowd of colliers, ignorant and wicked as savages, are to have their eyes suddenly opened to see their vileness before God, their danger of hell, to have all their past life called up in their conscience, and all the world to come confronting it, we must not expect that no feeling will be expressed in a strange and violent form; for, in such cases, that would prove that no intense, all-commanding feeling had really taken possession of the throng. Suppose a crowd of all classes really to be 'awakened,' suddenly to *FEEL*, as if pressing upon the quick of their souls, what they had always believed, but never heeded, that there is a God, a heaven, a hell; that they have sinned, and are under God's very just displeasure, liable to die to-day, and utterly unprepared to give an account; suppose that all this is not such a presentation of these truths to the mind as can be given by one man to another, but that, really, the Spirit of God Himself has opened an inward eye in the soul, and more or less brought to the view things unseen and eternal; then it is a most natural result that all the faculties, moral and physical, shall thrill with emotions intense and beyond measure, and ranging over too wide a field to be defined;—emotions, the effect of which upon one man will be a deep, strong reserve; on another, silent weeping; on another, an impulse to solitary prayer; on another, a cry, 'What must I do?' and on yet another, that, 'falling down upon his face, he will worship God.' And such a scene as this is to be not only a cause of scoffing to worldly men, but of half-shame, half-apology to Christians!

In one of his early Circuits, at Liverpool, Dr. Bunting had for colleague one of the most remarkable men known in the Methodist ranks; one in whom eminent holiness and wonderful zeal were tinged with mysticism, which, if it rendered him less safe as a model and leader, detracted nothing from his character as a Christian. William Bramwell's name and fruits will live when thousands with whom you could find no fault will be forgotten, in the buried mass of the common-place.' Of him it is well said:—

'A biography might still be written of him, which should exhibit his example to the imitation of the Methodist people, without, on the one hand, any enthusiastic eulogy of his defects, or, on the other, too

much effort to conceal them. In the delineation of the character of good men, it is well to state it just as it is. The most obvious errors, while they show the natural tendency of the mind, show also, and make conspicuous, the better qualities, innate or ingrafted, which, on the whole, prevailed. The stern and ascetic revivalist at Liverpool, somewhat apt to believe that great gifts and great graces were never bestowed upon the same minister, soon found out that his young colleague was, at least, as zealous as himself; and was delighted with the visible success which attended the common labours of the co-pastorate. Even as to his own wonderful power of storming the consciences of careless sinners, Bramwell rejoiced to know that he did not stand alone, or indeed pre-eminent, among them.'— Pp. 342, 343.

Of late years the general impression respecting the Methodists, among other bodies, has been that they were more anxious to stimulate their neighbours in respectability and order than careful to preserve their own proper zeal and religious power. Much of this may be due to the odd ideas formed by many of the ways in which their zeal showed itself. Much also to the extraordinary extent to which Methodism has become engrafted on other bodies, so that many things which half a century ago were entirely confined to the former, are now common to all evangelical Churches. Even its names and terminology have been largely adopted; and prelates are occasionally lauded for steps which would seem to be new discoveries, whereas they have long been familiar Methodist usages. Nevertheless, men of the mighty and impressive class, men whose call multitudes feel, and generations commemorate, have been much more rare of late than of old: and the way to meet this fact is not to gloss it over, but fully to admit it, neither murmuring on the one hand, nor distrusting on the other, but taking it as a fresh call to look on high for another renewal of the Church's life and power, such as that out of which Methodism first arose. Wesley himself ever held up to view the tendency of all religious revivals to subside; but in the stillest and even the most adverse years of its course, modern Methodism has been enabled to go on laying foundations, and preparing ground upon which it may receive to greater advantage, and turn to greater ultimate effect, whatever new showers of blessing the Head of the Church may be pleased to pour upon it; and that He will pour out of His Spirit in glorious plenty we do not dare to doubt.

As early as 1806, Dr. Bunting was elected assistant secretary of the Conference, and thence began his intimate connexion with all its proceedings, and his unparalleled influence over them. It is doubtful whether any man exerted for so long a period such a powerful influence in so numerous an assembly,

where all stand on an equal footing. Every element and reason of that ascendancy must be sought within his own person. Outside of it lay nothing to distinguish him above the most obscure of his brethren ;—no fortune, birth, or patronage. By what was in him, and by that alone, he won, exercised, wielded, and maintained an influence which amounted to power, and power of a kind and to an extent which could not be attached by law to any office.

The Methodist Conference, owing to the itinerant system, and to the very intimate relation of the individual Churches to one another, to the close and really organic union of the whole in one body, acts far more directly upon both the lot of ministers and the interests of Churches than any Presbyterian assembly. Yet the dread of power has led to an avoidance of any office to which an appreciable or permanent executive, much less legislative power, is constitutionally intrusted. The President of the Conference holds office for a year, and possesses very limited prerogatives. The chairmen of districts are in the same position; and on the floor of the Conference each man approaches every question that arises with equal opportunity of directing its course according to the strength of his own hand. In American Methodism it is otherwise. Legislation is open equally to all; but executive functions and powers are carefully defined; then a considerable portion of them is committed by the Church constitution to bishops and presiding elders, who exercise them under direct responsibility, not as their personal influence, which can take effect only through the concurrence of the majority; but as their official trust, each exercise of which is their own act, performed under accountability.

The English system has the advantage of bringing all questions, however routine, all interests, however common-place, before the entire Conference, to be settled by all in council. This, however, is coupled with the necessary result that as no power is vested in any office, all power lies loose, to be taken up by whoever may prove to be the strongest man of the day, and to be exercised by him not as it would be if it were formally intrusted to him, and he responsible; but simply as influence which, theoretically, may have no effect, though, practically, it may carry everything before it. In such a form of government it always ought to be secured that the strongest man should be also the wisest; should be so unearthly wise, that he will combine all the caution of official responsibility with the freedom of merely personal, non-official advice.

Dr. Bunting rose to his pre-eminent influence by simple necessity, resulting from the combination in himself of business

tact and debating power, such as were never surpassed in any man. We have heard speaking in our own Parliament, in that of America, and in that of France at the height of revolutionary excitement; and for mastery in debate, for facility, completeness, and crushing force of reply, we have never yet heard a man whom we should compare with Dr. Bunting. This accounted for his sudden rise, and maintained his permanent position. With this pre-eminent ability in business and debate was united a decided taste for legislation, with considerable power of combination and unequalled power of control, without, however, as we think, the higher gift of distant foresight. Even the early years recorded in these volumes show an active effort to improve the legislation of the Connexion in almost every direction; and offer an odd commentary on the biographer's remark, implying the desirableness of the whole body passing twenty years in the experiment of 'not mending our rules, but keeping them;' excellent advice, as, according to its original intention, addressed to an individual minister acting in his own capacity; to him, indeed, not only advice, but law. But this advice, transferred from the individual to the ruling body, never had a meaning; and, at all events, Dr. Bunting in his earlier years, and up to the time when the human mind usually ceases to initiate anything, never took it as applicable to the Conference. His policy is justly described as aiming 'to promote simultaneous improvements in all directions,' some of them affecting matters of detail and finance, others the vital and organic question of the rights and position of the people in Church government; all of them directed to one end, the greater consolidation and efficiency of the work.

The great part which Dr. Bunting played in Methodist legislation only begins to be noticed in the present volume; and his career as a real, though not an official, ruler (for the Methodist constitution knows none) has not begun. But the deep piety, strong intellect, great application, business tact, and predilection for legislation and administration; the ability to defend, the boldness to attack, the determination in maintaining what commended itself, the readiness to innovate where he believed he could improve, which formed the basis of his future power, are all brought to light in the most natural and historically valuable way. The biographer has done this part of his work as well as the rest. His father's friends know him better than before, though not in a different light; his enemies have insight into his inner character which now they will probably value, as elevating their view of him. Both will agree that his unparalleled power was a simple necessity of his greatness; and

if the one freely admit that the dissensions which arose in the years of its ascendancy were not unaffected by the faults of his character, the other will admit that never were faults more on the surface, more entirely open to the public eye, and never power so extraordinary exercised with greater disinterestedness, or fewer causes for reproach.

We lay down the book with a relish increased by every re-reading, and every dip into its pages. We only hope that the next volume may be as readable, as wise, as good. If so, Mr. Percival Bunting will have had the double happiness of doing justice to his father, and of coupling with his claim to an honoured memory a well-founded claim of his own.

ART. X.—1. *La Question Romaine.* Par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles. 1859.

2. *Italy, its Condition: Great Britain, its Policy. A Series of Letters addressed to Lord John Russell.* By an English Liberal. London. 1859.

‘EVERY state or government,’ says Cardinal Wiseman, in his *Recollections of the Four Last Popes*, ‘presents two distinct aspects and conditions, one internal, another external. In this it is like any other association, any family, any individual. We know little or nothing of what is going on within the circle of persons next door to us, of the struggles, or jars, or privations, or illnesses, or afflictions, or of the domestic joys, affections, and pleasures, inside any house but our own. There is a hidden life too in every separate being that composes each homely circle, impenetrable to the rest of its members. No one can read the thoughts, unravel the motives, map the mind, block out the desires, trace the intentions of others with whom he has lived for years in contact. Hence we must be content to act with them according to the form in which they show themselves, and in the proportion that we require one another’s co-operation.’

‘Is it not so with kingdoms and principalities? What do we know of the internal policy, the yearly growth, the daily actions of rulers and people, in states especially that have not attained an influential prominence? For the readers of newspapers, volumes are daily prepared of home-stirring information, to be eagerly devoured: how much will have an interest beyond the hawser’s length that moors the Dover packet? Who will care in France or Germany what illustrious guests the Sovereign entertained yesterday at her table, or who spoke at the last

Bradford or Wolverhampton Reform Meeting? Their very names defy spelling or pronunciation beyond the Channel. And so how little do we inquire what is going on, for example, in Hesse, Hamburg, or Reuss! or who troubled himself about "the Principalities," or their interior affairs, till their outward life came into close contact with those of other governments? *As a matter of course, it is impossible for those who are absorbed in their own interests, and fully occupied with their internal concerns, to penetrate into the real feeling, or invest themselves with the circumstances, that belong to another nation, perhaps men of a different race.*

'Like any other country, Rome has its twofold existence. Of its exterior action, of the part which it openly takes in European politics, of its treaties, its tariffs, its commerce, of course every one may judge, and has probably data on which to attempt at least to judge. But it is more than improbable that the real condition of the country, the character of its laws, the sentiments of the mass of the people, will be better known than are those of other states, beyond the interior sphere which they affect. *No one can for a moment believe that the occasional, and too evidently partisan, communication to a newspaper constitutes the materials upon which an accurate judgment can be formed, while no trouble is taken to ascertain the statistical, financial, moral, or social state of the country, the administration of the state, or the inward changes gradually introduced.* Yet, while such indifference is manifested concerning the interior state of other sovereignties, no such reserve is permitted about Rome, and it seems to be imagined that it is within everybody's power to discover evils there, and to describe their remedy. There surely is a very different reason for this interest than ordinary philanthropy, nor does it need to be defined.' (Pp. 452-454.)

We feel that no apology is needed for commencing with so long a quotation from one of the ablest defenders of the Papal power. It is a fair specimen of the character of the replies that are given to all criticism on the present state of Rome. For our own part we should hardly allow the truth of the opening statement, much less should we admit the conclusions drawn from the suggested parallel between a family and a nation. Ignorant as we may be of the details of domestic life, it is not very difficult to form a correct judgment of the general character of a neighbouring household. There are certain indications that are enough to distinguish the orderly, the harmonious, the well-conducted home from that which is dissipated, or discordant, or vicious. But with states the case stands very

differently. The inner life, as it is termed, of a people is regulated by public laws, is modified by legislative enactments, the administration of which cannot be altogether concealed. Of course, if no sufficiently wide-spread inquiry has been made into the 'statistical, financial, moral, or social state of the country,' there is much danger that we shall arrive at a worthless decision. But Cardinal Wiseman, like most of the Papal apologists, endeavours to avoid the real point at which we are at issue. If any account of the condition of Rome be published in which there are errors as to matters of fact, 'financial, moral, or social,' let the errors be pointed out, and the conclusions founded on them will be invalidated according to the importance and degree of the misstatement. But, if the facts be admitted, men with liberty of thought will hardly be 'content to act with them according to the form in which they show themselves,' as his eminence so euphemistically expresses it, without coming to some judgment as to their character. In fact, the mental suspense which is here advocated is simply impossible; we may allow for mitigating circumstances and for our own imperfect knowledge, but we cannot help coming to some conclusion. If a man should pick your pocket, or rob your house, you would 'act with him in the form in which he showed himself,' and would probably hand him over to the police; but your mind would inevitably arrive at a conclusion unfavourable to his honesty. And if we learn certain facts concerning the internal condition of a foreign nation,—facts that speak loudly as to the foul misgovernment of the rulers, and the misery and degradation of their unfortunate subjects,—we are not to be persuaded that any circumstances of a nation '*even of a different race*' can change the great moral laws of our nature, can alter the plain demands of justice, can excuse the dark iniquity of despotism, or make it a fit substitute for liberty. We are not to be persuaded that under any combination of affairs such a condition is desirable for the victims that are crushed beneath its withering influence; and when, instead of an attempt to disprove the statements advanced, it is urged that from the peculiar and critical position of the Pope, we cannot judge correctly of the effects of his government upon his people, we answer that such a line of reasoning is daily denounced by the Roman Catholics, with Cardinal Wiseman at their head, in their demand for the concession of supposed rights in England, that it is very different from the method of ordinary argument, '*nor does it need to be defined.*'

It must be confessed, however, that, before the appearance of *La Question Romaine*, there was much need of a work that

should state, in a definite shape, the present condition of the Papal States. Not that the volume adds largely to our actual knowledge. The condition of affairs was notorious enough; but we were in want of something which should speak with clearness and particularity. What Mr. Gladstone did for us in the case of Naples, was much needed in that of Rome; nor was it easy to see by whom the want should be supplied. If the subject had been handled by a Protestant, he would have been accused of sectarian bigotry, of viewing things through a jaundiced medium of prejudice, of being incapable of entering into the spirit of a Catholic government. Whilst, of English Romanists, those of old family who have long belonged to that Church, though endowed with sufficient liberty of mind, would be unlikely to take so unpopular a step,—the more recent converts lack all the necessary elements for forming a wise judgment; as a body, they believe in the ultramontane theory, in the Immaculate Conception, and the blood of Januarius. We congratulate ourselves, therefore, in having a work from the pen of an avowed Papist. M. About declares his adhesion to the Romish communion, but his complete dissent from the system of Papal government in things profane. He has avoided, too, the error attacked above, and seems to have spent a considerable amount of labour in gathering information that is reliable. His book, despite its pointed, epigrammatic style, bears upon its face the appearance of truth; but it has received a far more notable testimony to its authenticity in the consternation which its publication caused the Papacy. The author wrote some of his first impressions for the *Moniteur*; but infallibility seated in St. Peter's chair shook at the *libellous* statements of a *feuilletoniste* addressed to a French journal; and the government was excited to prohibit their continuance. M. About then took a year to digest his subject; and, having retired beyond the reach of the Pope's 'long arm' to Brussels, published his work in that city. Once more, the Papal wrath was stirred; all the copies in Paris were seized by order. Fortunate for the author is it, that the Inquisition can do him no farther kindness than that of advertising his *brochure* in the Index of Prohibited Books. Prudence might have suggested another course. But infallibility and conscious innocence, in this case, strangely 'hating the light,' find it hard to battle with the malice of mankind and the licence of the press.

But it is time to turn to the book itself; and of this it is not easy to give an adequate idea through the medium of a translation. We are more occupied, however, with the facts stated, than with the form in which they are cast. The whole nation,

says M. About, save those who have a direct interest in the government, demand a change. The reformers are of two classes, the Moderates and the Mazzinists: the one speak so clearly that all may comprehend them; the others clamour so loudly that none can fail to hear them. And this is the burden of their complaints:—

‘That the government to which they are subject, although they have neither asked for it nor accepted it, is the most rigidly absolute that has ever been described; that the powers, legislative, administrative, and judicial, are combined, confounded, and intermingled, in the same hands, contrary to the usage of civilized states, and to the theory of Montesquieu; that they willingly recognise the infallibility of the Pope in all religious questions, but that, in civil matters, it seems to them harder to allow it; that they do not refuse to obey, since, on the whole, man is not placed here below to follow his own fancies, but that they should be glad to obey laws, and that a man's good pleasure, be it as good as it may, is not so desirable as the *Code Napoléon*; that the reigning Pope is not a bad man, but that the absolute rule of a priest, though he be infallible, can never be any thing but a bad government.

‘That, in virtue of ancient usage, which nothing can eradicate, the Pope joins to himself, in the temporal government of his states, the chiefs, deputies, and spiritual *employés* of the Church. That the cardinals, the bishops, the canons, the priests, plunder pell-mell across the country; that one and the same caste has in its power to administer the sacraments and the provinces, to confirm the little boys and the judgments of the petty courts, to ordain the subdeacons and arrests; that this confusion of the temporal and the spiritual places in all the high offices a crowd of men excellent, doubtless, in the sight of God, but insupportable in the view of the people; strangers often to the country, sometimes to their business, always to the life of a family, which is the foundation of societies; without special knowledge, save in spiritual things; without children, so that they are indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, so that they are dangerous to the present; finally, without any willingness to listen to reason, because they believe they share in the Papal infallibility.

‘That these servants of God abuse, simultaneously, gentleness and severity; that, full of indulgence for the indifferent, for their friends, and for themselves, they treat with the utmost rigour any one who has had the misfortune to offend the authorities; that they pardon more readily the assassin who has murdered a human being, than the imprudent man who has complained of an abuse.

‘That the Pope and the priests who aid him, not having undertaken to give any account, manage the finances badly; that the clumsy or dishonest consumption of the public riches was bearable two centuries ago, when the expenses of the cult and of the court were paid by 139,000,000 of Catholics, but that one ought to look a little closer into things, now that 3,124,668 men have to provide for every thing.

Summary of Complaints against the Papal Government. 549

'That they do not complain of paying taxes, since that is an usage everywhere established, but that they would like to see their money employed upon the things of earth; that the basilicas, the churches, and the convents, built or supported at their expense, please them as Catholics, and oppress them as citizens; for these edifices are but an imperfect substitute for railways, high roads, canals, and embankments against inundations; that faith, hope, and charity receive more encouragement than agriculture, commerce, and industry; that the public *naïveté* is developed to the detriment of public education.....

'That they are obliged to pay ten millions yearly for the support of an army without either service or discipline, of questionable courage and honour, and destined never to make war but against their own countrymen; that it is painful, if one must inevitably be beaten, to be obliged to pay for the rod; that they are compelled to entertain foreign armies, and particularly Austrians, who have a heavy hand in their character of Germans.

'In short, they say, this is not what the Pope promised us in his *Motu Proprio* of the 12th of September; and it is very sad to see men who are infallible fail in their most sacred engagements.'—Pp. 5-8.

Painful as are these complaints, they have long resounded in the ears of Europe, and have caused European states in alliance with the Papacy, and with little real love for the principles of freedom, to urge measures of reform upon the Pope, and to persuade him to adopt a more moderate course of action. Such, at any rate, has been the burden of many a dispatch from the French government; and whilst a French army occupies Rome, and maintains the reigning monarch on a throne from which he would be instantly expelled on their withdrawal, it has required all the subtlety of Papal diplomacy to escape yielding to admonitions from such a quarter. The ruling spirit of the Romish government is not the Pope, but Cardinal Antonelli. This worthy, being well aware that Austria would gladly occupy the posts now held by the French, has hitherto evaded compliance with the demands of Napoleon. In the courteous language of one who feels that he is master of the situation, the Cardinal Secretary of State has alleged, in reply, something to the following effect:—

'We require your soldiers, and not your counsels; recollect that we are infallible. If you pretend to doubt it, or if you attempt to impose anything upon us, even our own safety, we will cover our face with our wings, will set up the palms of martyrdom, and will become an object of pity to all the Catholics in the world. Now, we have in your country 40,000 men who have free liberty of speech, and whom you pay with your money to talk in our favour. They will preach to your subjects that you tyrannize over the holy father, and we shall set your country on fire without seeming to touch it.'—Page 11.

M. About devotes his second chapter to combat the position maintained, in 1849, by M. Thiers, that there was no independence for the Pope, save in absolute sovereignty; and that this independence is so important as to override every other consideration. Our author very keenly ridicules this theory, and with poignant sarcasm, on the assumption of its truth, calls on the 3,250,000 of Italy to devote themselves for the good of the Catholics at large. It is not hard, indeed, to prove that facts point to a conclusion directly opposed to that of the historian of *The Consulate and the Empire*. The great additions to the Romish communion were made in the days of the Pope's political insignificance; but, since his sovereignty, he has been hampered at once by debt and by political necessities.

Like a true Frenchman, M. About has arranged his sketches in the most methodical manner. Having described the country over which the Pope rules, he proceeds to draw the portraits of the various classes of which the Roman population is composed. Here, as throughout his work, M. About insists upon the superiority of the Papal dominions on the eastern side of the Apennines over that which is nearer to the capital. As you recede from Rome, everything improves. The land is better tilled; the middle class is more numerous, more wealthy, and more enlightened; commerce is more flourishing; the peasantry more respectable, and even more moral, the farther they are from the Vatican. The sharply defined distinctions between class and class which are maintained at Rome with a rigour unknown elsewhere, are lost at Bologna in the freedom with which all are blended together. This, however, our author asserts, is due to the influence of the first Napoleon. But we return to the Eternal City and its Italian population.

Left without education, treated with indulgence like spoiled children, pleased at one time with shows, and at another time with food, as in the days of the decline of the Empire, the Roman *plebs* is the natural product of such a system in a land where the climate inspires *ennui*, and where the necessities of life are easily obtained. The government is afraid of them, and therefore treats them gently, imposes but few taxes, and permits them to beg at their will. 'All that is required of them is to be good Christians, to prostrate themselves before the priests, to bow down to the nobles, to bend to the wealthy, and not to make revolutions. They are severely punished when they refuse to communicate at Easter, and when they speak disrespectfully of the saints.' Crime in them is pardoned, baseness encouraged. One thing alone is never allowed, to demand liberty, to oppose an abuse, or the pride of being a man.

One is only astonished, with such an education, that they are not worse.

'If some day, seeking for the Convent of Neophytes, or the house of Lucretia Borgia, you find yourself by accident among the narrow streets paved with filth of the *Quartier des Monts*, you will elbow some thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, models, beggars, cicerones, and ruffians, with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will call you, "Your Excellency," will kiss your hands, and steal your handkerchief. I believe that in no other place in Europe, even in London, will you meet a more abominable breed.'

Nor is the peasantry of the Campagna any better. They are as ignorant, as improvident, as gross in passion, as unused to self-control. How should they be otherwise? They have never learned to read, they have never left their country; their ideas of pleasure are taken from the cardinals; their venality is copied from the government *employés*, and their thievish habits from the Minister of Finance. The women do all the hard work, the children guard the cattle; the men walk at morning to the fields to sleep, and return in the evening to sup. They have the kind of easy gaiety that one sees upon a slave-estate, and will share with you their supper, if you can eat a coarse salad; and their bed, if you are not afraid of fleas. It is useless to ask them what they think about the government: their idea of it is an *employé* at £12 a year, who sells justice to them.

'You ought to see them on a great fête day to admire the intensity of their simplicity of character. Men, women, children, everybody rushes to the church. A carpet of flowers is spread upon the roads, joy radiates in every countenance. What new thing has happened? What has occurred? The fête of Saint Anthony. They chant a musical mass in honour of Saint Anthony. A procession is organized to fête Saint Anthony. The little boys are dressed as angels. The men array themselves in the garb of their various fraternities: here are the peasants of "the Heart of Jesus," there those of "the Name of Mary," there again the spirits in purgatory. The procession is arrayed somewhat confusedly. They embrace one another, trip one another up, cudgel one another, all in honour of Saint Anthony. At last the image comes forth from the church: it is a wooden puppet with very red cheeks. Hurrah! Crackers are fired off, women weep for joy, infants shriek with all their lungs, "Long live Saint Anthony!" In the evening there are grand fireworks; a balloon in the shape and likeness of the saint rises above the church, and burns magnificently. Saint Anthony must be very hard to please, if such veneration does not go straight to his heart. And the country peasantry would seem very unreasonable, if, after a fête so intoxicating, they should think of complaining because they are starved.'—Pp. 57, 58.

But side by side with this Irish kind of revelry there exists misery in its most deplorable form. On this point, the author of *Italy, its Condition: Great Britain, its Policy*, speaks far more plainly and decisively than M. About. It is useless in the teeth of such facts to represent the Italians as a light-hearted, simple-minded people, contented with the absence of many things which we are wont to deem necessities of life. Even if this be true, it only proves the degradation of the people, and casts great discredit upon their rulers. The quiet acquiescence of a large mass of our own town populations with dwellings in which decency and morality are alike impossible, is one of the most painful proofs of their low condition, and calls for the most active energy of every philanthropist. And if passive indifference to a most debased manner of life be the habitual frame of mind of the Italian peasantry, it but proves that the oppression must have been protracted and crushing which has so completely annihilated every aspiration for a better state of things. A few words from the pamphlet on the subject of this misery.

‘On many points, casual travellers in Italy would do well to distrust their impressions. Nature throws so beautiful a veil over human anguish in that lovely land, that a man might travel from Reggio to Trent, and wonder why so much is said about the sufferings of the Italians. Not so in the Papal States, with the exception of the country immediately about Bologna: here you see the result of oppression in its full and hideous development. The soil is out of cultivation; the roads are infested with brigands. The peasantry are as ill off as the Irish peasantry of thirty years ago, even if we go to Connaught for our illustration; a bar is raised against human progress in every form. The policy of modern Rome has been deliberately and uniformly so directed as to produce the impoverishment and degradation of its own subjects, as the conditions of its own stability. What meets the eye is, however, but little by the side of what is unseen. Let any one who has lived sufficiently long amongst the Romans to get behind the curtain which priestly power has drawn over the sufferings of the people, but tell what he knows of the internal economy of Roman households, and no man would look his fellow creatures in the face, and stand forward as the defender of such a system.’—Pp. 13, 14.

We hardly require, in this country, so elaborate an explanation of the advantages derived from the influence of a large middle class, as that given by M. About. The reason of his studied eulogium is by no means ambiguous. The French middle class, excluded as it is in effect from political power, must be flattered and its chains gilded by every possible device. Louis Napoleon, like Augustus, sees the policy of maintaining despotic power under a democratic garb. In Papal Rome, all

such disguises are spurned, and the first object of the government seems to be the suppression of the middle class. This is in full accordance with its general policy. The privileged body are not likely to be anxious for change which might affect their exclusive privileges; the peasantry are too ignorant to understand the advantages to be derived from any alteration in the constitution. But a middle class, with its activity directed to practical results, and thereby sensitive to any legislative enactments by which that activity is hampered, is especially obnoxious to despotism. The Romish hierarchy are fully sensible of these tendencies, whilst it seems blind to the stability and prosperity which a large middle class produces. Nothing, accordingly, can equal the aversion and disdain with which it is regarded by the ecclesiastics in whose hands all the power is lodged. We shall speak presently of the financial measures of the Papal government, the effect of which is to crush all commercial enterprise, that mainstay of the middle class of any nation; but the same feeling is operative in every other branch of this section of society. Every profession is studiously discouraged save the ecclesiastical. The highest law offices are all conferred on prelates, who are guided in their decisions by laymen, whom they ostentatiously look down upon. The class of advocates is regarded with suspicion as daring to think freely. 'The barristers,' said Cardinal Antonelli to the French ambassador, M. de Grammont, 'were one of our sores; we are beginning to heal ourselves from them. If we could only disembarass ourselves from these men of the bureau, all would go well.' One of the means employed to work the cure above alluded to, is the punishment of any advocate who ventures to defend a client too ably.

A like oppressive influence crushes every tendency to expansion of thought. Strange and foolish regulations fetter the study of medicine. The stewards and agents of the nobles, who manage their estates and improve their revenues, are offensive for their intelligence, and in some cases for their wealth. If they can arrange these matters so admirably, they have the audacity to suppose they could handle those of the State. In the fine arts patronage is extended to such artists only as will confine their talents to imitations of old masters. Original genius has its dangers: it is rightly deemed unsuitable to the existing *régime*. The majority of Roman painters make copies to sell to strangers, and knock off the article with all possible rapidity. The press, in such a condition, or rather absence, of public opinion, may be easily imagined. No wonder that M. About 'brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of the

middle classes. A few distinguished artists, a few talented and courageous advocates, a few learned physicians, a few rich and clever farmers, do not suffice, in my opinion, to constitute a *bourgeoisie*.'

'Who knows,' says an Italian, 'if some day a powerful microscope will not discover in the blood the globules of nobility?' The pride of ancient birth and an honourable name, transmitted through a long line of ancestors, has, in most countries, exercised an ennobling influence, and made its possessors anxious to be worthy of their sires. There is less of this, however, in Rome than elsewhere.

'Thirty-one princes or dukes; a vast number of marquises, counts, barons, and chevaliers; a multitude of untitled noble families, amongst whom Benedict the Fourteenth enrolled sixty at the Capitol; an immense extent of seignorial domains, a thousand palaces, a hundred galleries, large and small; an incredible profusion of horses, carriages, liveries, and coats-of-arms; some royal *fêtes* every winter; a remnant of feudal privileges and popular veneration: such are the most salient traits which distinguish the Roman nobility, and make them the admiration of all the boobies in the universe. Ignorance, idleness, vanity, servility, and, above all, nullity,—these are the contemptible deficiencies which make them inferior to all the aristocracies of Europe.'—Page 81.

The origin of the Roman noblesse is very varied. The Orsini and Colonna are descended from the heroes or brigands of the Middle Ages. The Caetani date from 780 A.D. The Massimo, Santa Croce, and Muti, trace their ancestors to the times described by Livy: the first of these families, claiming to be sprung from the celebrated Fabius Maximus, has for its motto, '*Cunctando restituit*.' Then there are those who owe their nobility to the various Popes. In the seventeenth century every Holy Father deemed it right to establish his relatives in a small principality. Hence sprang the Borgia, Barberini, Pamphili, Chigi, Rospigliosi, and Odescalchi. A third division includes the rich bankers Torlonia and Ruspoli; monopolists like Antonelli, millers like Macchi, bakers like the dukes of Grazioli, tobacco merchants like the Marquis Ferraiuoli, and farmers like the Marquis Calabrinini. At Rome, any man may buy a domain with a title attached to it; and when the Pope has signed the patent of nobility, its possessor, *parvenu* though he be, at once ranks as the equal of princes of the oldest family. According to M. About, this equality is unhesitatingly recognised by the nobility themselves, and the most ancient peers intermarry without scruple with those that have the last created titles.

It is not easy to discover what occupations are open to the

Roman noblesse under the existing *régime*. Almost all offices are monopolized by ecclesiastics, and the meanest friar is superior to the whole order as soon as he has received a cardinal's hat. They are not deficient in a certain kind of generosity. They give alms liberally, ostentatiously, and indiscriminately. They care little for the fine arts, although they live in the very centre of their greatest productions; but it is deemed the proper thing to have a gallery which may be visited by strangers. They superintend the arrangement of their accounts without understanding them, and so relieve their agents from much responsibility, and themselves from much cash. It is the mode with them to be elegantly indifferent to everything save certain frivolous displays and visits of etiquette. Any youth taken from a Catholic seminary, well educated, and taught a little music and riding, would do for a nobleman in Modern Rome.

The revenues of this body are by no means large. Torlonia and Antonelli are said to possess incalculable wealth, but the remainder enjoy incomes varying from £20,000 to £4,000 a year; and in a list furnished by M. About, the name of the Orsini figures with the lowest of these sums attached to it. The more recently ennobled are better off than their older compeers of equal fortune, since they have not a number of chapels or colleges to support out of their funds,—an expensive method of paying for the glory or sins of their ancestors. These comparatively insignificant riches, belonging to a nobility amongst whom the right of primogeniture is most scrupulously observed, are attributed by M. About to the passion for display which is prevalent at Rome. There are domains which would suffice to maintain half-a-dozen princes, if managed in the English fashion, whose possessors do not enjoy the comforts that pertain to middle rank amongst ourselves.

We are quite conscious that there is a degree of exaggeration in this description, but there can be no question as to the general truthfulness of the picture. The whole tendency of the education of the Roman nobility is to make them *fainéants*: they are all the same passionless amiable class from the days of their childhood, when they march two and two clad in hideous costumes, under the guidance of their priestly instructors,—through a youth without energy or effort, mainly spent in displaying their persons and their dress on the Pincian or the Cours,—until they enter upon a wedded life with no more animation or purpose in life.

Take a Roman noble at twenty-five.

'At that age an American has practised ten trades, made four fortunes, one failure, and two campaigns, has conducted a lawsuit,

preached a religion, killed six men with a revolver, enfranchised a Negress, and annexed an island. An Englishman has discussed two theses, been *attaché* to an embassy, founded a bank, converted a Catholic, travelled all round the world, and read all Sir Walter Scott's works. A Frenchman has written a tragedy, contributed to two newspapers, received three sword-wounds, twice attempted suicide, and nineteen times changed his political opinions. A German has slashed fourteen of his intimate friends, has swallowed sixty barrels of beer and the philosophy of Hegel, has sung eleven thousand songs, has smoked a million pipes, and been compromised in two revolutions. But the Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, attempted nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. Open the grated door of a cloister, and a young girl comes forth as inexperienced as himself, and these two innocents kneel before a priest, and start in the world as man and wife.'—Page 90.

A description of Rome would be incomplete without some account of the strangers that flock thither. In no other respect has the society of the Papal capital felt so strikingly the influences of those changes which have been effected on the continent of Europe. In the good old times when travelling was difficult and expensive, Rome was inaccessible to all save men of fortune and family. No sooner had the stranger reached the Eternal City, and presented his letters of introduction and of credit, than he was at once regarded as one of themselves by the Roman noblesse, invited to their assemblies, and admitted to the courtesies and intimacy of their society. There were then, as now, a thousand things to interest the newly arrived visitor. Painting, sculpture, architecture, antiquities, could be no where else so comprehensively studied; in no other place in Europe could the reputation of a virtuoso be so successfully established; there was, besides, every opportunity of forming collections in any branch of art. Add to all this the charm of the climate, the elegant idleness that could easily deceive itself into the notion that it was acquiring valuable taste and discrimination in art, and the pleasant familiarity of a high-titled but impoverished noblesse; and it will no longer be astonishing that many foreigners should make Rome the place of their permanent abode.

At the present day all this is changed. Railways and steam-boats bring crowds to the borders of the Papal States, and the class of visitors no longer permits the same frank hospitality that formerly prevailed. At the approach of the great Easter ceremonies crowds of devotees throng to the city. Advocates without briefs, surgeons without patients, government employées at a thousand crowns a year, shopkeepers of every class, dowagers and priests, all hurry to communicate at Rome. One is determined *to do* all the galleries in the shortest space of time

possible; another is bent on carrying home some holy relics to excite the envy of her neighbours, and to insure her own salvation. Here is an old lady whose fixed idea it is to get possession of the palm-branch which the Pope himself has carried. She must and will have that special branch. She expects to succeed through the intervention of a curé, who will speak to his bishop, who will hand the matter over to a monsignor, who will beg it from a cardinal. But the strangest alteration is observable in the priests. There is one who beneath the shadow of his own church tower is at once the most amiable and the humblest of mankind. He has kind words for every one; his hat is off to M. the mayor, and to all the most microscopic authorities. But at Rome he is quite another man. His hat seems nailed to his head. He stalks with a defiant air. He can see no imperfection, will admit no possibility of improvement, in the Papal government. On his return from Civita Vecchia M. About travelled with one of these ecclesiastics, who challenged our author to make a single statement that told against the rule of Pius IX. The required instance was given, and the priest met it with an unqualified denial, asserting it to be 'an impudent fabrication' invented by the enemies of the Catholic religion. The case was that of the boy Mortara.

The transition is natural from the people to their rulers, and M. About devotes two chapters to the portraiture of Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli. The reigning Pope has the claims to our lenient consideration which are derived from old age, high position, some personal worth, and misfortune. 'I do not deny that Pius is sixty-seven years old, that he wears a crown regarded with veneration by 139,000,000 of Catholics, that his private life has been always exemplary, that he acts with great disinterestedness on a throne where selfishness has long been seated, that he spontaneously commenced his reign by some beneficial acts, that his first measures inspired the highest hopes in the bosom of Italy and Europe, that he has endured the slow tortures of exile, that he has exercised a precarious and dependent sovereignty under the protection of two armies, and that he now lives through the might of a cardinal. But those who have been slain by the fire of cannon at his request, and to replace him on the throne, those whom the Austrians have shot to strengthen his authority, and even those who work in the pestilent country to maintain his budget, are still more unhappy than he.'

Pius the Ninth, Count of Mastai Ferretti, was born on the 13th of May, 1792, and was elected Pope the 16th of June, 1846. In person he is small, fat, rather pale, and of feeble health, which makes him look older than he really is. His

expression is mild and indolent, suggesting good humour and lassitude. There is nothing imposing in his appearance. In the great Church ceremonies he acts his part with but moderate dignity, and strangers are often scandalized at seeing him take snuff in the middle of the most sacred solemnities. His leisure hours are devoted to playing at billiards on the recommendation of his physicians. His private character has been always irreproachable, even in his early youth. His public life has not been stained by nepotism,—the commonest vice of his order; his nephews are not wealthy, powerful, nor ennobled. In religious views he is more than an enthusiast, and by the promulgation of the bull establishing the Immaculate Conception he has made his name notorious as the author of a doctrine without scriptural foundation, whilst he has perpetuated its memory by a monument without artistic taste. 'The character of this well-meaning old gentleman is made up of devotion, good nature, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, with a spice of rancour which peeps out every now and then. He blesses with unction, and pardons with difficulty; is a good priest and an incapable sovereign.'

But despite these sarcastic sentences, M. About has some leniency towards a man whose faults and virtues have been alike exaggerated by his subjects. When, in 1847, Pius voluntarily commenced a few reforms, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people in his behalf; and since the bitter lessons of exile seem only to have aroused in him a deep-rooted terror of change, he is regarded as a violent reactionist, instead of a weak old man who is ruled by others. In truth, he is neither detestable now, nor was he admirable then. His greatest fault is the incompetency of his character that permits others to do evil in his name.

The failure of most of his undertakings, and certain accidents which have happened in his presence, have led the superstitious populace of Rome to believe that Pius IX. has 'the evil eye;' and when the holy father drives through the Corso in his carriage, the women fall down upon their knees, but 'make horns' beneath their cloaks to counteract the malignant influence.

We quote these passages as being illustrative of the present state of Rome. Of the Pope's character men will judge more or less harshly, according to their realization of his responsibility, and of the evils which his people endure. History has been written in vain, unless it has been learned that weak and vacillating sovereigns have caused as much misery to their subjects as those of more decidedly vicious disposition. The exigences of his position will not excuse the reigning Pontiff for having violated his most

solemn obligations ; and in his case the scandal is increased by the union of his religious with his temporal functions. After making every allowance for instigating circumstances, our own verdict is against him on grounds which will be presently adduced ; whilst the necessary result of our past experience of his behaviour is complete distrust in any future pledges of amendment. ' If,' says the author of the *Letters*, speaking of certain changes at Rome,—' if these alterations have to originate from the Pope, they will be illusory and dangerous. No one in his states will now place the slightest confidence in Papal concessions, or in priestly promises, made to avoid war. No high-minded Italian layman of intelligence and capacity will submit to the humiliation of becoming the minister of a Pope whose faithlessness is unsurpassed by the treachery of any of his predecessors.'

To be appreciated, M. About's portrait of Antonelli must be read. Its bitter personalities, its pointed sarcasm, its stinging invective, lose their force in translation. You might as well endeavour to turn into French one of Mr. Disraeli's most telling speeches. As in almost all such cases, the spirit of hostility carries the writer too far, and there are allusions which had better have been omitted ; whilst the whole has an air of recklessness which makes the reader suspend his judgment, although he is in danger of being carried away by the power of genius.

Antonelli was born at Sonnino, a village in the range of Nidi, that overhangs the kingdom of Naples. The place is a nest of robbers, long ill esteemed for brigandage and crime. Its badly built and ruined dwellings are places of reception for stolen goods. Its children draw in a contempt for law with their native mountain air. To know how to pursue and to run away, how to take and not to be taken ; to learn the arithmetic of division of spoil, the value of money, and the principles of justice practised amongst wild Indian tribes : such is the curriculum of education at Sonnino. But to this course of study a further lesson was added in the case of Antonelli. When he was four years old, the French army passed that way, and shot some of his robber neighbours, whilst subsequent executions inspired a salutary fear of the *gendarmérie*, and rendered a new line of action necessary.

The youth hesitated some time about the choice of a profession. His vocation was that of all the inhabitants of Sonnino ; to live in abundance, to lack no kind of pleasure, to be independent, and above all to violate the laws with impunity. To attain this end he entered the great seminary at Rome, but not with the intention of becoming a priest. Strange as it sounds in our

ears, this cardinal has never said a mass or listened to a confession, perhaps (adds M. About, maliciously) he has never confessed. He obtained, however, the friendship of Gregory XVI., and was made prelate, magistrate, prefect, Secretary-general of the Interior, and Minister of Finance.

He was a reactionist under Gregory XVI. He became a reformer to gain influence with Pius IX., and obtained a cardinal's hat as the reward of his enlightenment. The brigands of Sonnino saw the *gendarmes* present arms to their comrade, instead of firing at him. He acquired absolute control over the Pope, whom he served even in his irresolution. As President of the Council he proposed reforms, and as minister he postponed their execution. None was more active in preparing the constitution of 1848, nor in violating it. But he ran away from Rome at the first sound of danger, and at Gaeta he was Secretary of State *in partibus*.

'From this exile dates his entire command over the mind of the holy father, his re-establishment in the esteem of the Austrians, and the consistent bent of his whole conduct. Those who accuse him of hesitating between the good of the nation and his personal interest are reduced to silence. He desired to restore the absolute power of the Popes, that he might wield it at his pleasure. He prevented all reconciliation between Pius IX. and his subjects; he summoned the cannons of Catholicism to the conquest of Rome. He ill-treated the French, who would have died for him; he shut his ears against the liberal counsels of Napoleon III.; he designedly prolonged his master's exile, and drew up the promises of the *motu proprio* with the intention of eluding them. At last, he once more entered Rome, and for ten years he has reigned over a timid old man and an enthralled people, opposing a passive resistance to all the advice of the diplomatic body and to all the wishes of Europe; welded to power, thoughtless of the future, misusing the present, and ever increasing his fortune after the fashion of Sonnino.

'In 1859, Antonelli is fifty-three years old. He still preserves his youth. His form is robust and vigorous, his health that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brilliancy of his eyes, his hooked nose, and the height of his stature, inspire something like admiration. There is a certain air of intelligence in that swarthy and almost Moorish countenance. But his heavy jaw, his long teeth, and his thick lips evince the grossest passions. One thinks of a minister grafted upon a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the holy week, he is magnificent in his contempt and scorn. But in society you recognise in him the wild man of the woods, and your mind reverts with trembling to post-chaises overturned by the roadside.'—Pp. 143-145.

Antonelli is detested by all classes alike. Concini himself

was not so thoroughly detested. His enormous wealth, his absolute authority, his grasping avarice, his unbending despotism, his diplomatic intrigue, have combined to acquire for him the hatred of an entire people. . One special aim he has in view,—the advancement of his family ; one special weakness,—the fear of death. The first has prompted him to place one of his four brothers at the head of the bank, a most lucrative appointment, to which he adds the administration of the *mont-de-piété* ! A second is conservator of Rome ; a third exercises the public office of general monopolizer, and permits or prohibits exports as suits best the condition of his granaries. The youngest is employed as the ambassador of the family wherever their concerns require his presence. They play into one another's hands, and so augment and invest a fortune which is invisible, intangible, and incalculable. The following anecdote, which may illustrate this man's cowardice, we should hardly have ventured to reproduce, had we not been assured of its truthfulness from an independent reliable authority.

'One man only has dared to threaten a life so precious—to itself. He was a wretched idiot. Urged on by the secret societies, he took his stand on the staircase of the Vatican, and awaited the cardinal's passing by. The moment arrived, and he drew from his pocket, with great difficulty, a fork ! The cardinal perceived the weapon, and made a bound backwards, which the chamois of the Alps would have admired. The poor assassin was at once seized, bound, and delivered to the judges. The Roman tribunals, who too often pardon the culpable, were without pity for this innocent. They cut off his head. The cardinal, full of clemency, threw himself officially at the Pope's feet to implore a pardon, which he was sure would not be granted.'—Pp. 149, 150.

The administration of the Roman government under this Prime Minister is entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics. Nominally, indeed, by the terms of the *motu proprio*, laymen are admissible to the highest offices, but virtually they are excluded by priestly influence. Of the religious body, too, none can hope to advance save by a profession of the most reactionary sentiments. To advocate any other course would be political extinction: such a man would have no alternative but—to marry.

'Another grief that presses heavily upon these unfortunate states is, that practically, to a great extent, they are governed not only by ecclesiastics, but by foreigners. Sicilians, Lombards, and Tuscans, have been legates and delegates in the provinces. The legates are exactly like Turkish Pashas,—a few foreigners, with unlimited power over the provinces. On the benches of the superior tribunals are to be found Spaniards, French, and Germans. For ten years a Genoese was Secretary of State, that is, virtually, Prime Minister. The Sovereign himself is not necessarily a native: how then can the

Roman government be influenced by that feeling of patriotism which, to a certain extent, actuates the measures and inspires the councils of even the worst of governments? All offices of any importance are filled by ecclesiastics; to the laity only belongs the privilege of paying taxes. All the ministries—Antonelli is now, provisionally, even Minister of War; all the embassies and diplomatic positions; all the chief posts at court; (*maggiordomo, maestro di camera, &c.*) the benches of the following Courts,—the Sacra Consulta; the Rota; the Segnatura di Giustizia; the Tribunale Lauretano, and partly the tribunal of the R. C. A., and the Criminal Tribunal: the two great secretaryships, dei Brevi and dei Memoriali; the Udienza Santissima; the Sacred Congregation degli Studi; the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Council of State; the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Finance Chamber; the Direction of the Police; the Direction of Public Health and of the Prisons; the Direction of the Archives, and many others:—these, then, are the separate jurisdictions of the Bishops, with extensive powers; (of these there are sixty-seven;) the Inquisition; the Privileged Congregations; all educational posts; the direction of all charitable institutions—all, all ecclesiastics! However, it cannot be too broadly stated, that in the Rome of 1859 it is the Cardinal Minister of State who is all in all; and that man is Antonelli!

‘As I have made mention of these episcopal courts, I would add one little fact in illustration of their methods of proceeding. On the 8th of March, 1850, the archbishops and bishops of the Marché published an edict against swearing, Sunday or festival breaking, violation of fasting, &c. The 54th article prescribes that the names of the informers and witnesses shall be kept secret. By the next article, (55,) the informers are to have half the fine; and if the punishment be not a fine, then the culprit shall pay fifty bajocchi (about two shillings) to the informer, whose name is kept secret.’—*Italy, its Condition, &c.*, pp. 19, 20.

It is natural that in a community ruled by priests, crimes against religion should be sternly suppressed; and it is fitting that in every society the feelings of the majority should be consulted, and nothing allowed which is liable to cause a breach of the public peace. But what a monstrous system of espionage is here established! What a deadly engine is aimed at the liberty of any person who is obnoxious to the existing authorities! The commonest justice requires that the accused should be brought face to face with his accusers; that he should have every opportunity of sifting their evidence, of exposing their *animus* towards the prisoner; and that no temptation should be afforded for a groundless accusation. This piece of petty legislation, however, is in full accordance with the spirit of administration in the Papal States. Nothing can excel the iniquity and the folly of the rigour with which political crimes are punished by

these priestly tyrants. They see in everything conspiracy, rebellion, revolution. One gentleman, whose cause had been several times before the courts with chequered success and failure, was cast in his suit immediately on becoming the friend of M. About. When the Pope returned to Rome after the Revolution of 1848, he exempted 283 persons from the general amnesty recommended by the French Government; and of these 283 he has had the grace to pardon fifty-nine in the space of nine years. And how are they pardoned? Let the following account tell.

A young advocate, not very deeply compromised in the insurrection, saw with horror his name amongst the fatal list of 283. He might have gained a livelihood elsewhere, but his heart yearned towards his native land; he felt that he must either return or die. His family made interest in his behalf, and gained the powerful intercession of a cardinal. His suit was listened to, and he was allowed to return on acceding to the terms which the police should impose. The Pope published this man's pardon in the public journals; the conditions of the police were not thus set forth. They were these: that he should no longer continue to practise his profession;—thus leaving him to starve in a land where no one wants to learn Italian;—that he should never under any circumstances leave the city, even at mid-day; and that he should always be at home before the hour of sunset. The least infraction of these rules by accidental deviation would make him liable to a second imprisonment and a second exile. O merciful Pius IX. ! many thanks for your paternal clemency !

There are vast numbers of the Pope's subjects living under this *surveillance* of the police. It is not easy to state their numbers, but some approximate idea may be formed from the fact that there are two hundred of these unfortunates at Viterbo, a town of only 14,000 souls. Were all the foes of the government placed in confinement, prisons and gaolers and *gensdarmes* would fail. Every species of petty persecution is employed against those whose intelligence makes them suspected and feared. One individual, who required to be abroad on matters of business, has for nine years successively begged an audience of the Superintendent of the Passport Office, *without ever obtaining* so much as a reply. To others it is answered, 'Go, if you will; but on condition that you do not return.' Those deemed more guilty are confined in the prisons, which are classified as healthy and unhealthy. A short residence in one of the latter class renders it unnecessary to incur the odium of a capital punishment.

'The fortress of Pagliano is one of the healthiest. Two hundred and fifty prisoners, all for political offences, were confined there when I visited it. The neighbours informed me that in 1856 these wretched men attempted to escape. Five or six were shot down, like sparrows, on the roof. The rest were only liable to six years at the galleys for the crime of escaping, if judged by the common law. But an obsolete ordinance of Cardinal Lante was exhumed to allow some of them to be guillotined.'—Page 173.

Nor is the charge of cruelty against the Papal government confined to the cases above quoted. On the contrary, in the western portion of the Pope's dominions, the presence of the French troops has greatly mitigated the severity of the sovereign. Questionable as is the French occupation of Rome, their influence has been steadily and consistently exerted on the side of clemency and reform. But on the eastern side of the Apennines his holiness is under no such restraint. There political murders by axe and bullet can be multiplied without let or hindrance, and torture employed to extract confessions; whilst a drum-head court-martial avoids the subtleties and uncertainties of a court of justice. As we read the accounts of Austrian and Papal tyranny, we only wonder that the whole people has not long since risen in defiance of all the dictates of prudence, and flung themselves to perish upon the cannon of their cruel oppressors, rather than endure so grinding and revolting an oppression.

'In the Papal States,' says the author of the *Letters*, 'misery is the rule, comfort the rare exception. There is universal suspicion and distrust. At Rome, a man dare not converse openly with his neighbour upon any but the most trifling subjects. There are spies in every corner: the police can arrest without warrant, and banish or imprison without trial. If you can ever persuade a Roman to speak out, he will tell you what the judgments called *economici* mean..... At Rome it often happens that the existence of prisoners is forgotten! When the attention of the government has been called to the cases of individuals, and there has really been the intention of searching for them and bringing them to judgment, it could not be done. They were rotting away somewhere, dead or alive, nobody could tell anything about them. Should the case of a political prisoner ever arrive at the stage of trial, it is good to remember that the *Sacra Consulta*, when dealing with political offenders, never reveal to the accused the names of the witnesses who appear against him, or even allow him to see them; nor do they leave him the choice of a defender; the court assigns the counsel for the defence. The sentences pronounced are such as might have been expected from such a form of procedure. Twenty years at the galleys for such an offence as that of lighting a blue light on the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic, or of hindering an individual from lighting a cigar *from party motives*, are surely somewhat out of proportion with these several crimes.

'I am painfully aware that in the narration of such matters a writer lays himself open to the charge of exaggeration. I wish that considerations of space permitted me to cite facts in proof of every assertion I make. I cannot do so, or this pamphlet would assume the proportions of a volume. In this instance, however, I will depart from my usual rule, because the fact stated is so incredible, so monstrous. Twenty years at the galleys, because one man prevents another from smoking a cigar! The official journal at Rome is now before me—the *Giornale di Roma*—it is Number 117 for the year 1851. The date is Wednesday, the 24th of May. The victim's name is Pietro Ercoli. His case was tried before the *Sacra Consulta*. The names of the judges are given, and the sentence at length, headed by an intimation that the judges retired to deliberate, *invocato il nome santissimo di Dio*, and they arrived at the conclusion that Pietro Ercoli was to spend twenty years at the galleys, because he had prevented Luigi Giannini from smoking his cigar! Carlo Rinaldi, one of the witnesses, deposed that, in his opinion, Ercoli was joking. By the same sentence Rinaldi was directed to be tried for perjury on account of that opinion.

'But, whilst I am upon this subject, I would mention that, with regard to political offences, the Pope's government use a little artifice in order to shift the responsibility off their own shoulders when severity is desired. The truth is, Austria is the Pope's hangman. The Adriatic provinces have, for nine or ten years past, been under martial law and Austrian occupation. Any Papal subject in these provinces who may be suspected and denounced, is dragged before an Austrian court-martial. He is debarred from all means of defence. *Torture is used to extract confession*; and then—the halter, or the firing party.

'The account of the murders committed in Ferrara on the 17th of March, 1853, by the Austrian troops under Radetzki's authority, is open on my table; and throughout Italy it is well known that the facts are true. On the morning of that day Domenico Malagutti, a young surgeon of Ferrara, Giacomo Succi, a private gentleman, and Luigi Parmeggiani, an inn-keeper of the same town, were led out by Austrian soldiers, blindfolded, forced upon their knees, and shot. They had been accused of treason against the Pope's government, inasmuch as they had meditated measures for the overthrow of his temporal power. I do not mean for one moment to assert that any government, even that of the Pope, has not the full right to maintain its own authority, and to punish all attempts at revolution; but the offence must be proved. In this present case there was no attempt at proof, beyond such as might have been used in the chambers of the Inquisition. These unfortunate persons and nine others were incarcerated in the citadel of Ferrara for seven or eight months. The examining judge was an Austrian captain of Hussars. *In the absence of proof this military judge had recourse to the torture of the accused.* They were beaten with sticks; they were kept without food till nature was on the point of giving way; they were chained in the form of

hoops; they were compelled to witness each other's misery; they were constantly told that a firing party was waiting for them, and that they were about to be led out to immediate execution. In the night their brutal gaolers would break in upon the sleep which afforded them a brief respite from their anguish, rouse them up, and shake before their startled eyes a hook and a halter. Each was told in turn that his companion had confessed, and that he might as well make a clean breast of it; or, that if he did not confess, his companions would instantly be put to the direst torture. To give a grotesque colour to the whole transaction,—there is nobody like an Austrian for such work,—the depositions were written down in German, of which the accused did not understand one word, and they were compelled to fix their signatures to depositions written in characters of which they knew not the significance. The disturbances which occurred at Milan, in February, 1853, practically settled their fate; Marshal Radetzki felt that a little bloodshed might tend to keep Italy quiet, and so these wretched men were shot upon evidence taken in the manner described. The English consul at Ferrara was duly informed of these transactions, and his interference was, of course, at once solicited. The poor creatures appealed to their natural sovereign; but no help was to be expected in that quarter. The Papal government is ready enough either to shed blood, or to see it shed.

‘In the seven years following the events of 1848–49, there were sixty capital executions at Ancona; at Bologna, 190. Some of these men were executed for the most trivial crimes: a robbery of a trifling sum, an infraction of the law about carrying or possessing in their houses arms, was a sufficient cause for the punishment of death. In illustration of what I have said above of the tortures practised upon the poor Ferrarese prisoners, I would add here an extract from a sentence pronounced by the Criminal Court of Bologna, on the 16th of June, 1856. Fifty persons had been accused of the crimes of brigandage and robbery before this court. Here is a translation of part of the sentence:—“In the examination of this cause, we have had occasion to deplore a series of violent and ferocious (*violenti e feroci*) means employed to suggest or extort from the accused the confession of their crimes.” By an edict, bearing date the 30th of July, 1855, Cardinal Antonelli has restored as a punishment the use of the *cavalletto* or *chevalet*, the Latin *equuleus*, an instrument of torture used by the Pagan Emperors against the early Christians.’—Pp. 15–19.

Whilst the least political offences are thus wiped out in blood, crime of every character remains unrepressed. No country in Europe is so fertile in every species of delinquency, especially in those accompanied by violence. Brigandage is greatly on the increase, and has reached such a pitch, that during the forty years ending 1857 ‘it has cost just £1,000 less to escort the Pope’s mail than to educate his subjects.’ Insecurity of person and property is everywhere prevalent, and is aggravated by the jealousy which forbids men to carry arms for self-defence;

whilst, side by side with this prohibition of what Cicero called the '*non scripta, sed nata lex*' of all men, the most ordinary drunken or family brawls are decided by the knife. According to the official statistics of the government, cases of stabbing occurred in the Papal States, in 1853, to the average number of four daily. The Austrians, who accept willingly the rôle of executioners, neglect to perform the functions of a police; 'and in July last the most respectable citizens of Bologna petitioned the Cardinal Legate Milesi to protect their lives and property, which were often attacked in the day-time in the streets of the city, in which are stationed 8,000 Austrian soldiers.'

These more outrageous disorders are bewailed if not repressed by the government; but, if we may credit M. About, the thieves of Rome are regarded with an almost paternal care. They are all known by name to the authorities, are left to exercise their ingenuity with very little restriction, and repay this kindness by plundering none but foreigners. It is a mere spoiling of the Egyptians. The following anecdotes are taken from *La Question Romaine*.

A Frenchman seized a well-dressed man who was stealing his watch. He dragged him to the nearest station-house, and handed him over to the sergeant of police. 'I believe your statements,' replied the petty officer. 'This man is a Lombard, you must be very recently arrived in the country not to know him; but if all those like him were to be arrested, our prisons would never be large enough. Take yourself off, my good fellow, and make your precautions better another time.'

Another was robbed in the middle of the Cours just at midnight, as he was returning from the theatre. He went to complain at the police-office, and the magistrate said to him sternly, 'Sir, you were out at an hour when all respectable people are in bed!'

A third was stopped by robbers, on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome. He gave up his money, and, on reaching Palo, related the circumstance to the government *employé*. This fine fellow, who scrutinizes the passports of strangers until they give him twenty *sous*, replied in an injured tone, 'What would you have? There is a great deal of distress.'

On the eve, however, of the great religious ceremonies the whole Arab population is ordered to go to prison. It generally obeys very quietly; and if any individuals are missing, the *gendarmes* go at midnight and carry them off. Notwithstanding these precautions, a great many watches disappear in the holy week. To complain to the police is utterly useless. They will only answer, 'We have made every provision by taking charge

of all the *known* thieves : if there are any fresh ones, so much the worse.'

There is much reason to believe that magistrates and pick-pockets have in many cases a mutual understanding. M. Berti, a former secretary of Monsignor Valdi, had a snuff-box to which he attached an especial value, since it had been given him by his master. One day, as he crossed the Forum, he took a pinch before the temple of Antonius and Faustina, and replaced the snuff-box in his pocket: but it was too late. He had been seen. The instant after he was knocked down by the quoit-players; he got up and felt his pocket; the snuff-box was gone. He told the circumstance to a judge of his acquaintance. 'It is of no consequence,' replied the magistrate. 'Return to-morrow to the Forum and ask for Antonio, any one will point him out to you. Mention my name to him, and ask him what has become of the object you have lost.' M. Berti goes to the Forum, and asks for Antonio. That personage comes at once, smiles at the name of the judge, and admits that he cannot refuse him anything. Before the meeting terminated, he calls aloud for Giacomo, and another bandit comes out of the ruins. 'Who was on duty here yesterday? Pepe. Is he here?' 'No, he had a good day's work, and is drinking it.' Whereupon, Antonio says, 'Sir, I can do nothing for you to-day. But come again to-morrow at the same hour, and I have every reason to hope that you will be satisfied.' The day following, at the hour appointed, Antonio sees M. Berti again, gets from him an exact description of the snuff-box, to convince himself that he is not being duped, and at last says to him: 'Here is your property; give me two crowns. I should have required four, if you had not been directed to me by a magistrate whom I esteem so much.'

All magistrates at Rome are not equally amiable. The Marquis of Sesmaisons had six silver dishes stolen, and had the folly to give information of the robbery. The justice required an exact description of the stolen goods. The marquis, to inform him more fully, confided the rest of the dozen to his care. If the account be true, he lost the whole twelve.

It has been claimed as a special virtue in Pius IX., that, whatever his other faults, he is tolerant in religion. This is, indeed, a new feature in a Pope, and it was perhaps its novelty which caused it to be so much vaunted. The grounds on which this excellence is claimed, are not very intelligible. It took years of pressing and influential negotiation to secure permission to build an English church without the walls. And if certain amenities passed between the Sultan and the

holy father, or between his holiness and the Emperor of Russia, they appeared to worldly eyes to be rather dictated by policy than by liberality of mind. With the Jews, however, the case seemed to stand very differently. Impoverished and degraded as they had long been, enclosed like wild beasts in a certain space of ground, catechized every Saturday on Christian doctrines, compelled to present a Bible each year to the Pope, who received it with mockery, shut up in their quarter every night at a certain hour, and exposed on all occasions to contumely and insult, it was a gratuitous act of kindness to remove some items of the oppression under which they were labouring.

And Pius IX. did this to all outward appearance. He abolished the law which forbade them to reside beyond the Ghetto; he did away with the forced attendance upon Christian instruction; he allowed them to move about night and day like their Christian neighbours. M. About, however, declares that this tolerance is only outward and apparent; that the Ghetto is confined by gates which are not the less unyielding because they are unseen; and that the Jewish population of Rome, under the existing clemency, is less by one quarter than under preceding Popes.

At the present time no Jew is allowed to possess land, and he cannot even cultivate it in his own name. An Israelite took a farm, and his neighbours, knowing his legal disability, plundered the poor fellow in every way conceivable. He applied for leave to appoint a watchman. It was refused. He made interest with the French officers, and at their solicitation the magistrate promised to yield, and himself to name the man fitted for the office. Months passed, and no one was appointed. The French became more urgent, and at last a name was given. The French were gratified, the Jew overjoyed. They had little reason. The person named had disappeared for six months, no one knew whither; and the Jew was 'warned' by the police to make no more complaints.

We cannot afford the space to enter fully into the neglect of education in the Papal States. The Romish system of priestly domination is best maintained over a peasantry too grossly ignorant to dispute its assertions, or over an aristocracy too worldly to care about truth. It is not therefore to be expected that liberal education would be encouraged. Freedom of thought will not generally submit to the dogmatic positiveness of authority; and in the Romish Church to question is to be lost. The withholding, then, of instruction is sufficiently intelligible. But far stranger is the character of the morality actually

enforced, and the principles of action sought to be implanted, where education to some degree is found unavoidable. But the discussion of this part of the subject would involve the ventilation of questions which cannot be entered upon in this place. The Roman authorities are doubtless persuaded that the present neglect of education in the Papal States is one of the best methods of maintaining their power; and we fully agree with this conclusion.

Before bringing our remarks to a close, we must add a few words on the material prosperity and financial position of Rome,—subjects, we at once admit, not of the highest importance, but which surely are worth the consideration of rulers. What, then, is the condition of the Papal States in these respects?

There are three principal sources of a nation's wealth,—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and for the development of the first and last of these Rome possesses remarkable advantages. The climate is peculiarly favourable to production, the soil fertile or easily reclaimed, whilst the extended sea-board of Italy and its magnificent harbours would afford especial facilities for commerce. But there are other conditions necessary for the existence of extensive transactions in any kind of business. There must be liberty for industry to strike out in any branch which may promise a productive return; there must be means of communication, that the surplus produce of one region may be exchanged for that of another; there must be security in transit from place to place; and there must be mutual credit between man and man. All these conditions are violated in the Roman States. Industry of every kind is fettered by monopolies, or repressed by privileges accorded by the government to individuals. Tobacco, salt, glass, sugar, candles, are all manufactured under exclusive privileges. There are monopolies of this commodity and of that. If an assurance company is formed, it acquires some special immunities or advantages, which exclude any other from fair competition. 'The panniers of the cherry-sellers are exclusively manufactured by a privileged basket-maker: the inspector of the "Place Navone" would seize any refractory basket which had not paid its tribute to the privileged individual. The hucksters of Tivoli, the butchers of Frascati, all the petty retail dealers who loiter in the suburbs of Rome, are privileged.' In comprehension of the principles of commerce, Rome has not advanced beyond the ideas current in Great Britain in the days of Elizabeth, whilst government interference extends to minute instances which, with us, were even then free. Be it remembered, that any such preference conferred by the ruling powers is a pecuniary benefit to themselves

or to their friends, the price of which is exacted tenfold from the consumers,—that is to say, from their own subjects.

Nor is this the only hindrance to commerce in these highly favoured States. The insecurity of the public roads renders the charges for conveyance enormous. Bread, which can be purchased for two sous and a half the pound in one commune, costs only two sous the pound at a distance of four leagues. In other words, the cost of carriage for four leagues is twenty-five *per cent.* on the value of the article. 'At Sonnino, bad wine costs fourteen sous the litre; ten leagues off, at Pagliano, very fair wine may be had for five sous;' that is, the cost of transport on ten leagues was 180 *per cent.* on the value. In the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, matters are still worse. The villages have no communication by carriage roads with one another. What should we think of not being able to pass from Hampstead to Hornsey without going through London? But this is a fair example of the condition of the vicinity of the Papal metropolis. Bologna, the second town in the States of the Church, is in constant and rapid communication with every part of Europe, except its own capital. Letters from Paris reach Bologna some hours before those from Rome, and the post from Vienna a whole day in advance of them. There are only seventeen miles of railway as yet open, and every impediment is thrown in the way of a further development. The difficulties of engineers are not caused by the physical features of the country, but by the sacred nature of all property held by ecclesiastics. Whilst such public works are neglected, the government has thought itself justified in expending two thousand francs more than the capital of the Bank of Rome upon an ugly building on the road to Ostia.

There are, however, even more direct obstructions to material prosperity, in the oppressive taxation with which every kind of industry is burdened. In 1855, the disease in the vines spread through the Roman States. Antonelli selected this period for the imposition of a duty of 1,862,500 francs; and as there were no grapes from which it could be paid, the sum was apportioned among the different communes. All the corn cut in the Agro Romano pays a fixed duty, amounting to twenty-two *per cent.* on the value. All agricultural productions pay a duty on exportation. Grazing, which should form one of the profitable sources of wealth, is subject to vexatious imposts. There is a tax on cattle at pasture; a tax of twenty-eight francs a-head on going to the market; a tax on exportation. Horses pay an *ad valorem* duty of five *per cent.* on their price, every time they change hands.

What is done with the sums thus raised is known only to a few of the Pope's most intimate advisers. There is no public account rendered year by year of expenditure and receipts, save a budget of some four brief pages, containing large sums massed together without the separate items. One thing, however, is ascertained with sufficient clearness, namely, that the amount, both of taxation and of the national debt, is continually increasing.

'What has the Roman government to show for its 360,000,000 francs (about £14,500,000) of public debt? A few millions were spent, much against the grain, at the time of the hostile operations against Venice; about 5,000,000 francs (£200,000) on public works; 400,000 francs upon prisons, extraordinary commissions, &c., consequent upon the return of the Pope. The fortresses are without guns or munitions of war; the troops miserably and imperfectly armed. In the department of commercial marine we find capital involved to the magnificent extent of 100,000 francs (£4,000).

'The collection of the common taxes costs 31 *per cent.*, (compare this with 8 *per cent.*, which is the expense of collection in England,) the collection of the revenues from the execrable lottery is 62 *per cent.*, that from the monopoly of salt and tobacco 46 *per cent.* From 1848 to 1857, the expense of foreign troops to keep down the inhabitants has been about £1,000,000.

'From 1814 to 1857 the sum of the revenue of the Papal government has amounted to 358,265,850 scudi (equal to about 1,880,893,000 francs, or £75,500,000). When speaking of the financial system of the Papal States, it must always be remembered that ecclesiastical property of all descriptions is free from all taxation. The regular expenses incurred during the same period were 387,937,724 scudi. During that time, therefore, the government has spent nearly 30,000,000 of scudi, that is, about £6,000,000, more than it received. Now all this has been squeezed out of a population rich in nothing, but their poverty and misery,—without commerce, manufactures, or trade.'—*Italy, &c.*, pp. 20, 21.

We have been compelled from want of space to confine ourselves to a bare statement of facts in going through the various items which compose the condition of a people. Would it be possible to imagine a state laying claim to civilization more fatally misgoverned in almost every particular? The heart of a freeman burns with indignation at the thought of a people, high-spirited and intellectual as are the Italians, being forcibly compelled to submit to such misrule by the intervention of foreign powers. Are any of the duties of rulers performed by the Pope and his advisers for his unfortunate subjects? Are the commonest and most essential obligations of a government attended to? We have seen that they are not. And yet we are told that we are unable to understand the true condition of a

country in which the most iniquitous distinctions are maintained, where property and person are alike insecure, where gross crime remains unpunished, whilst mere suspicion of disaffection to the authorities is brutally corrected, where every species of repression is exerted to crush freedom of thought and liberty of action, where education is neglected and pauperism encouraged, where the priestly governors exempt their own lands, which are three-fifths of the whole territory, from taxation, whilst they equally exclude the other classes from any share in the benefits of the revenue which they are made to pay; all this, be it remembered, being in defiance of the plighted words of a ruler who claims to be infallible.

‘But the Italians are unfit for political liberty. They are not prepared to become free men, as they have proved by their long submission to the yoke of bondage.’ Such is the assertion of the defenders of despotism abroad, and of many who do not love despotism amongst ourselves. These vague statements are incapable of proof, and we can only express a contrary opinion in reply. If we look to the past history of Italy, we shall find that in no country did material civilization advance so rapidly. What cities in Europe could compare in the sixteenth century with Venice, and Florence, and Ferrara, and Lucca, and Naples? Their only equals were the Flemish commercial towns. In what country did the Reformation make more rapid progress, until the Inquisition, enforcing its judgments by fire and sword, as ruthlessly as in Spain, drove out the reformed to dwell in other lands, and stamped to the dust the few that remained behind? Have the Italians failed in any branch of literature, in any walk of science, in any kind of art? In how many of these are we not still learning from the models they have left us without having yet attained to a like degree of excellence! What further proof can we require that this people is capable of freedom?

How ardently the people of Italy desire freedom, is testified by facts more strongly than by theories. As the allied French and Sardinian armies have advanced, one town after another has risen against its Austrian oppressors. Already the declarations of the complete contentment of the Romans with the present state of things is being falsified. Bologna and other districts are calling for a change of masters and of measures. Nor have we heard as yet any accounts of vengeance wreaked for unpardonable wrongs, of any acts of retribution inflicted on their oppressors in the hour of victory, of any of those wild excesses which betoken the absence of self-restraint, and ignorance of the principles of self-government. It has been the calm, dignified,

self-respecting advance of a people, long indeed cruelly degraded, but determined, when opportunity was afforded, to assert, and to prove themselves worthy of, their freedom.

In the existing complication of European politics the cause of Italian liberty has met with less sympathy in this country than it deserves. We can quite understand that the cause may seem suspicious which is commenced under the auspices of Napoleon III. It is not very intelligible how the man that has overturned the constitution of his own country should be anxious to establish a free government in other lands. To this dilemma in our own case is added the natural apprehension that Napoleon, having completely subdued the Austrians, will find it hard to restrain his victorious army, and that their most eager aspirations will be to wipe out the disgrace of Waterloo. It is this mingled feeling of doubt as to the French Emperor's real intentions in invading Italy, and of concern as to the remote consequences to ourselves, that has taken possession of the English mind, and has absorbed its ardour for the spread of free government. We at once admit that there are sufficient grounds for these suspicions. Impenetrable in counsel, able in design, and unscrupulous in action, as is Louis Napoleon, we await with no little disquietude the issue of events in Italy. Whilst the new-born liberty of Sardinia seems in extreme peril under its present patronage, we can hardly suppose that its institutions are especially acceptable to the hero of the *coup d'état*.

But with whatever solicitude we may regard the present juncture of circumstances, one point may be considered as established,—that the Italians can hardly make a change for the worse. The despotism of France, oppressive as it has proved to the genius of that country, is light when compared with the brutality of Austrian tyranny in Italy. We speak advisedly in declaring our belief that a more godless, a more abominable absolutism was hardly ever known. Wherever foul butchery was to be performed on victims whose only crime was their efforts to be free,—wherever dark designs of Italian rulers against the constitutions which they had sworn to defend, needed external support for their accomplishment,—wherever the march of material improvement, involving in its train the progress of mind, was to be ruthlessly suppressed,—wherever the wiles of Popery to withhold the word of God from an ignorant people lacked a sufficient power to carry its intentions into action,—in all these cases the armies of Austria have been ever ready—ay, and at times have been thrust upon unwilling allies—to execute in all its utmost rigour the stern requirements of an iron rule. Like an upas tree, its deadly shade has spread

its blight over the fair fields and sunny slopes of the Italian peninsula, and everywhere beneath its influence have been desolation and slavery and mourning. The Italians have everything to hope, nothing to lose, by a revolution.

What will be the future fate of the States of the Church it were vain to prophesy. As we write, an ominous message has reached us, that the King of Sardinia has refused the dictatorship proffered him by the Bolognese; and has assured the Pope that Italian independence is not inconsistent with the neutrality of the Papal See, with the maintenance in their integrity of the Papal dominions. How far such a guarantee may be deemed politic to secure the Catholics of France and Sardinia, we are unable to decide. But with the experience of the past, and speaking on behalf of the population of the States, we can only affirm our conviction, that any constitution will be illusory, which shall be established under the Pope as its temporal Sovereign. Popery may accommodate itself to the circumstances in which it is placed; may take the popular side to secure its special ends; may declaim, as in our own land, about liberty of conscience and of action; but, in essence and reality, it is the deadliest foe of freedom. Light and darkness are not more incompatible. If Pius IX. and Antonelli are still to govern Rome as heretofore, we may well sit down and weep for the blood so vainly shed on the fields of Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta. There will be the same promises of amendment in the hour of danger; the same insincerity in their plighted honour; the same faithlessness when the peril is past.

In conclusion, we can only express our hope, that, whilst our own country still maintains a strict neutrality between the belligerent parties, the voice of its public opinion will yet be heard unmistakeably on the side of freedom and progress; and that whatever section of statesmen may be holding the reins of government, the whole influence of Great Britain will be exerted still, as heretofore, to support the weak against the strong; to further independence of thought and action amongst oppressed peoples; to advance the circulation of the word of truth in countries from which it has been hitherto excluded; in fine, to extend, as far as possible, to other and less favoured nationalities those blessings which, under Providence, we have so long ourselves enjoyed.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

A History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. Vol. I.: 1745-70. Vol. II.: 1770-80. London: J. W. Parker. 1855-8.—The period of our history which Mr. Massey has chosen for treatment is one which is by no means wanting in interest for Englishmen of the present generation. The reign of George III., long as it was, was no peaceful cycle of stagnation, but was crowded with stirring events. The first twenty years of it, included in these two volumes, embrace many interesting transactions, in which our grandfathers were energetic actors or interested spectators. When the third George ascended the throne, the nation was but just beginning to revive from that dreary state of indifference to religion and true patriotism which signalized some fifty preceding years. The more carefully this era in our annals is studied, the more deeply will be engraved on the impartial student's mind a conviction of the special action of Providence in raising up John Wesley and George Whitefield at that particular juncture of affairs, and in fostering into such rich and rapid fruitage the tree of their planting and watering. We mean this to be taken in no sectarian sense. On the contrary we rejoice now to see, more plainly than was possible to our fathers, the wondrous effects which the religious revival of a hundred years ago has had, not only in raising the tone of much of our national life, but specially in rousing and energizing anew that venerable Church which knew not rightly to appreciate her worthiest sons. In an interesting chapter on the manners of the period, Mr. Massey demonstrates the low ebb of morality throughout the land; and candidly declares that 'it was the evangelical doctrine which revived the fainting spirit of the ministry, and infused new vigour and vitality into all its members;' and that 'the interest of religion has been signally served by the remarkable movement which commenced about the middle of the eighteenth century.' In confirmation of this position we cannot now enter into detail, though there exists a mass of material, of which Mr. Massey has made comparatively little use.

The main points in these volumes are the causes and conduct of the American war, and the various changes of home administration; the

latter, of necessity, involving some discussion of the respective characters and attitudes of George III. and the elder Pitt. These are matters with which we cannot now deal; but must content ourselves with saying that Mr. Massey treats them generally in an impartial spirit; and though his premises are, here and there, tinged with the traditional hue of party politics, and divers of his conclusions are decidedly at issue with one another, yet he deserves the thanks of his readers for the fair and manly tone which reigns throughout his work, and for the many sensible passages which bear upon the statesmanship of the present day. These practical observations are stamped with the sterling impress of a mind that has grappled with political details, not merely in the quiet of the study, but in the official shadow of Downing Street, and amid the stirring life of the House of Commons. His favourite statesman is, of course, the great Earl of Chatham; yet he has not failed to point out his defects, nor has he by any means over-rated his genius and eloquence. Encumbered with many foibles, troubled with a flighty temperament which betrayed him into singular inconsistencies, beset by cold and jealous friends and maligned by bitter enemies, the character of Chatham still stands before us bright and fair as it did when all England wept at his death; and the reader's heart glows afresh as he lights anew on proof after proof of his patriotism, or realizes, with all their striking accessories, the grand scenes of his noblest efforts of oratory. To him, certainly, more than to any politician of his day, we owe the foundation of a higher style and purer order of statesmanship than had been known from the days of William III.—Of the merits or demerits of George III. we must postpone any particular consideration. His memory has suffered almost as much from the indiscriminate eulogy of his admirers as from the bitter spite of his personal enemies. But surely it is now time that the party cries of the past century were hushed, and that the life-long conduct of the King was calmly viewed in an atmosphere free from the mists of faction. We are not of those who hold him to have been justified, in his stubborn opposition to many able statesmen and good measures, even by the state of the times, peculiar as that was: yet we feel that England owes a large debt of gratitude to the good old man who, struggling with overwhelming cares of state, haunted by insanity, and cursed with dissolute and ungrateful children, yet steadily held up a fair example of morality, when the manners of courts and of peoples were at a very low ebb, and who, even in his most mistaken measures, had nothing so much at heart as the happiness, material and spiritual, of every subject of his realm. We shall look with much interest for Mr. Massey's continuation of the history of this reign; and meanwhile give these instalments our hearty recommendation.

Sketch-Book of Popular Geology. By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh. Thomas Constable and Co. 1859.—This volume consists of Six Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and a collection of miscellaneous descriptive papers selected from the author's note-books. It is edited by Mrs. Miller, assisted and guided

by Archibald Geikie, Esq., and the Rev. W. S. Symonds, of Pendock, —both men of mark in the science of which it treats. A few notes explanatory or corrective, and an introductory preface of about twenty pages, containing the latest geological intelligence, comprise all the matter added by the editors, the corrections being chiefly drawn from the last edition of Sir Roderick Murchison's *Siluria*, or from his private communications to Mrs. Miller. The author had intended these Lectures, together with the previously published posthumous volume, to constitute the chief illustrative portion of the great work on the Geology of Scotland, of which his early death has deprived us; and the fact that the principal part of the volume was delivered in popular lectures, in which the dry details of the science are relieved by the introduction of imaginative treatment, is the chief ground for the title it has received. But though only a part of a wider design, much has been accomplished in these pages. The author, beginning with the period in which geology touches on human history, revealing facts in the early life of nations, even before the birth of fable, conducts us along the line of the ages back to the reign of 'ancient Night,' when no light from sun, or moon, or stars had reached our desolate orb, and the earth was without form and void. In this course, he exhibits the results of inquiry in nearly all the ancient formations, chiefly dwelling upon those which are represented in his native land. As might be expected, we have the most minute scientific information drawn from the author's own observations; but the charm of the book lies in its mode of presentation. Occasionally, some scene of personal interest, pictorially described, carries him back as in a dream to the earlier periods of the locality in which it occurred. Sometimes, an anecdote, inimitably told, describes the first gleam of a new discovery, or the origination of a loftier conception. At other times, the bold precipitous aspect of the Trap rocks recalls the history of his country; and the fortress of the Bass, the castles of Dunbar, of Dumbarton, and of Stirling, with the field of Bannockburn, rise to his imagination, stored with the memories of heroic endurance and strength, exhibiting a marvellous analogy between the Plutonic forces of nature which upheaved those giant forms, and the corresponding forces in man which made them the battle-ground of centuries. At the close of almost every lecture or geologic period, he takes an imaginative survey of the ground he has traversed, in which the whole array of archaic existence rises before us. Ancient forests wave, and in the sunbeams which fleck their gloom, the insects of primeval ages sport, until preyed upon by their superiors in strength, who in their turn are glad to seek a refuge from their own more powerful foes. By the reedy banks of rivers long since wasted and dry, huge mammoths seek their food, and ancient seas bearing their strange inhabitants break in foam on solitary shores untrodden by the foot of man. In few men were the keen observation and analytic skill of the man of science so united with the imagination of the poet as in Hugh Miller; and hence his works are read with avidity as literature by multitudes who would never regard them in any other light. We

quite agree with the Rev. Mr. Symonds, that 'this work is calculated to advance the reputation of its author;' and we cordially commend it as a book in which the lover of science will find fresh gratification, and the lover of imaginative eloquence expressed in rare English, 'a feast of nectared sweets.'

The Primeval World: a Treatise on the Relations of Geology to Theology. By the Rev. Paton J. Gloag. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

—The author of this book seeks to harmonize geology and revelation, or, at least, to show that no discrepancy between their testimonies should be assumed to exist. He accepts the conclusions of the most intelligent geologists with respect to scientific facts. He believes in the long antiquity of the earth, and the recent appearance of man upon it. He has reached the conviction that the Deluge was partial in relation to the globe, though covering the whole humanly inhabited area; and in a spirit of profound reverence seeks to justify the ways of God in the dispensations which the rocks disclose, and even to show the operation of Divine benevolence in the primeval death, and in the destructive agencies which still operate in our world. He cannot think the time has yet come for the formation of a satisfactory hypothesis of reconciliation between Genesis and theology, though he seems, on very insufficient grounds, strongly determined against Hugh Miller's. The whole work is intelligently conceived, industriously compiled, and clearly expressed; and, though we do not always agree with its conclusions, we commend it to those who wish to know, at a small cost of time and money, what a thoughtful and religious mind has made out concerning the relations of geology to theology.

Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territory, and back again. By Paul Kane. London: Longmans. 1859.—It was natural that North American scenery, and American Indian life, should present to the mind of a Canadian artist the most fascinating subjects of study; and Catlin having already chosen the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, Mr. Kane resolved to keep more to the northward, and took the course indicated on his title-page. The expedition was undertaken in 1845, when British Columbia was much less interesting in the eyes of the world than it is now. Why the publication should have lagged so far behind the adventures is a matter with which perhaps we have no concern. But a diary is not exactly a book; and, during the intervening years, Mr. Kane might have found leisure to re-write his rough notes 'jotted down in pencil at the time,' out of courtesy to his readers, if not in mere justice to himself. His drawings are good, his writing is bad; and yet both are truthful. As a writer he lacks discrimination and imagination. He does not perceive what is valuable and what commonplace; and he does not know how, by the aid of illustration, to make his descriptions effective. Either he deals in generalities which convey no meaning; or he merely catalogues the features of a scene instead of grouping them into a picture. We are not much interested in dates, and names, and numbers, and do not care to know exactly

how many miles our author travelled on any given day, who were his companions, and whether he was fatigued or not.

The reader cannot fail to be struck, in this as in all books treating of the American continent, with the enormous scale on which the natural features of the country are modelled;—mountains which rise peak above peak far into the clouds, and are quite inaccessible; prairies that must be traversed day after day, and seem illimitable; forests literally impenetrable to the traveller, where trees, thirty and forty feet in circumference, fall from old age, and lie rotting uselessly; rivers 800, 1,200, 1,500 miles in length, navigated only by an occasional bark canoe. These noble forests and plains and rivers are most lavishly stocked with animal life. We read of trees being for 450 miles devastated by caterpillars, which, when the foliage was gone, covered the ground *en masse*; of salmon in such superabundance, that as many as 1,700 fish, weighing, on an average, 30lbs. each, have been taken in the nets of a chief in a single day; of gulls and pelicans, which so completely covered an island on one of the lakes, that, on being disturbed, they rose in a mass so dense as to produce the impression that the island itself was taking wing; of herds of buffaloes in countless thousands, and the plains strewn in every direction with their bones; and of herds of wolves and wild dogs, which are only less numerous than the buffaloes. This redundancy of animal life reduces a hunting excursion to the level of a battue, and is scarcely to the taste of an English sportsman.

After Catlin's elaborate volumes, there is not much novel information respecting the customs of the Indian tribes. Catlin, however, was an enthusiast, which it is very obvious Mr. Kane is not. From his point of view the Indian is idle, boastful, revengeful, treacherous, selfish to a degree that almost shuts out natural affection, childish in his superstitions, intolerably filthy in his person, and degraded in his habits and tastes. We shall never believe in poetry again. During a four years' residence among the Crees, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, and the rest, numerous adventures befel our author, and not always of the most amusing kind. Here is a 'situation' quite dramatic:—

'July 30th.—Proceeded along the shore for eight or ten miles, when I discovered that I had left my pistols and some other articles at our last night's encampment. I had, therefore, to send my man back for them, while I sat by the river, with horses and baggage, under a burning sun, without the slightest shelter. Whilst sitting there, a canoe approached with four Indians, streaked all over with white mud (the ordinary pipe-clay). On landing, they showed much surprise, and watched very cautiously at a distance, some creeping close to me, and then retreating. This continued for about three hours, during which not a sound broke through the surrounding stillness. I had commenced travelling very early, and this, combined with the heat and silence, made me intensely drowsy. Even the danger I was in, scarcely sufficed to keep my eyes open; but the Indians were evidently at fault as to what to make of me. As I sat upon the packs taken from the horse, nodding in silence, with a fixed

stare at them whichever way they turned, my double-barrelled gun, cocked, across my knees, and a large red beard (an object of great wonder to all Indians) hanging half-way down my breast, I was, no doubt, a very good embodiment of their ideas of a *scow-coom*, or "evil genius." To this I attributed my safety, and took good care not to encourage their closer acquaintance, as I had no wish to have my immortality tested by them.'—Pp. 290-292.

It required nearly four months of constant toil to ascend the Columbia, which, on the way down, had been accomplished in fifteen days. The mountainous district, at the head of the river, was especially trying. The journey commenced on the 1st of July,—it was now November, and the cold was intense. Mr. Kane's extensive red beard, so long tended with care, now gave him a good deal of trouble; for it became heavy with ice from the freezing of his breath, and could hardly be thawed even before an enormous fire; the spirit thermometer indicated 56° below zero; (*sic*;) snow began to set in, and the brigade had a reasonably good chance of ending their journey in the mountains. The horses were now abandoned, a dog-sledge was procured for the author's collection of sketches and curiosities; and snow-shoes, six feet long, were made for the men (the wood for the frames having to be fetched from a distance of twenty miles). But even thus, progress was most difficult, the whole party being sometimes blown along by the wind so violently, that they could only stop themselves by lying down, the sledge was blown in front of the dogs, and clouds of drifting snow rendered it impossible to see more than a few yards a-head. There were frozen rivers to cross, and what proved to be far worse, rivers only half-frozen, with treacherous ice above, and a roaring torrent below; but, after perils and adventures which have rarely been surpassed, even in the Arctic region proper, Fort Assiniboine was reached, and the danger was at an end. The book is not what it might have been; but is a genuine book nevertheless, and has this excellent quality, that the interest heightens as the narrative proceeds.

The Life and Times of Daniel Defoe: with Remarks digressive and discursive. By William Chadwick. 1859.—The announcement of a new biography is always an attractive one even to those who have been disappointed times without number, and who know too well that excellence in this department of letters is a rare achievement. In truth, we are apt to be pleased with any gossip—the most unworthy—about the man whom we love for his character, or honour for his work's sake; and from the interest attaching to many indifferent memoirs we may partly judge how large an amount of culture and enjoyment might be conveyed to us in productions of this class. We are persuaded that if the art of biography were better known and practised there would soon be no place, and eventually no demand, for works of fiction. Perhaps it will be so in some future day. Then our seers will be no longer novelists and poets, but biographers and historians; the beauty of truth will be recognised in its actual and concrete form; and imagination, enlightened by a purer moral sense, will see its loftiest ideal realized in the walks of daily life. The for-

tunes of every individual supply not only the materials but the form of a consistent story; the outlines and the details are both to be discerned by the eye of genius, which quickly separates them from irrelevant connexions; and thus, following the clue of individuality, the biographer finds all the features of a work of genuine art start under his hand, the whole being tinctured with moral truth, if not visibly culminating in poetic justice. In such a performance the aid of fancy would not be required, for simple fidelity provides against the need of mere embellishment; and the art-instinct of the author would employ itself in the selection of essential traits and features of the actual life, as that of the novelist now exercises itself in shaping some ideal picture. We do not say that the two species of composition are identical, but only that one may practically supersede the other. A novel is but an ideal biography; and its existence rebukes the limited discernment of those lovers of truth who cannot shape its equal out of the real world of providence and nature.

Daniel de Foe deserves a better memorial than that which has suggested these remarks; and Mr. Chadwick ought to be ashamed of himself for making the author of *Robinson Crusoe* so much more dull and indistinct a character than its hero. The volume owes its origin to a mistake,—the writer being prompted to undertake it by meeting with an old book of travels that was *not*, as he supposed, the composition of De Foe. But the work is one huge blunder altogether, and fruitful in a thousand others. The first sentence of the biography (page 2) is an imperfect clause, left absolutely without predicate of any kind. Then the hero's extraction is formally asserted in the text and immediately contradicted in a note; and after we have been told of his youth and education, we are treated to the announcement of his birth. The general plan of the work is on a par with its arrangement: it consists of huge lumps of genuine extract floating in a thin consistency of twaddle. Of the first twenty pages more than ten are transcribed from Dr. Eachard's diatribe on *The Contempt of the Clergy*. But the greatest demand is made upon the writings of De Foe, the unfortunate 'object of this work.' This expedient has the advantage of making three-fourths of the volume readable; but the passages are so clumsily introduced, and so ignorantly commented on, that all chance of instruction is reduced to a hopeless and disheartening minimum. The author's remarks on the politics of King William and Queen Anne are dreary in the extreme; long extracts are made from old forgotten pamphlets, and scurrilous old libellers are put for their sins into this precious pillory. Happily for them, few need answer to their names; for here the notorious 'Tom Brown' takes the imposing form of 'Dr. Thomas Browne.' But we have said enough about this wretched piece of patchwork. It is another and most flagrant instance of biographical incompetence, and puts the literary millennium back at least two centuries.

The Trilogy: or, Dante's Three Visions. Inferno: or, The Vision of Hell. Translated into English in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original. With Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. John Wesley Thomas. Bohn. 1859.—It is easier to recognise the merits

of this translation than to conceive any adequate motive for its production, or to promise its author any reward commensurate with his pains. To some readers it probably will be welcome; but its existence could hardly have been missed by any. Dante is almost as familiar to the English reader as to his own countrymen. Not less than ten new versions of the *Inferno* have appeared within the last fifty years, and the whole of the Divine Comedy has been translated almost as many times. Mr. Thomas suggests that a majority of these versions are wanting in the characteristic *terza rima*; but he allows that the three last published, including the excellent one of Mr. Cayley, are not without this merit. Perhaps the version of Mr. Wright, first published in the year 1838, is that which comes nearest in pretensions to the one before us. The performances have much in common, and there is hardly room for both. Mr. Thomas objects to the work of his predecessor that, 'though rhymed, it has not the same kind of rhyme as the original,—that continuous and interchanging harmony which must appear so suitable to Dante's great poem, like a chime on the bells of eternity.' There is some force in this objection, and we are quite disposed to contend for metrical fidelity in every effort of the kind; but in the case before us the English language is not susceptible of such melodious changes as the soft Italian, nor will the English reader miss an unwonted gratification of the sense while his mind is intent on images of austere and solemn beauty. For this, among other reasons, the blank verse translation of Mr. Cary is still, as it seems to us, quite able to maintain its place. The merits of that performance are of the highest kind. Even the Miltonic style and rhythm, which would be fatal to its claims as an original composition, confer upon this version of the Tuscan poem a charm that is at once familiar and remote. Perhaps Milton is the only poet of whom the English reader of Dante may justly be reminded.

It thus appears that Mr. Thomas has many rivals to contend with, and some of them in established favour. But there is always room and welcome in the republic of letters. There is room, it may be, for the present volume, which evinces considerable learning and ability; and we are glad to see that its publication is warranted and justified by a numerous list of subscribers. With the same material guarantees the author might venture to prosecute his purpose, and complete a rather creditable version of this famous *Trilogy*. But we are bound to add, that it is scarcely worth his while to do so. An extra version of a foreign poet must greatly depend upon the partiality of friends; and we are sure that the subscribers to Mr. Thomas's production will not hold him to a thankless task, but accept this volume as a sufficient proof of his taste and ingenuity.

An Outline of English History in Verse. London. Wertheim and Co.—This neat and unpretending little volume is well suited for children. In pleasant and easy verse it gives a sketch of English History, which may be readily committed to memory; and its author has managed to combine the introduction of the most important events of each reign with a brevity that is not dull.

MISCELLANEA.

Modern Anglican Theology. By the Rev. J. H. Rigg. *Second Edition, revised and enlarged.* London. 1859. It is sufficient to announce the new edition of this important work. The improvements are considerable, yet not such as to make this new issue indispensable to owners of original copies.—*Notes of a Clerical Furlough, spent chiefly in the Holy Land.* By Robert Buchanan, D.D. London and Edinburgh: Blackie. 1859. An eloquent and interesting work. Dr. Buchanan affects no critical research of an independent character; but his notes and observations are popular in the best sense of the word. The voyage out in the trim yacht 'Ursula' is very charmingly described.—*Studies in English Poetry; with short biographical Sketches and Notes, critical and explanatory.* By Joseph Payne. *Fourth Edition.* London. 1859. We have nowhere met with a finer selection of English poetry than that of which this volume consists. The first part is of a miscellaneous character, and includes many of those fugitive pieces which are the solitary witnesses to their author's genius. In the second part a systematic selection is made of the beauties of the greater bards. The whole forms such an Anthology as no other nation can produce.—*Our Woodland Heaths and Hedges. A popular Description of Trees, Shrubs, Wild Fruits, &c.* By W. S. Coleman. *With Illustrations printed in colours.* Routledge and Co. A seasonable little volume, welcome especially to those who ramble in the country woods and lanes. It contains nothing about trees and shrubs but what we are all supposed to know; but that is just the reason why nine out of every ten would do well to procure it—they will then learn to distinguish a Beech from a Hornbeam.—*Hidden Treasures, and the Search for them: being the Substance of Lectures delivered to Bible Classes.* By John Hartley. Mason. 1859. The author of this little volume has brought much spiritual wisdom to its preparation, as well as no ordinary mental culture. Its style is elegant and attractive.—*The Huguenots.* By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon. Nisbet. 1859. Our word of praise can do little to enhance the popularity of this oration; and its merits are of a kind which lift it almost out of the region of criticism. With many hundred readers it will revive the memory of a rare enjoyment, while its glowing passages are associated in their minds with the splendid declamation of its author. We need hardly say, that those readers who come to it without this preparation will miss the key to its effect.—*A Bible Dictionary; being a comprehensive Digest of the History and Antiquities of the Hebrews and neighbouring Nations; the Natural History, Geography, and Literature of the Sacred Writings, with References to the latest Researches.* By the Rev. J. A. Bastow. *New Edition.* Longmans. 1859. A valuable book of reference.—*Full Assurance: or, the Doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit, Stated and Defended.* By George Maunier. *Fourth Edition.* London. 1859. Modest, judicious, and comprehensive. Perhaps the most valuable part of this volume—notwithstanding the excellence of the treatise itself—is the precious catena of quotations from English divines in support of the doctrine expounded and defended.

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